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SALMON FISHERIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THESE fisheries are regulated by law—not by one law, but, after our manner, by several—contradictory as a whole, and, taken singly, partial and oppressive; partial, because they have been prompted by the cunning of the few; and oppressive, because where the few are the prompters, the claims of the many will be sure to be overlooked; enacted, therefore, not on a fair and full view of the whole circle of circumstances, but on the suggestions of a crafty self-interest, working, by frauds and concealments, its wily course to the sanctions of an easy and confiding legislature, credulously—we shall not say contemptuously—sacrificing to impudence and importunity the paramount rights of the country, though it be itself instituted specifically to protect them. Complaints are general, and conviction equally so, that such are the facts—that laws are too frequently smuggled through the senate—that they are passed hastily, and on imperfect evidence—that rarely is there any ground for variety of enactments—that what is suited for one spot is suited for another—and, consequently, that the same law should cover the whole surface of the country. Why, it may be asked, should there be any laws at all relative to wild and wandering animals?—To protect private interests. But what private interests relative to salmon fisheries can require protection? Is the salmon a river fish? No—but it frequents rivers, and, for a season, lives in them; therefore, it comes within the precincts of private property, and, as long as it is there, may itself be considered as private property, and must as such be protected. But what national equity is there in making *rivers* private property? Nay, if every foot of land to the water's edge be such, of what value is the open river? Let it go all. We do not yet, as in China, bivouac on the waters.

But what is the pretence by which those who seek these protecting laws cover their purposes? The benefit of the community, of course: that is always the ostensible reason for all enactments, though, nine times out of ten, private interests are the real and ultimate objects; and so it is in the case of the salmon fisheries. The ostensible purpose is the welfare of the country—to exclude unwholesome fish from the market, and

secure a competent supply, by protecting the breed. The real object is to ensure the monopoly of the rivers to the proprietors, to shut the gates upon competition, and intercept from the community the bounties of all-indulgent Nature.

To shew that these laws are of the most pernicious kind, we must know something of the history and habits of the salmon. It has, as every thing else has, its peculiar properties; and though much concerning it is still wrapt in mystery, much is known—more than of most other fish. We have before us a body of evidence, laid before a Committee of the House of Commons within the last three years, which contains more full and satisfactory information on the subject than all the books of natural history collected together could furnish—contributed by men whose lives have been spent in the fisheries—whose opportunities of ascertaining the peculiarities of the salmon have been unparalleled—whose faculties of observation have been sharpened by immediate interest—whose views, moreover, were conflicting with each other; and by others, whose interests are utterly unconcerned, but whose local positions, coupled with an ardent desire to advance the cause of natural science, have afforded extraordinary facilities. The evidence is, as might be expected, occasionally contradictory; but there are preponderating facts, and these we shall lay before our readers.

The salmon is essentially a sea-fish, though frequenting rivers, and, till of late years, caught only in rivers. The sea is its home; there it feeds and fattens; but nature has imposed on it the necessity of taking to the streams to deposit its spawn; and in them, therefore, it is chiefly exposed, and chiefly taken—precisely when in the worst state, not for catching, but for eating. The salmon that has been any time in the fresh water deteriorates; it is never so good as when it is in the salt, or has just quitted it. The fact is undisputed, that the fish of the estuaries, or of the shores, is superior to that of the streams. High up the streams, indeed, it never goes but for spawning; and the nearer the spawning season, the more unfit for food the fish becomes. But let us pursue its annual career. In the summer months, along the coasts, in bays, and at the mouths of rivers, salmon are found in shoals, hovering over sand-banks, or floating up and down, without effort, with the flood and ebb of the tide. These are inaccessible to the common instruments of fishing—the coble, the cast-net, and the line. But of these many come into the fresh water of the streams, and are there taken, and, together with the salmon-peal—of which we shall speak presently—furnish the *best* part of the ordinary supply of the markets. Towards the autumn, the numbers in the rivers augment; the roe and milt of the fish are observed to increase, and by the latter end of August the fish are full. The salmon, which have been for some time less and less disposed to return to the sea, in September and October, but chiefly in September, push on for the higher parts of the stream, to drop their burden. They do not stop till they come to places where the water is not more than two or three feet deep, and the bottom covered with sand or a fine gravel. Such is the imperious instinct which impels them, that no obstacles daunt them; they leap rapids, and squeeze through narrow defiles—glide through the openings of weirs, and spring at heights of twenty feet, though rarely clearing more than ten. If defeated in the first attempt, they repeat it over and over again—till, exhausted by the many efforts, they drop down the stream, to recover their vigour, and then renew the attempt.



On reaching the points that appear favourable for their purpose, they appear to pair, and prepare for their labours. The female is attended sometimes by more than one male, though not more than one at a time. They construct a bed of perhaps twelve feet by eight or ten—sometimes only one pair of salmon, sometimes two or three. They begin by making a furrow, working up the gravel against the stream; they cannot work with their heads down the stream, for the water going into their gills the wrong way drowns them. When the furrow is made, they separate, and go one on each side of it; then throwing themselves on their sides, and rubbing against each other, they shed the spawn into the furrow both at once. When one furrow is thus completed, they commence another, and so on, till the whole is covered. The operation takes up ten or twelve days; and when completed, the fish (now taking the name of kelts) go to the adjoining pools, apparently to recruit themselves—for they are left in a miserably exhausted state. In about a fortnight or three weeks, the males begin to make their way down the river; the females not till some considerable time after—February, March, April, but chiefly in March. From their enfeebled condition, they take the easy water near the banks, and, as they approach the tides, from the same cause they are observed to go into the mid-channel, thus slowly reaching the sea, and for a season are no longer traceable.

Let us now return to the spawn, which we left buried, some inches deep, in the gravel—the egg about the size of a pea. By degrees, this pea—for so it is called—swells to the size of a magpie's egg; and early in the spring, with the first vernal warmth of the sun's beams, the young fry break from their enclosure. The head of the fish remains, for some time, attached to the shell in the gravel; but the tail rises upwards, shooting up between the stones—the spawning-ground resembling, as one of the witnesses phrased it, a bed of young onions; or, in the language of a Scotch evidence, the thick briand of a well manured field; and, by the end of March or the beginning of April, the young fry are wholly released, and sporting, in full life and liberty, in the neighbouring pools.

Not long, however, do they loiter here—their destiny is the sea; and, in the month of April, and sometimes so late as the beginning of May, the young fry—called *smelts*, or *smolts*—are now seen commencing their course downwards; stealing, like the kelts, along the margin of the stream, till, reaching the influence of the tide, and tasting the salt water, they linger a few days; and then, again, like the kelts, plunging into the depth of the mid-channel, they glide onwards, till they mingle in the ocean, and are lost for a time.

But again, about two months afterwards—in June—in the mouths of the rivers, and in the rivers themselves, appear probably the very same young fry, under the name of *grilses*, weighing from one pound to two; growing rapidly from week to week, till, by September, they will reach the weight of eight or nine pounds. That these grilses are salmon, and the smolts of the same season, there appears to be little room for doubt among those who are most familiar with the habits of the fish; some, indeed, are of another opinion, and affect to find differences of shape in the head, and fins, and tails—but differences, according to their own acknowledgment, not greater than frequently exist among individuals allowed by themselves to be salmon. These grilses are every where known also by the name of *salmon-peal*, as if the general feeling was they

were the produce of the *pea* of the salmon. Among the arguments for establishing the identity of the salmon and the *peal*, some are of the negative kind, but still of some pith. The young fry of the salmon must, it may be presumed, attain its full size gradually. Now, who ever saw a salmon of one, two, or three pounds, if these grilises are not salmon? Who ever saw young grilises—that is, under a pound—if the smelts are not young grilises? Who ever saw grilises at the beginning of a season of more than two or three pounds? Confessedly, by September, the grilises grow to eight or nine pounds—who ever saw one of this weight in June? But these grilises, by the following season, might be expected to be larger still; and yet none but very small ones are seen at the beginning of the season; though large fish—the full-grown salmon, of from twelve to twenty pounds and upwards—appear, which are doubtless the grilises of the preceding year arrived at their full size. But proofs of the peremptory kind are not wanting. In May 1812, a gentleman of Carlisle put a great number of salmon fry into a bleachfind basin in the river at Milbeck, near Carlisle. In the latter end of that year, these fry became tolerably well sized *whitings*, as the Carlisle fishers call them—the salmon-*peal* of other districts—measuring thirteen inches; and, in the following season, sea-trouts—grilises of the larger growth; and one of them continued in the basin till it was twenty-six inches and a quarter in length. This experiment establishes the fact of the smolts, *peal*, and salmon being all the same fish—the difference is only in the rapidity of the growth; and, it must be remembered, these fish were taken out of the natural course, and never saw the sea. The fact of the quick growth of the young grilises, from June to September, is too well authenticated to be any longer questioned; and, therefore, it is no wonder if the fry of three inches in April becomes one of thirteen or more, and weighing a pound or two, in June. Fishes, too, have been marked—that is, the dead fin, as it is termed, has been cut off, and the tail sloped, in one stage of their growth; and caught again—after visiting the sea—in another—marked as grilises, and caught as salmon.

As the summer advances, come again the full-grown salmon—apparently those which, in March, went down the streams in the kelt state, after spawning—now in renewed vigour, recovered by their residence in the salt water, and returning to the rivers; and at length pushing upwards again, to deposit their spawn again; and with them the grilises, which, like other animals, breed, many of them, before they attain their full maturity.

From this view of the habits of the salmon, may be determined what should be the season for catching them. When full of spawn, they are not wholesome; and in the shotten state—after spawning—they are still less so. The fish is fast swelling by the end of August; and not till March, or even later, do the kelts get back to the sea. In this interval, then, there are no salmon, which—generally we mean—are in a takeable condition, if any regard be paid to the preservation of the breed of the fish, or the health of those for whose sake the fisheries are said to be protected. No fishing, therefore, should be allowed but between April and September: this is the utmost latitude that can justifiably be granted. In the intervening months come the *peal*, and the kelts, who have recovered their strength and soundness by the invigoration of the sea; and who, thus revisiting the fresh waters, are fair game for the fishers, and wholesome food for the consumers.

But what is the actual state of the laws? Scarcely the same in any two rivers in the kingdom. The Towey is not closed till the 15th of December, and the Camel till the 23d; while the Tay and the Avon are actually thrown open on the 10th of the same month; and *some* rivers in the north of Scotland even in November, before the salmon have even spawned. But, it will be said, in some rivers the fish probably spawn earlier than in others. Rivers, too, are commonly spoken of as *late* and *early*, and, it may be presumed, precisely on this account. Not so: the evidence before the Committee conspires to shew, that, though fish do run up—some earlier, some later—the spawning season is pretty much the same; for, undoubtedly, the season for the appearance and running down of the fry is the same. The *early* and the *late* river does not refer to the spawning season, but to the time when the *clean* fish—the re-invigorated kelt—the salmon, who has recruited his forces in the sea—returns from the sea to the rivers. In some rivers, these do shew themselves earlier than in others; but the difference is manifestly—if any credit is to be given to the evidence—not very considerable. It is, however, the appearance of these new-run fish that has led the proprietor—eager to catch the first stray one that shews itself—to solicit the early opening of the rivers. But, in catching these early fish, other descriptions are caught—the miserable kelts, that have not yet reached the sea, and the ripe red fish, that have not even spawned. Take, for instance, the Tweed: the close season ends on the 10th of January, and between that day and the 1st of February, about four years ago, 165 salmon were taken, of which not one-thirtieth part was marketable, or at least not in an edible state; 145 were actually unspawned; fifteen were kelts, and only five were clean fish. In the Tay, again—the largest river in Scotland, and enjoying the character of an early one—the fishing opens on the 10th of December. What is the consequence? That the produce of the fishings, up to the end of January, for nearly two months, will not defray expenses; and even at the stations nearest the sea, which are of course the most successful—Lord Grey's, for instance—many days may pass in February, and scarcely one clean fish be taken; and even later in the month, ten foul fish are caught for one sound one.

What is the effect of this rapacious haste? The destruction, as we see, of the breeders, and the ruin of the upper fisheries—the fishing stations, we mean, higher up the streams. After the open season begins, very few fish, were any so disposed, are able to get far up the rivers, the greater part being intercepted below—so much so, that the upper fisheries become scarcely worth any thing; and some of the witnesses declare, they would willingly give double the existing rent were the close season extended—giving time, that is, for some of the new-run fish to reach the upper stations. But not only are the interests of the upper fisheries thus sacrificed to the rapacity of the proprietors below, but the general amount and product of the fisheries diminished by this precipitate sweeping of the streams, and the consequent destruction of the breeders; and not only so, but facilities are thus given to poaching, and a cover provided for bringing fish into the market at all seasons. For, with the existing state of the laws, fishing, at one river or another, is legal all the year round. If one river is closed, another is open; and since the process has been discovered of preserving salmon by packing them in ice, the fish can every where be introduced as legal, and, by implication, as sound—nobody being able to say from what part of the kingdom they come.



Here and there, perhaps, a city knight may be able to distinguish the fish of one river from that of another, and determine whether

—“*lupus hic Tiberinus, an alto  
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis  
Ostia sub Tusci.*”

But the greater part of the most zealous ichthyophagi know nothing of these nice distinctions, and trust, in full simplicity, to the frail virtue of the laws, and the frailer integrity of the fishmonger, for the wholesomeness of the fish thus, for any thing he knows, legally vendible.

With these facts before us, then, the remedy is obvious. Common sense demands that the close season should not only be extended, but have the same limits in every part of the islands. Within that one and the same period, no fish could then be legally sold; every man would know the fact, and would not look for salmon; no one, with the belief, which the law would soon impress on him, of the unwholesomeness of the fish, would buy—none would then be brought to market, and none of course would be caught. The salmon would thus be left to follow freely their natural instincts, and breed and multiply—multiply, till not only the great, but the little, might share in the common bounties of a common nature; for with the absence of interruption would come abundance, and with abundance, cheapness. Rivers, too, would be protected at a very slight cost, where poaching would be fruitless.

But not only are the breeding fish thus wantonly destroyed, but the young salmon is crushed even in the egg. For such is the rapacity of the proprietors, that the moment the season opens, every foot of the river is swept, not excepting even the spawning-ground, though so small as in reality are the chances of any thing being taken at all—the first fish bringing of course the highest price. We have just described the spawning beds; now let the reader learn, that over these pregnant beds are dragged the ponderous seine-nets, regardless of the devastation they must inevitably occasion. Every one is familiar with the coble-net, as it is termed; or, if not, it operates thus—One side of it is floated to the surface of the water by corks, while the lower side is kept down on the bottom by means of weights or sinkers, composed of pieces of lead or iron, of weight sufficient to sink it into the sand or gravel, to prevent the possibility of escapes; and thus, as it works, it ploughs up the bed, crushing of course the eggs or the rising fry. “You might as soon,” says one of the witnesses, “hope to have a bed of onions come to perfection, if a coble-net and rope was dragged over it, tearing up the mould twenty times a day: I would as soon take my chance of the one as the other.”

Nor is less care taken to protect the fry in their descent. In many rivers—in Ireland particularly—they are caught, and sold by the bushel for feeding pigs; and all legally done, for it is done in the open season. In like manner, the kelts are legally taken—unfit as they are for food—not that they are wholly wasted—for the dried salmon through the country is pretty well known to be the kelt fish.

With all these modes of destruction—this war of extermination upon the miserable victim—no wonder complaints are made in many places of the failure of fish: the wonder is the species is not utterly extinguished. But the remedies, as we said, are obvious. Give nature fair play. Her reproductive powers are enormous. The roe of the salmon



does not indeed consist of 600,000, as has been carelessly affirmed, but unquestionably of 18 or 20,000. This bountiful provision it is that still leaves us the salmon, in spite of all the efforts of grasping cupidity to catch all, at whatever ulterior sacrifice. Close, then, the rivers earlier, and open them later, and all at the same season; and thus give them full scope—interrupting them neither coming nor going—and the spawners will unerringly go where their instincts drive them. Then will the kelts return to the sea and recruit, and revisit the streams in a sound and wholesome state; then will the beds, swelling with life, produce their full crops; and the fry, in unchecked abundance, glide down the waters, and return as peal in “numbers innumerable,” to satisfy to the full the desires of all, and realize, we had almost said, the aspirations of proprietors themselves.

But, after all, the great mass of salmon in the summer season—their only wholesome season—is not in the rivers, but in the estuaries and along the shores, where the old machinery for salmon fishing is incapable of working with any effect. The common instruments are calculated only for the smaller streams, and are wholly inapplicable for the broader rivers, and particularly for the mouths of those rivers, and the coasts—precisely where the sounder part of the fish abound, and which are thus for the most part left the undisturbed prey of seals and porpoises. Here it is that float the very best of the fish—the richest, the firmest, of the finest flavour, and decidedly the most wholesome. But cannot these fruitful spots, then, be successfully fished? Indeed can they; and, to establish this matter beyond dispute, we will lay before our readers briefly the different methods of taking salmon. Of these, there are but three. The first is what is usually called the *weir*, or *cruive*—that is, a fish-lock, or fish-trap. Of these there are many varieties; but the property common to them all is their intercepting the fish in its blind and precipitate course up the streams. It is a fence thrown across the stream from bank to bank, with one or more small inlets, which the fish, in his indefatigable search for an opening, is sure to find and to enter, and is thus caught in the trap. By this artifice, every fish that ascends may be intercepted, and nothing but the rare prudence of the proprietor will let a single one pass. So destructive was this instrument deemed of old to the reproduction of the species, that it was very early forbidden, except in cases where length of time had given the rights of prescription—though, even in such cases, they were placed under restrictions to protect the spawners and the fry. How inadequate are those restrictions, every proprietor perfectly understands.

The next mode of fishing is that by the seine, or coble, or sweep-net. These also are of various forms, but generally too well known to need any description here, beyond what has already been given. But neither the weir nor the coble-net are fitted for the open sea, or for bays, or for estuaries, or the sea-shores. Accordingly, till of late years, no salmon were ever caught but in rivers; and the grampuses and the seals, as we said, enjoyed the undisputed possession of their prey in the salt water. That the fish abounded on the coasts and the estuaries, and the deeper and broader parts of rivers, was well known; but, could they be caught, there were no markets at hand; nor was it, till within these few years, when fish began to be packed in ice, and be despatched to London and other distant markets, that any attempt was made to take them in the sea, and in larger quantities. The hope and prospect of profit stimulated

industry—not necessity, but the view of gain is the mother of invention. Markets were now accessible, and the difficulty was only to furnish the supply. The first approach to sea fishing was in the Solway Frith, where what was termed *lake* or *tide* fishing was now introduced. It consisted simply in enclosing the pools on the sand-banks, by means of netting, extended upon stakes fastened upright in the ground. The net thus constructed was partly moveable, opening on the seaward side like a valve, with the flood-tide, and closing again as the tide receded; and the fish, which had entered the net as the tide flowed, were thus detained as it ebbed. A very accurate and animated description of this mode of fishing may be found in REDGAUNTLET.

The demand for fish increasing, about 1797 the Solway fishers extended their operations to the Frith of Tay—at first with nets of the same construction as those of the Solway tide-nets. But soon they perceived, that, when the tide-net was shut by the flood ceasing to operate upon the valve, there were still many fish playing round the net; and that, when the ebb began, there were as many running downwards, as had before been moving upwards. The sagacity of the fisher seized on the fact, and accommodated his instrument to the double opportunity. He changed his plan of attack. Instead of forming his net with a moveable or floating valve, he constructed, by means of netting extended on stakes, labyrinths or chambers of such intricacy, that, though the mouth was always open, and the fish could enter easily—in truth, were led almost necessarily to enter the net, if they once approached it—yet they could not so readily get out again. In the same way he constructed other entrances to receive the ebb-tide, as well as the flood, and thus caught the fish, by the same net, both ways. Such was the origin of *stake-nets*—a new era in salmon-fishing. The success was prodigious; 7,000 were taken by a single net in one season; and fishing stations, which had previously let for a few pounds, yielded one, two, and even three thousand a year. This splendid career was, however, soon checked: the proprietors of the upper streams were alarmed; lawyers were employed; and lawyers, with their quibbles and quiddities, proved “water” was water, whether salt or fresh; and thus brought stake-net fishing within the terms of some ancient acts, which never contemplated the thing itself.

Thus interrupted in the Tay, and fairly or unfairly excluded from Scotland, the Solway fishers took their nets, and turned their steps towards Ireland. In 1810 or 1811, they rented the fishings of the Shannon, and erected their nets on the shores of the lower river, on the estuary of that noble stream. In the upper part of the river, the corporation of Limerick had a large weir, stretching right across from bank to bank. The stake-nets were placed full twenty miles below—where before there had never been any salmon fishing, and where, indeed, the breadth of the estuary is nearly two miles, and deep enough to float a man-of-war or an Indiaman. They were erected on the shallows left dry on the receding of the tide, and did not on an average extend above a hundred yards from high-water mark. Their success was wonderful: 280 salmon were thus captured at a single tide. The Corporation took fright: the adventurers were prosecuted under an act prohibiting standing nets, as hurtful to the commonwealth of the nation, which the Corporation and the courts interpreted to mean the commonwealth of the Corporation; and the fishing was quickly put an end to—though, under

the prohibitions of the very same act, and from the same river Shannon, the salmon-smolts, to the scandalous and wanton destruction of the breed, were, in the face of open day, sold for feeding pigs.

Driven thus from Ireland, as before they had been from Scotland, England alone was left for the enterprise of the Solway fishers; and to England accordingly they came. They established their nets in the British Channel, and at other places, and always with the same distinguished success; but they were, and are still, very far from being generally employed, though no attempt has hitherto been made to throw legal obstructions in their way. Thus the stake-net, which is calculated to produce the effect of fifty common nets, is legal in one part of the country, and illegal in two. The proprietors of the upper fisheries are, however, clamorous about their rights; though the fact is—and quite indisputable too—that in no one river, where the stake-net has been erected at the mouth of it, have the upper fisheries taken fewer than before. But the final result, no doubt, is, that more fish being thrown into competition, *they* get inferior prices for the same produce. But are the interests of the community to be sacrificed to the petty concerns and the unjust privileges of individuals? Is the bounty of Nature to be thus cribbed and cabined? Are her gifts to float around us untouched? and, because the old proprietor cannot enlarge the powers of his machinery, are those to be prohibited who can—in places, too, where he cannot reach the spoil, and where, moreover, if he could, he can have no rights? The question is not, and ought not, to be discussed as a local, but as a national one. It is not the privileges of proprietors, but the rights of the community that are concerned. If the statements of the witnesses are to be relied upon—and nothing occurs to invalidate them—salmon, instead of being a costly luxury, which the rich only can enjoy, might become a common and abundant article of food, accessible to the poorest of the people. The possible multiplication is such as to satisfy all our home demands, and become moreover an article of foreign exportation. So great, so important, so immeasurably beyond the common notions entertained on the subject, are the capabilities of the salmon fishery, by the means of stake-nets, that we will venture to extend our remarks, and state, more particularly and distinctly, the advantages of the stake-nets, and reply to the objections that have from time to time been urged against them.

The most striking advantage of the stake-net is, that by it salmon can be taken in places where they can be taken by no other means. The common nets are nearly useless in the open sea, or in estuaries, or on the shores, where the depth of the water varies, the bottom is full of irregularities, and the portion which the net embraces insignificant. The stake-net is fixed at right angles with the set of the tide, extending from high-water to low-water mark, rising from the ground to the full height of the tide, and thus receives all that the tide carries, ebbing or flowing, which are left in the enclosures of the nets on the bare sands. In the old fishing stations, in the lower parts of the rivers, fish are caught by the stake-net in greater abundance than before. The proof may be found in the Tay, where the annual produce by the ordinary means was 30,000, but by the stake-nets was swelled up to 60,000, and might have been still farther augmented. In that river, too, after the stake-nets were put down by the decision of the courts, the fisheries were entirely abandoned, because the produce of the coble-net would not even pay expenses. The fish,



again, caught by the stake-net is of the better quality. The salmon, as we have before said, is a sea-fish—the sea is its home; it frequents rivers for spawning only; it feeds in the sea—rarely is any thing found in its stomach in the rivers—and, caught in the sea, it is always richer, firmer, sounder, than in the rivers. The stake-net, again, may be used on any part of the coast—not merely at the mouths of rivers; for the fact is notorious that the coasts in every quarter teem with salmon; and, wherever the net has been used, it has been successful. Fish thus taken, moreover, are a direct gain to the public. They are not fish that would necessarily go up the rivers, and be taken by the weir or the seine; but, in reality, are rescued from the sea, and plucked from the jaws of the grampus and the seal. It has been, indeed, objected to this instrument, that it is calculated only to ruin the river fishers—to intercept what must otherwise, first or last, have been caught by them. But the fact is evidently very different; for in the rivers, at the mouths of which stake-nets have been used, the old fishers have actually not caught less than before: therefore, what the stake-net takes must be chiefly those which the others could not. The river fishers choose to assert that the fish which are seen along the shores are always *seeking* the rivers; but the fact is indisputable, that salmon float on the tide, and go up and down with it; for as many are caught on the ebb as on the flow. The salmon again are found in parts of the coast far away from the mouths of rivers, and evidently *not* seeking rivers; and those which frequent the flat sands do so probably for the purpose of feeding, and not of scenting for rivers—because, if the fish were coasting along shore for the sole purpose of seeking the rivers, the extreme nets—the nets nearest the coast—would take the most; but one of the witnesses expressly states, that of twelve nets which he has, all adjoining each other, and between the mouths of rivers, the nets in the centre take as many as those at the extremities. But, farther, at the very time when salmon appear in the greatest abundance, the rivers, many of them, are in no state to receive them. The larger rivers are, of course; but the greater part of the smaller ones are not—the Esk, for instance. The lessee states, that he used a stake-net very successfully at the mouth of that river, when there was no water in the bed of the river itself.

In short, the evidence from friends and foes, on the whole, very decidedly goes to shew that the rivers have never been injured by the stake-nets—that in cases where the produce of particular rivers has failed, other causes have been at work; and the proprietors of rivers are themselves the best able to account for the failure, because they are themselves the agents of destruction; and that, as to the fish taken by the stake-net, in places where the weir and the seine cannot operate, it is not the river proprietors who suffer, but the grampuses, porpoises, and seals. The evidence is full and indisputable, that wherever the salmon abounds, these fish of prey abound. Hundreds and hundreds are constantly seen in the Tay and the Shannon. The salmon caught by man is perfectly insignificant compared with the quantity devoured by these, its natural enemies. The opinion of the fishers is, they live wholly on salmon; they never saw any other fish taken out of their stomachs. Wherever the stake-net has been in activity, their numbers are much lessened, and re-appear when the net has been removed. Where porpoises are plentiful, the fishers are sure of a draught of salmon. The devastation of these animals must be prodigious; several have been taken out of one seal, and one porpoise—more or less digested, and some so



little affected, as to have been sent (blessed thought!) to market. The produce of the stake-net—employed as it is, where other nets and other machinery cannot be employed—is, therefore, positive gain; and salmon-fisheries may thus be extended to an amount beyond calculation. The river-fishers may still catch as before: they will not get the former prices, to be sure; but they must, like other people, submit to the common effects of competition. The stake-net may be compared to newly-invented machinery for cottons and cloths, with this advantage—that if it throw some out of employ, it re-employs more, and at the same time augments the stock of eatable produce, and reduces the cost.

As to any other objections which have been started to this mode of fishing, they may readily be disposed of. Among the principal, is the apprehension, that the stake-net will destroy the breed—so capacious are its powers of capture. We need only bid the proprietors of the spawning-grounds to leave the fish undisturbed to the operations of nature—free course to come up and go down—and such is the boundless means of reproduction, that all fears of this kind must be superfluous. But, as the matter is—by the river people a war of destruction is made upon the salmon in its most helpless, and, we add, its most useless and unhealthy state—in the egg, the fry, the kelt, and the spawner. Then, again, it has been objected, that the stake-net will, by-and-by, be extended to the mid-channel, and thus shut up rivers at their mouths; but this is anticipating an abuse, rather than the further use of them—not to say that their specific value is on the shores and estuaries, or rather the sands from high to low-water mark. Then, again, it has been urged, they are destructive to the fry and the spawners; but the truth is, they do not touch either; for the fry and the spawners are well known to take the mid-stream: the mesh of the net is full three inches from knot to knot, and the fry of course cannot be detained. Again, it is said, these nets capture other fish besides salmon—turbot, cod, ling, flounders, &c.—an advantage surely, and no objection; for this interferes neither with the privileges of the rivers, nor the rights of any one; and, to let no complaint pass, they are also, it seems, calculated to interrupt navigation;—to which it is sufficient to reply—these nets must be on the shallows; and, therefore, they rather play the part of beacons, than present any obstacle to navigation.

But, really and truly, not only are these nets defensible against all these objections, but they are even unexposed to those with which the coble and the weir are themselves justly chargeable. They cannot be used for poaching. Considerable labour must be spent in their erection, and, when erected, they are visible to every eye; and it is not desirable to keep them standing, when not actually employed—affording thus the best possible security against illegal usage. They cannot, again, injure the spawning beds—nor, of course, crush the egg—nor sweep away the fry; because they are stationary, and so could do no mischief, were these beds on every side of them; and never is it to be forgotten, that they are usable only where the tide reaches, and *there* there are no spawning-beds. They do not, moreover, interfere with the fry in their descent; for the nets extend no farther than low-water mark, and the fry, on reaching the top of the estuary—that is, the point to which the tide advances—are known to take to the depth and stillness of the mid-water; and, in point of fact, none have ever been taken. In like manner, the kelts seek the deep water; but, by the river-nets and weirs, they are inevitably inter-

cepted; for the fishers cannot distinguish the good from the bad in the water; and, notwithstanding all professions to the contrary, all are fish that come to *their* net. The red-fish, again, when seeking the upper streams for spawning, take the mid-channel. The number taken by the stake-net is inconsiderable; whilst the river-net and the weir take all—for this machinery stretches across from bank to bank.

Any person, therefore, taking a dispassionate view of the subject—first investigating the habits and character of the salmon—would come to these safe and important conclusions:—That the salmon is a sea-fish, and only in the salt water is in a sound state—that it frequents the rivers for reproducing—that *there*, therefore, it ought to be protected—protected, or otherwise the species is destroyed in the source of its being—that, consequently, fishing in the fresh waters altogether should be declared illegal, as well for the protection of the breed, as the health of the lieges—and, finally, fishing on the coasts and the mouths of rivers should be exclusively legalized. But as laws are generally better gradually corrected, in the opinion of most men—of practical men especially, as the phrase is—than precipitately annulled, let the existing laws, which regulate the close and open seasons for fishing, be made general—the same for every part of the kingdom—and so fixed, as to leave the fish free to come up the streams, and to go down again—and the fry, in like manner, undisturbed in its descent;—let these limits be fixed from the end of April to the beginning of September—with full liberty to the stake-net to operate whenever it can do so with advantage, and no where else will it of course be used. The open season for the coasts might be safely extended: for there the fishers will interfere neither with fry nor kelt in the former season, nor with the spawners in the latter: these all keep the mid-water, and the spawners, when ripe, have fled up the streams.

Be these things done, and the produce of the salmon-fisheries must be immensely augmented. To Ireland—to a potatoe-fed and a Catholic population—the advantage of a cheap supply of fish must be important. The pigs will no longer feed upon the fry; but, *en revanche*, the owners of the pigs may feed upon the full-grown salmon. The monopoly of the Limerick Corporation might also be broken up—even if it broke up the Corporation itself, and all other rotten bodies through the kingdom. They possess a permanent weir, in which the law of the Shannon requires three gaps or openings, to allow the salmon to pass upwards. Some few years ago, the renters shut up these gaps, and took every fish—not one could escape to the higher grounds; and at last, when these gaps were again thrown open, by a decree of the courts, the Corporation or their representatives placed in the front of them a painted crocodile, with open jaws, in glaring colours, to frighten the salmon. Whether the salmon were thus frightened or not, is not material—the *animus* of the projector is obvious. Nor would the advantage, thus great to Ireland, be slight to England: our new regulations, by checking poaching, might mend, or at least not tend to deteriorate, the morals of the people; and, at all events, stake-nets introduced on the coasts round the whole island would furnish employment for thousands of starving people. But the great and paramount advantage is—the adding to the stock of subsistence, the augmenting the amount of the eatable matter, and bringing within the reach of the poor and the lowly what is now enjoyed and exulted in as exclusively the food of the rich and mighty.

## THE LOVER'S GRAVE:

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN.

"Rest thee, rest thee, lovely stranger,  
Now the eve is falling dim;  
Wilt thou tempt the forest-ranger—  
Wilt thou tempt the torrent's brim?  
Hark! the thunder in the mountains;  
Hark! the river's rising roar,  
Rushing from its thousand fountains!—  
Rest thee, till the storm is o'er."

—"Gallant hunter, I must wander  
Over hill and over wave:  
See the spirit beckons yonder  
That must lead me to my grave!"  
On she passed; the moor-fiend's taper  
Swept before, bright, blue, and cold,  
Gleaming o'er his steed of vapour;—  
On she passed through wood and wold.

"Rest thee, rest thee, lovely maiden!  
Rest thee in the baron's hall:  
Thou shalt go to-morrow, laden  
With the gold and purple pall.  
Thou shalt have the topaz ring;  
Thou shalt have the pearly chain.  
See how fierce the lightnings spring!  
Hark how falls the rushing rain!"

—"Noble baron, I must wander  
Till the silent dead is found:  
See the spirit beckons yonder,  
Leading to the churchyard mound!"  
On she passed, through wind and shower,  
Weeping, trembling, lovely, lone:  
Dark and darker fell the hour;  
Still the light before her shone.

"Rest thee, rest thee, weeping beauty,  
Till the stormy night is o'er;  
Victim sweet of love and duty,  
Turn thee to the pilgrim's door!"

—"I have shunned the hunter's bower;  
I have shunned the baron's hall:  
Sorrow is an humble flower  
Fittest for the cottage wall."

Soft and slow the stranger entered,  
Noble was the voice and air;  
Gems were in the turban centered,  
Gems were in the raven hair;  
Gems upon the caftan glittered,  
Gems upon the sandal shone;—  
But a lip by woe embittered  
Breathed the heavy sigh alone.

Down the cheeks, like dew on roses,  
Tears in floods of anguish ran ;  
Lips, like buds that morn uncloses,  
Were with early sorrow wan.  
—" Dry those tears, thou lovely stranger !  
Taste the grape, and taste the wine :  
Courts and kings may think of danger—  
Safety dwells in roofs like mine !"

Of the purple grape she tasted—  
Tasted of the purple wine ;  
Still she saw the fruits unwasted—  
Still the brimming goblet shine.  
Hark ! what sounds are round her flowing ?  
See what shapes are on the wind !  
Such were once the visions glowing  
On the maiden's midnight mind.

To the silver sounds ascending,  
Now the cottage walls arise ;  
Now the roof is o'er her bending,  
Azure as the evening skies ;  
Painted with a thousand glories,  
Lovely as the evening cloud ;  
Virtue's high, heroic stories,  
In the sapphire vault embowed.

What are round her ? Rosy pinions,  
Waving o'er a pearly car—  
Stooping from their blue dominions—  
Children of the Vesper Star !  
Where once stood the shepherd—beaming,  
Stands a spirit, winged and crowned ;  
In his hand the sceptre gleaming—  
On his brow the star-drops bound.

" Come," he cries, " thou lovely maiden !  
Come, and be thy lover's bride ;  
Long, with faithful woe o'erladen,  
Hast thou sought me where I died :  
Now ascend to Paradise !"  
From her shoulders sprang the plume ;  
Upward to the opening skies  
Soared she from her Lover's Tomb !

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## ST. OMER.

No. II.

*St. Omer, Feb. 1, 1828.*

WITH the exception of Calais and Boulogne, St. Omer is better known in England (by name) than any other French town. It is for this reason, more than for any intrinsic merits of its own, that I shall describe it to you in detail: for, notwithstanding the sweet Juliet's sweet philosophy, there is much "in a name." That which we have long known by name merely—whether among persons, places, or things—is more to us than all else besides that we do *not* know by name: for the imagination is so essentially a constructive faculty, that nothing but the absolute want of any foundation on which to place its erections, can keep it from performing its pleasing work. It cannot "build castles in the air," whatever proverbs or poets may say or think to the contrary. But give it the smallest vestige of a spot to build on, be it but a *name*, and straightway its fairy fabrics "rise like exhalations," that nothing but the absolute presence of realities can or need chase away. Many of those who have left "Yarrow unvisited," are possessed of just as good a Yarrow, if not better, than those who have vented songs and sonnets on its "bonny banks and braes;" and even Timbuctoo itself has become familiar as a "household word," since its *name* became one. In short, so far from there being little "in a name," there is more in it than in any thing else, in the proportion of all possibilities to one reality.

The foregoing philosophy being admitted, you must know my ambition is to make my pen for once useful to you; and there is no other legitimate source of the *useful* but the *true*. I shall, therefore, describe St. Omer to you, if it be only to guard you against the possible effects of the rose-coloured descriptions of other people.

St. Omer is a strongly-fortified town, not ill-placed, on a plot of ground which rises in the form of a low mound—the points occupied by the different *portes* being level with the surrounding plain; so that, at whichever point you enter, the streets gradually rise towards the centre of the town. On account of this slight elevation of its site, St. Omer presents a much more striking and impressive aspect from without, than a view of its interior would lead you to expect. Indeed, in one feature, there are few cities that can compare with it for picturesque effect. I know of no other which possesses within its walls so noble a pile of gothic ruins as those of the magnificent abbey of St. Bertin, which, despoiled as it is of much of its antique grandeur, still towers proudly above all the other surrounding buildings, and presents, as viewed from the great road to the interior, through Arras, &c., one of the finest objects of the kind that can any where be seen: and this general effect is greatly heightened by the ruin seeming to rise out of a dense mass of foliage, formed by the lofty trees with which the ramparts and the surrounding roads are planted.

Leaving this splendid feature of St. Omer to be described more particularly hereafter, we will commence our general view of the city from the Grand Place, as usual—that being the spot from whence the various localities of a third or fourth-rate French town may always best be indicated, as it may generally be looked upon as the nucleus from which all the rest has taken its rise. The Place Royale of St. Omer occupies the highest point of the site, and is of great extent, and nearly a perfect

square ; but though it includes the Hôtel de Ville and the Tribunal de Commerce, it has not a single feature calling for particular description, except that one corner of it opens immediately upon the loftiest part of the ramparts, and presents a very pleasing view of the neighbouring country. At the north-west corner of the Place Royale, one of the three principal streets commences, and runs in nearly a straight line the whole length of the town. This street (called at present\* the rue de Dunkerque) is the principal street of retail business, and is more characteristic in its appearance than any other in the town, on account of the antique air of the houses being more generally preserved. A few of the old gabel ends are retained ; some of the fronts are embossed with flowers and fruit ; and in most the windows still keep those numerous small squares and thick frames which modern taste has so entirely exploded. All this gives an antique look to the whole, the general effect of which is worth all the (so called) improvements that have elsewhere been substituted in their place. This antique effect, too, is heightened rather than injured by the excellent state of repair and cleanliness in which all the houses are preserved, and even by the various and gay colours—pink, sky-blue, yellow, bright green, &c.—in which many of the fronts are painted. The rue de Dunkerque is of a spacious width, till towards the lower extremity, where it narrows, and finishes in the quay of the canal that runs to Dunkerque, Calais, Gravelines, &c. Parallel with and to the south of the rue de Dunkerque, run the two other principal streets—the rue Royale, and the rue St. Bertin. The first named of these is perhaps one of the best streets possessed by any second or third-rate town in France. It includes but few shops, and has consequently none of the lively, various, and entertaining character of the one described above. But the *coup d'œil*, as seen from the lower extremity, looking towards the Petite Place, in which it terminates, is strikingly good, and, in some respects, reminds one of the High-street, Oxford—with this difference in its favour, however, that no one point of it is unpleasantly inferior to the rest. This street is composed chiefly of private houses, some of which are spacious, and have carriage entrances, enclosing large court-yards ; others are approached by double flights of stone steps ; but none have any very decided character or style of architecture, either ancient or modern—with one exception : the hotel of M. Sandelin is a noble private residence, the principal rooms of which occupy the three sides of a spacious court—the fourth side being filled up by the screen and gateway which flank the street. But even of this edifice there is nothing remarkable but the screen and gateway, which are lofty and in good taste. The house itself, as seen from the court-yard, has a poor appearance,

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\* I say "at present," because so inveterately changeable are the habits of the French people, that they cannot let even the names of their streets remain permanent. In many of the principal towns, if you ask for a street by its present appellation, the chances are that the person you address, if an old and old-fashioned inhabitant, either does not or will not know what you mean. Thus, at St. Omer, if you want to be conducted to the rue de Dunkerque, your shortest and surest method is to ask for the rue des Carnes ; and at Dunkerque, if you seek the rue d'Angouleme, you should inquire for it as the rue des Capucines. The two changes above alluded to will shew you the sad principle, too, on which these changes are made. The French cannot abide any thing that includes or springs from old recollections and associations. The *ci-devant* titles of these streets served, no doubt, to indicate the site of some old convent or abbey of Carmelites and Capucines. Since the Restoration, too, the best street in every town has become *royale*, whatever it was before. This may be almost taken as a rule.

arising from the numerous windows still retaining their old-fashioned frames and diminutive panes of glass. During the king's late visit to St. Omer, he occupied this house, which was newly furnished for his reception.

The rue Royale widens, at its upper end, into an irregular-shaped open space, which takes the name of the *Petite Place*, and communicates with the *Place Royale* by two narrow streets, and also with the other principal street of the town—the rue St. Bertin. This latter runs parallel with the two large streets just described, and is of nearly the same width. It consists chiefly of private houses, occupied by some of the most respectable inhabitants of the town. It also includes the *Sous Préfecture*, and the military hospital—the latter a vast and most lugubrious-looking old building, composed of brickwork, cut into architectural ornaments, so as to produce, at a distance, the general effect of masonry. This building, and the royal college which is near it, may serve to demonstrate the impossibility of brick buildings ever taking a fine or impressive character when reduced to a ruinous and dilapidated state—which extensive stone buildings almost always do. Some of the great towers in Flanders and elsewhere, shew that brickwork may be made to produce a very fine effect—and the older the finer—provided it be kept in a perfect state of repair, and the repairs be made to conform to the previous general tone of the building. The great tower at Dunkerque, as described in my last, is an instance of this. But the moment a brick building takes the character of a ruin, or even begins to fall into decay, it loses all power of affecting the imagination to any valuable or permanent end. It might be worth while (if I had time, and you patience) to attempt to develop the causes of this fact. As it is, I shall only say that it arises chiefly from the *literal* character (so to speak) of the details of buildings in brickwork. By a slight effort of the imagination, you may see literally the *hand* of the workman placing every separate brick; and, by a similar effort, you may see the same hand displacing them, or capable of doing so: and a work that a single human hand may be supposed capable of doing and undoing, can never be made to produce any powerful effect on the imagination, except by its being assimilated to some other class of work that cannot be so performed. With a stone building it is different. Huge efforts, aided by all the known powers of mechanism, are required to get together and place its great masses; and similar and almost equal efforts and powers seem required to displace and destroy them—to say nothing of the directing *mind* that the former case necessarily supposes. In fact, in regard to the fine arts, petty details, invariably and universally, produce a poor and petty effect, where they can be severally distinguished and considered. If the finest cartoon of *Raffaële* were to be copied in enamel by Mr. Bone, its effect would be worse than lost, and it would be something similar to that of copying the *Parthenon* in brickwork.

It is not necessary to describe very particularly any of the other streets of St. Omer. There are two running parallel with those above named (the rue des Ursulines, and the Little Rue), each containing many good houses. All the rest are of an inferior character, and have nothing remarkable to distinguish them one from another. Those leading to the different gates of the town are the most lively and frequented; and the best of these is the rue d'Arras, leading to the gate of that name. That leading to the gate of Calais has the most original, and consequently cha-



racteristic look of any, on account of its having undergone less repairing and modernizing. All the other streets of St. Omer (and it includes a greater number, perhaps, than almost any town of its size—not less than seventy or eighty) may be described as, with three or four exceptions, altogether bad. Many are so narrow, that a single carriage can scarcely pass along them with safety to the foot-passengers; many are no better than miserable lanes and alleys; and there is not one that conveys a favourable impression to the observer. And this great lack of good streets is not made up for, as it is in many towns, by squares or open places of any other description. There are, indeed, two small squares, both of them planted with trees, and surrounded by houses; but the houses are of a very inferior description, and in the principal one the growth of the trees is almost entirely stopped by the foolish French custom of training them into a regular shape, on a wooden frame-work.

From this general glance you will conclude, that its internal arrangements are not the attractions which have so long made St. Omer the chosen residence of so many of our self-exiled countrymen. We will proceed to examine what other of its negative qualities may have given it (or rather not given it) this not very enviable distinction.

There is a decent *salle de spectacle* at St. Omer; but (unlike the Dunkerquois) the St. Omerians are not play-goers. The circumstance of two or three of the noblesse families residing at St. Omer, has made it the mode, among the principal native inhabitants, to meet together a good deal in *soirées*, &c.; and this has made it *not* the mode to patronize the provincial players: so that St. Omer is seldom enlivened with the visits of the latter, and never with their permanent presence for any length of time. A troop of provincial actors in France (and indeed every where else) are content with a return for their labours indefinitely small in amount: for play-acting is one of those “virtues” which are “their own reward.” They do not mind playing to empty benches; but then they cannot afford to *light* those benches; and they can scarcely contrive to act in the dark:—consequently, they cannot afford to make their visits to St. Omer otherwise than “short and far between.”

The weekly market may almost be reckoned among the amusements of a French town, and, to the stranger or traveller, it may always be regarded as one of the most interesting and characteristic scenes. The comparative state of society and manners in any given town may be better judged of by an hour or two spent in its weekly market, than by the same time employed in any other manner. Taking this as one criterion, St. Omer has not yet arrived at any very enviable pitch of refinement. Nine-tenths of the poultry is brought to market *alive*, each couple or so being attended by its respective owners, who have perhaps come three or four leagues to bring to market that particular item of merchandise: so that to furnish a moderate-sized family for the week requires the whole stock of three or four vendors! Seriously, I have never seen more than two or three eatable fowls in the hands of any one person. And with game it is still worse. The English game-laws abolitionists would do well to come here for arguments in support of their system. Almost any body may kill game, in any manner they can, and every body may sell it; and yet frequently the whole produce of the day's market amounts to a hare and a brace or two of partridges; and for these you must sometimes give four or five shillings each the former, and two or three the latter. The ordinary price, however, of a brace of



partridges is about two shillings, and of a good hare three and sixpence. A pheasant I never saw or heard tell of at a French market. In fact, if mere *supply* of the article were the object in view, there would be nothing like your English game-laws, as administered by the coachmen and guards of his Majesty's royal mails! But St. Omer market is ill supplied with every thing, except butter and vegetables: of the latter, there is a profusion, as there is every where in France; and butter you get here of the best quality for about ninepence a pound. With respect to all the other necessities of life, they may be stated as of nearly the same price in all this northern department of France: so that what I have told you on this head in my previous letters need not be repeated.

With respect to some of the other minor details connected with domestic life, St. Omer is not without its advantages. Its water is very good, being brought to the town through leaden conduit pipes from a considerable distance, and distributed to the inhabitants from public fountains, placed at convenient distances from each other. Another very marked advantage is its cheap and easy communication with neighbouring towns, and particularly with those on the coast, by means of its canals. A passage-boat, not very elegant in its appointments, but sufficiently convenient, leaves St. Omer for Calais every other morning throughout the year, and one of the same description every morning for Dunkerque, each performing the journey in from ten to twelve hours, and for the price of about two shillings to the first named place, and three shillings to the second. This is the price of the best places; the second are about a third less; and the voyage from those towns to St. Omer is performed at the same hours, and for the same prices. St. Omer being also on one (though the least frequented) of the high road to Paris, there is a daily passage of diligences either way. But as these latter pass through the town at most unseasonable hours of the night or morning, it has been found worth while to provide private conveyances, which may be had at any hour, and for a very moderate price. A party of six persons may have a convenient carriage to either Calais or Dunkerque for about fifteen shillings. So that persons coming to reside in this town, may reach it (from London) for less than the fare of an English stage coach to Bath or Cheltenham. This cheapness and facility of communication with England is, no doubt, one of the chief causes of St. Omer being so much in favour with our English economists. They live in "a foreign country," which is much; they get there for almost nothing, and procure the chief necessities of life for little more than half the price they have been accustomed to pay, which is more; and they can get home again in a single day and night, if they arrange their departure by way of "correspondance," as the French call it, which is most of all: for your true Englishman, with all his passion for wandering from his native country, has no notion of any other being fit to live in, whatever his peculiar views of "life" may be; and even of those who make up their minds to live abroad, nine-tenths spend half their time in railing against the spot they chuse for their residence, as compared with that which they have voluntarily abandoned. Now that I have been led to allude to the English residents at St. Omer, I may as well complete the notice that it seems necessary to take of them, in connexion with my estimate of the place. Perhaps there is no where else that so many are collected together, with so few efforts on the part of the native inhabitants, to either attract or keep them. For a provincial town, there is a

good deal of what may be called society at St. Omer ; but the English are not invited (I might almost say permitted) to mix in it, partly, no doubt, from the difference of the national manners in regard to *hours*, &c., but chiefly, I am persuaded, from the natural antipathy that the French people have to the English. It is not too strong an expression to call their dislike a *natural* antipathy, because it arises infinitely less from political circumstances than from the physical constitution of the two people.

“Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together,”

says the song ; and the genius of the English character and that of the French differ as much from each other as age differs from youth, and in much the same manner. In fact, the English, after they have reached the age of maturity, are never young ; and the French, after they have reached that age, are never old. You should observe the period to which I limit the development of this grand characteristic : for, until they do reach the period of maturity (as it is called) the French *are* old ; their children are little men and women, and themselves great boys and girls. Not only are the English at St. Omer not invited into French society, but no respect is paid to their pride, no favour shewn to their prejudices, and no concessions made to their habits, even by those of the inhabitants who hope to get money by them. There is not a place where they can see an English book or newspaper, except at a little beggarly *café*, kept by an Englishman, where they are charged sixpence for the sight of a paper, said to be published in London three times a week, and (un)known by the name of the Whitehall Evening Post. Even in the (so called) furnished apartments that are provided for them, they are expected to sit upon rush-bottomed chairs, with their feet upon the bare floors, even in the depth of winter, and to make their fires of wood upon the brick hearth, though coals are in more plenty than in London. In short, the only compliment the Englishman will meet with to his national vanity at St. Omer, is in the articles of mincepies and blacking ! These important items, in the economy of human life, he may get under an English *name* at least : all else he must be content to take as thoroughly French as an obstinate adherence to old habits can keep it.

Finally, in regard to English matters at St. Omer, there is an English chapel, and three tolerable English schools—two for males, and one for females. By far the best of the boys' schools is that situated in the Petite Place, and kept by a Reverend B. A. of Cambridge. But what an English boy is to gain by being educated at an *English* school in France is more than I can divine. The *terms* alone (moderate as they are, compared with many of the schools in England) are quite enough to exclude all *French* children ; and it is the constant association with *native* companions, teachers of every kind, &c., that forms the sole advantage of educating a boy in a foreign country. I will admit, if you please, that to speak with perfection a *second* living language is, without exception, the greatest adventitious advantage that any one can possess ; and that it is worth purchasing by an Englishman, even at the price of being brought up in France or Germany for example. But that there is any chance whatever of his acquiring this advantage at an *English* school in either of those countries it were ridiculous to suppose. In fact,

the only possible advantage offered by an English school in France is offered to *French* youth, whose parents never avail themselves of it; unless, indeed, we count the benefits enjoyed by the *keepers* of the said schools, who avoid, for the most part, the *surveillance* of the parents, charge nearly as much as they would in England for the board, &c., which costs them about half, and, to crown the matter, have the modesty to claim their payments half a year *in advance*! With respect to the actual *effects* of an education at an English boarding-school at St. Omer, all I can tell you is, that the young gentlemen I have happened to meet with, differ in no other respect from the population of a Woodford or Hammersmith academy, except inasmuch as they are more vulgar and *gauche* in their manners, more coarse and heavy in their appearance, and in their habits. The chief circumstance, as it seems to me, of gain, is their having learned to talk indecently in *two* languages instead of one: not, however, that they speak French any *better* than boys who learn it in the ordinary English manner; the only difference is, that they speak their bad French ten times *faster*—a disadvantage perhaps, rather in the proportion of ten to one. The truth is, that if boys are to receive their elementary education in France at all, it should be at a French school: such, for instance, as that attached to the Royal College here, or at the college itself.

There are several schools for females at St. Omer. The one best worthy of mention forms part of the establishment of a convent of Ursuline nuns, which has lately (since the reign of the *parti-prêtre*) been permitted to regain all its former privileges, which were lost at the revolution. In 1800, the superior, having returned from emigration, succeeded in re-uniting some of the sisters, and establishing herself in a small school in the town, which was shortly afterwards, by favour of the authorities of the town, removed to the old *locale*, called the Jardin Notre Dame. Here they contrived to maintain themselves till 1816, when a royal ordonnance established the little society on a permanent footing, and enabled them not only to increase their own number, but to extend their school, which is now as flourishing as it was before its fall. I am disposed to think that, for the *early* education of a young female (even of Protestant parents) no better plan can be adopted than that of placing them in an establishment of this kind—that is to say, provided they are allowed to quit the parental roof at all, for they are likely to learn quite as much here as elsewhere of what it is desirable for them to know: and they *cannot* learn much harm. But I suppose no parents, even Catholic ones, think of leaving their children under the influence of a society like this, after an age at which they become susceptible of a permanent influence at all. The principal ordinary school for females is situated in the rue Royale. It has extensive gardens, a private chapel, &c. and may be considered as a respectable establishment of its kind. There are also three other French pensionnats for females.

Finally, St. Omer has to boast of several charitable institutions, all of which rank here under the general name of hospitals. There is the *Hôpital Général*, for the reception of orphans, and children of the lowest classes; the *Hôpital de St. Louis*, for the treatment of the sick poor; and the *Hôpital St. Jean*, and *Hôpital St. Anne*—each a species of almshouse; and the Military Hospital. With the exception of the latter, all these establishments are served by the sisters of various religious orders.



It only remains for me to mention the ruins which form so distinguishing a feature of this town; they are situated near the lower or south-eastern extremity, within the walls, and consist of nearly the whole external parts of a great Gothic temple, formerly the church of the monastery of St. Bertin. It is nearly four hundred years since this once magnificent temple was erected; and yet, to judge from its remains, it must, before its mutilation at the period of the revolution, have borne all the appearance of a newly erected building, so fresh and perfect are all its remaining parts. The great square tower over the western entrance is nearly perfect, and its belfry still contains the original bells. In all other respects the building is a ruin, all its windows being vacant, no vestige of a roof remaining to any part, and the great fourfold arch, which formed the centre of the transept, standing self-supported, as it were, against the grey sky, and looking as if a breath would bring it to the ground; within, too, and all about, lie broken columns, fragments of capitals, cornices, &c. intermixed with piles of square stones, formerly composing the inner and outer walls. By climbing through certain breaches in the latter, you readily reach the interior, which presents a still more dreary and desolate appearance. The almost fearful effect of the whole is also heightened by every part appearing to be on the point of falling. By a crack which traverses the body of the great tower itself, you see evidently that *that* must have fallen long ago, but for a huge buttress of modern stone work, which has been applied to one side of it. As I have said above, the exterior walls, and nearly all the stone work of the windows, are still standing. Of the interior walls, all are destroyed but that which formed, with the exterior wall on the same side, the northern side aisle. This form, together with the beauty of the ornamental flower-work of the capitals, cornices, &c., gives a most rich appearance to the details of the noble ruins, which sadly contrasts with their desolate general condition, and with the feeling of their absolute nullity which a contemplation of them causes. Every thing you look upon seems to breathe forth a sense of that utter uselessness which results from the view of parts arbitrarily disconnected from each other, and consequently deprived of all consistency, and referring to no object or end. Here stands a pillar, rising abruptly out of the earth, with nothing above looking to it for support: there a broken shaft, half buried in the soil, for the corresponding parts of which you may look in vain. On one hand stretches forth a long line of pointed arches, elegantly designed, and delicately executed; and when you turn, to look for the corresponding line, its place is occupied by a pile of shapeless unhewn stones. Meanwhile, where a solemn silence should reign, and every thing be wrapped in a "dim religious light," the winds are whistling, birds are crying, and the sun is throwing its sharp shadows and its dazzling lights. Most great piles of ruins are so situated, that vegetation of some kind or other has more or less overgrown their deformities; and in some (Tintern Abbey, for instance) it has so entirely possessed itself of them, and in so doing, has so connected and knit their various parts together, that they are even more whole, consistent, and beautiful to look upon than when in their pristine state, especially ruins of the Gothic kind, the leading idea and genius of which evidently had its origin in those first and finest of all temples, the antique woods and groves. But here, not a trace of vegetation is to be seen; all is bare as the bleak side of a



granite rock. In fact, however fine a thing it may be to think of, this immense pile of ruins is less impressive in its effect on the spectator than almost any other; and I attribute the fact to the situation in which it is placed, namely, in the midst of a great living and moving city, surrounded by modern erections, and cut off from connexion with that world of external nature to which inanimate things seem to belong, and to which they all naturally revert, when they have ceased to serve the artificial purposes for which man possessed himself of them. But whatever the causes may have been, the consequences are, that the ruins of St. Bertin, though they add a noble feature to the outward and distant face of the town of St. Omer, are visited in detail without any feeling of veneration, and are quitted with more of pleasure than regret.

Finally, St. Omer possesses, in its ramparts, a public promenade, of a more agreeable and various character than most others of its kind, on account of the irregularity of their scite, and from their being planted throughout with lofty trees. The ramparts of a strong town form one of the very few local and civil advantages that may be set against the many evils arising from the system of fortification. They always form a promenade more or less agreeable, in return for making the town they surround into a great barrack, and depriving it of all *other* agreeable walks, by cutting it off from all communication with the surrounding country. In open towns—all those of England for instance—those who choose, or are compelled, to live in them may enjoy all the advantages of the country, merely by fixing their residence towards the outskirts. But a close town, of whatever size, has no outskirts. It is like a solid piece of a great city, taken up, placed in the midst of an uninhabited spot of country, and enclosed by a solid wall. In short, it is neither more nor less than a great detached prison, with the liberty of egress and ingress between certain fixed hours. And as for finding any thing like an agreeable promenade within the ramparts of a French town, that will be quite out of the question, till some genius arises, who is able to teach human feet the art of making themselves easy upon the tops of rough hewn paving stones. The most agreeable portions of the ramparts of St. Omer are, of course, those which pass over the highest points of its scite; that is to say, flanking the southern side of the Place Royale, and the back of the cathedral. These portions overlook a varied and agreeable country, lying between themselves and the long range of heights, on which the camp has for some years past been established during the summer season. The lower parts have nothing to distinguish them favourably from similar portions of other towns, and assuredly they have nothing to redeem them from the effects of that unnameable habit which ought, by rights, to make “the politest people in the world,” a by-word of barbarism to all the other civilized parts of it.

I must not conclude without telling you that, notwithstanding all the protestations of its inhabitants to the contrary, St. Omer is not a healthy spot. Its climate, during nine months of the year, is in no respect better than that of England; and its position, in connexion with a long tract of marshy country, causes it to be seldom without intermittent fever and ague. In short, sulphate of quinine is in considerable request at St. Omer.

## A DISSERTATION ON BEARDS, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY ;

BY AN EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF SHAVING.

No. II.

Barbæ ratio incredibile est, quantum conferat ad dignoscendam corporum maturitatem, vel ad differentiam sexus, vel ad decorem virilitatis ac roboris, ut videatur omnino non constatura fuisse totius corporis ratio, si quicquam aliter esset effectum.—LACTANTIUS.

IF any of the readers of the Monthly Magazine will do me the favour to refer to an article in a former number, bearing the same title as the present, they will see that I had traced the history of the human beard regularly down from the earliest times to those of Julian the Apostate. I then attempted to give some account of the wide spreading controversy which sprung up in the different churches of Christendom respecting the beards\* of their priests; and, in so doing, I lost sight of the strict chronological arrangement, by which, at the commencement of my labours, I intended to regulate my future progress. I now propose to adopt a more desultory mode of discussion, which, independent of its other advantages, will enable me to whisk without any circumlocution from England to Constantinople, and from Constantinople to Morocco, and from Morocco to China, or to Russia, or to any other part of the world, where the beard either is, or has been, in veneration and honour.

The successors of Julian, with the exception of Justinian, were all, from Jovian down to the last and bravest of the Palæologi, bearded monarchs; and under their fostering patronage the beard acquired its highest estimation. Any insult or injury offered to the slightest hair of it constituted a mortal offence; and to destroy it entirely was considered equivalent to the destruction of a man's honour and life. A public shaving was even held by the law to be a sufficient expiation for the heinous crimes of rape and murder. In the Chronicles of Savoy, written by Maître Guillaume Paradin, canon of Beau-jeu, there is a story which illustrates this point very ludicrously. It will be in the recollection of the readers of Gibbon, that one of the Counts of Savoy rescued the Greek Emperor Alexis, by force of arms, from captivity and thralldom. "Whilst the Count,"—says the honest canon, in the homely language of the times,—“whilst the Count was at Constantinople, in high honour and congratulation, reaping the fruits of his victory, it fell out, that one of his gentlemen dishonoured by violence the daughter of his host. In consequence of the complaints, which the father made to the aforesaid lord, he instituted inquiries into the manner, in which the Greeks were accustomed to punish those, who were convicted of such offences. His

\* A friend has shewn me, since the publication of my first dissertation on sacerdotal beards, an anecdote, which indicates very strongly the bitterness of feeling which this controversy generated among the Catholic Clergy of France. Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who built the College of the Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that was ever seen. The canons of his church thought it too fine a beard for a bishop; and, in consequence, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him in a full chapter. Accordingly, when next he came to the choir, the dean, the prevot, and the chantry, approached with scissors and razors, soapbasin and warm water. He took to his heels at the sight, and escaped to his castle of Beau-regard, about two leagues from Clermont, where he fell sick, and died of vexation. *Tantene animis cœlestibus ira?*

lordship was informed, that the beard of such offenders were publicly cut off. As soon as he heard of this ridiculous punishment, he swore that his gentleman should not escape with less. He therefore caused a scaffold to be erected forthwith in the square of Saint Sophia, and then, having sent for a barber, ordered him to strike the gentleman's beard off without any compunction. With this slight punishment the Count was not less pleased than his gentleman—for the latter thought that he had deserved death, and was very glad that he was not hanged, saying, on all occasions, that the punishment which he then underwent was not sufficient for the crime which he had committed.\* From such an opinion there will not be many dissidents at the present moment; but at that time the liberals of Constantinople opposed it tooth and nail; for they protested, like the Ultra Liberals of the Westminster Review, that it was not right, under any circumstances, to inflict death upon a fellow creature.

The anecdote which I have placed before the reader might be considered undeserving of credit, did it stand unsupported by others of a similar tendency. But the authorities, to use a law phrase, are so numerous upon the point, that I think their credibility must remain unquestioned. Thenet, in his *Cosmography*, assures us, that a short time before the Knights of Rhodes took possession of Candia, the Greeks of that island considered the loss of their beards as the heaviest of punishments. Ulmus informs us, that, while his brother was in that island, he knew an old man who preferred his beard to his life. The governor, to try his mettle, enjoined him, through one of his guards, to cut off his beard without delay. The old man immediately stretched forth his throat, and said to the astonished messenger,—“Tell your master he must first cut off this head.” Philelphus, the virulent and abusive adversary of Poggio and Valla, and the original hero of the story of Hans Carvel's ring, converted a Greek of the name of Timotheus, who had been a warm friend, into a bitter enemy, by insisting that he should strip himself of his barbaral honours, which he had lost to him in a wager. The incident is narrated at considerable length by Jovius, in his *Elogia*, but may be shortly described thus:—Philelphus and Timotheus quarrelled about the signification of a Greek word. Each wagered his beard that he was right; reference was made to the requisite authorities; and Timotheus then discovered that he was wrong. Philelphus called on him to pay his forfeit. Timotheus begged hard to be excused. Philelphus was inexorable. The beard of Timotheus was cut off, and, to make the loss of it more severely felt, was paraded before the literary friends of Philelphus as a trophy, not of his valour, but of his matchless erudition. So much for the Greeks of the Eastern Empire.

The modern Greeks are not a whit less attached than their ancestors to a majestic beard. Spon, in his travels to the East, declares, that, in his time, it was dearer to them than their religion; and, as a proof of his assertion, informs us, that, when some of them were condemned by the Turks to shave themselves, they apostatized, in order to avoid so melancholy a mishap. Even in our days the Mainotes, if I am to believe a correspondent in the *Constitutionnel*, spend much of their time in the

\* *Chronique de Savoye*, par Maistre Guillaume Paradin, Chanoine de Beau-jeu.—A Lyon, 1552, ad pag. 305. There is in the *Facetiae* of Poggio a still more ludicrous instance of this punishment; but we can do no more than allude to it.



decoration of their beards. Whenever they have, or fancy that they have, any motive for hatred, they let them grow, and do not clip or dress them, till they have satisfied it. At the commencement of the present struggle for the liberation of Greece, one of their Papas was held to have done good service to his country, in persuading them to cut off their beards, to deposit them in the ground, and to bury with them their mutual animosities, until the destruction of their common enemy, the Turk, had left them at full liberty to turn their weapons once more against the bosoms of each other.

But it was not merely among the Greeks of the Lower Empire that this absurd and extravagant attachment to the beard prevailed. The records of the Crusades shew that it glowed with an ardour equally ridiculous in the bosom of the Greek princes of Syria. The instances of it, which I have already quoted, are so very extraordinary, that I have thought it necessary to refer to the chapter and verse where they may be found, in order to prove that I have not invented them "for the nonce;" and yet I have another instance still in *petto*, which makes larger draughts on the reader's powers of belief than any which I have hitherto mentioned. It is Willerm of Tyre that tells the story; and as I wish it to rest entirely upon his authority, I quote it at large from his Eleventh Book, where it may be found among the other "Gestes of God through the agency of the Franks." It is interesting, not merely as a picture of the manners of the age, but also as a specimen of the principles of honour, which prevailed at that time among the flowers of Christian chivalry. The author, who, I ought to add, was an archbishop, appears to enjoy the stratagem of his brother crusader very highly, and no where expresses the slightest disapprobation of its meanness and dishonesty. But to my tale.

"About this time (A.D. 1109)"—continues the saintly historian—"Baldwin, Count of Edessa, obtained his release from captivity. As he kept a large body of men at arms, and had no means of rewarding their valour and fidelity, he determined, for reasons with which they were satisfied, to take them with him to Meletania, where he was going to visit his father-in-law Gabriel, who was a very wealthy nobleman. On his arrival at that place, he was received with great hospitality, and was treated by his father-in-law as kindly and as magnificently as if he had been his own son. Late one evening, as the Count and his father-in-law were employed in conversing upon family affairs, the Count's men at arms, as had been previously arranged, burst into the palace, and insisted upon speaking with the Count. 'You know, my lord'—said one of them, who acted as spokesman for the rest—'You know, my lord, as well as I do, the gallantry and loyalty with which the brave men, now here, have served you for years; you know the fatigue and watching, the hunger and thirst, the cold and heat, which they have endured to save the kingdom, which heaven has committed to your government, from the outrages of your enemies, and to repel the attacks of the infidels who dwell around it, and are enemies to the cross of Christ. If you knew them not, I should advise you to appeal for information to these knights, who offer themselves to prove the truth of my assertions. You know, too, how long we have served under your command, without receiving any pay;—how often our necessities have driven us to demand our arrears;—and how repeatedly we have, on your entreaty, indulged you with further time for paying them. Our poverty, however, is now



so urgent that we cannot allow any further delay. Choose, therefore, one of these alternatives—pay up our arrears, or give us the pledge which you solemnly promised us.’ Gabriel was all astonishment at this scene, and could not divine what was meant by this formal address to his son-in-law. After he had been informed of the tenour of it by an interpreter, the first thing he did was to ask, what it was that the Count had given as a pledge to his comrades? The Count affected to be overcome with shame, and incapable of replying; but the spokesman declared at once, that the Count had pledged his beard to them, and had given them permission, if he did not pay them by a certain day, to shave it off and leave him beardless. Now it is the custom of all the Oriental nations, as well Greeks as barbarians, to nourish their beards with the utmost care and anxiety, and to deem it the deepest disgrace and ignominy which men can endure, to have a single hair extracted from their cheeks and chins, on any consideration, by force. Gabriel, therefore, asked the Count, whether the story which he had just heard was true? He replied, ‘It was.’ The old man was more astounded than ever at hearing this answer, and appeared to be driven distracted by it. He, therefore, asked again, why he had so thoughtlessly pledged that badge of manhood, that glory of the face, that manly attribute of authority, which ought to be guarded with the utmost care, as if it had been a matter of slight value, which could be separated from the person without dishonour. The Count replied, ‘Because I had nothing else by which I could satisfy the importunate demands of my men at arms; but my lord and father ought not to be so anxious on this account, for I trust, with God’s mercy, if I can get my men at arms to indulge me with a longer delay, to be able, on returning to Edessa, to redeem with honour the pledge which I have given them.’ The men at arms replied with one accord that they would immediately leave him, and threatened, besides, to shave him on the spot if he did not produce the money. Gabriel, who was a simple man, and unacquainted with their collusion, after hesitating a short time as to what he should do, thought it better to pay the sum, in which his son-in-law was bound to his men at arms, than to allow him to undergo so signal a disgrace. He therefore asked the amount of the debt. He was told 30,000 gold pieces. He promised to pay that sum for his son-in-law; but on this condition, that he should promise upon his honour not to bind himself again to any person, for any consideration, or under any emergency, in a similar penalty. After the money was paid, the Count took leave of his father-in-law, and returned with a full purse to Edessa, accompanied by his men at arms, who were well enough pleased by the result of their journey.”

The partiality evinced by the Greeks of the lower ages for these hairy symbols of manhood is the more surprising, as the Saracens and Turks, who differed from them almost in every other point of policy, prejudice, and religion, agreed with them in their aversion to the tyranny of the razor. The beard of Mahomet, which was of a beautiful shining red colour, is the theme of many an Oriental ditty, and the admiration of many an Oriental dandy. Because Mahomet never shaved in his life, the Arabs make the preservation of their beards a fundamental principle of their religion. For the same reason the Grand Sultan’s face is always free from the intrusion of the razor. Selim the First deviated from the custom of his predecessors, and dared to shave, alleging as a motive for the innovation, that he was anxious to prevent his Vizier from having

any thing to lead him by. The Mufti, however, reprimanded him very severely for it, declaring, that his motive could not be admitted as a justification, until he had likewise cut off his nose. For this impertinent reprimand Selim cut off the Mufti's head. His Beglerbegs and Bassas shewed their disapprobation of his conduct by cherishing their beards till they reached a most preposterous prolixity. Still the Sultan was undismayed; and, as a proof that he intended to pursue his own beardless system, condemned the most clamorous of his opponents sometimes to the bow-string, and sometimes to become shavelings like himself. There was much unnecessary rashness in this procedure. A wise man should not risk the forfeiture of a crown for such an insignificant absurdity as either a beard or a mass; and Selim ought to have recollected that the deposition and strangulation of Emir Seleyman was occasioned by the resentment which Chassan, the captain of the Janissaries, felt at having a similar disgrace inflicted upon himself. The Turks, however, were not to be driven, even by Selim's example, from their ancient habits; and to this day they remain the most devoted admirers and partizans of lengthy beards. They even deem the Persians guilty of a damnable heresy in abridging them occasionally with the scissors, and in stripping the upper jaw entirely of its natural foliage—a practice, by-the-by, which has involved that nation more than once in long and bloody wars with their neighbours the Tartars, who hold that their own mode is the only orthodox and legitimate mode of trimming the whisker. And yet the first Schahs of Persia were sumptuous to a fault in the ornamental structure of their beards; for if St. Chrysostom is to be credited—and who dares avow his disbelief of a saint?—they even wove and matted them together by threads and buttons of solid gold.

I must here pause in my progress to state that the Turks used formerly to shave their slaves, in order to shew that they were both mentally and corporeally degraded; and that the Moors, who are somewhat akin to the Turks in custom and religion, treat their inn-keepers with great contempt, because they run up and down their houses with chins as smooth, and clothes as soft, as those of women. In one part of Morocco a curious custom prevailed some centuries ago, and, for aught I know, may prevail even at present. In the province of Heez, those who were not married durst not, in the time of Leo Africanus, wear a beard. That was a privilege which nothing but a wife could confer; and to wish a man joy of his beard was, in so many words, to congratulate him on his marriage. The beggars of the country never failed to reap a harvest on its first appearance. "May God pour his blessings on your beard," was a grateful benison to the Benedicts of Mauritania, and generally produced its reward in the pleasant shape of a shower of sequins.

It would be as tedious for the reader to peruse as for me to collect the scattered information which travellers afford respecting the roughness of the chins of the barbarous inhabitants of the almost unknown countries, which extend to the south of Gibraltar, between Ceuta on the one side and Japan on the other; but I believe that I may assert that, in all of them, where nature permits a beard to sprout, the use of the razor, if not unknown, is absolutely interdicted by all powerful custom. The Chinese, to whom nature has given very small beards, are extravagantly fond of very long ones, and feel great envy at the superior fertility of the European face. The Russians were formerly great objects of their admiration; but the exterminating edict, which Czar

Peter issued against their beards, has diminished the respect in which they were held, and reduced them many degrees in the scale of Chinese estimation.

The revolution, which that wonderful barbarian created in the costume of the Russian face, is so extraordinary, as to deserve commemoration in a separate paragraph. Before his time, the nobility and commonalty of that overgrown empire took great pride in the enormous prolixity of their beards, and, if I may judge from an expression in *Hudibras*, excited the attention even of Western Europe:—

“His beard was prun’d, and starch’d, and launder’d,  
And cut square by the *Russian standard*.”

Beards were, however, doomed to fall, as well as Boyards, under Peter's unsparing tyranny; and, though he commenced his persecution of them by making his princes as well as his peasants pay a graduated duty for the privilege of retaining them, and by establishing clerks at the gates of his different towns for the purpose of collecting it, he concluded by ordering his officers either to pull up by the roots all the beards which they saw, or to shave them off with a blunt razor, which would draw the skin away after it. “This strange and singular order,” says Voltaire, “troubled the vast empire of Russia, and would have cost any other Czar but Peter his crown and his life.” He was, however, inflexible and powerful; and, by the terror of his threats, scarce left a beard in his dominions at the time of his decease. Notwithstanding this hostility on his part, such was the veneration of his people for these ensigns of gravity, that, if the writers of his life may be credited, “many of them carefully preserved them in their cabinets, and ordered them to be buried with them, imagining, perhaps, that they should make an odd figure without them in the grave.” The lapse of a century has done away even with this feeling, and, but for the pulks of bearded Cossacks, a man with a beard would be as great a curiosity in St. Petersburg as he would be in Vienna, or Paris, or London, or any other capital city of civilized Europe.

I come from Russia by a very easy transition into Germany; and I am sorry to say, that my total ignorance of German literature prevents me from being as copious and instructive as I ought to be upon this branch of my subject. In the time of Cæsar, the Germans, though they wore beards like most other savages, appeared to have cared very little about their decoration. A century later, in the time of Tacitus, a general shaving was a never failing accompaniment of a public rejoicing. One of their tribes, small in number, but great, as that philosophical historian informs us, in renown, was distinguished from the rest by the anxious predilection, which it displayed for a prolixity of beard, during many generations. I allude to the *Lango-bardi*, whose very name discloses the ancient bushiness of their chins. Their rough and shaggy appearance inspired such terror, that few of their enemies durst stay to contemplate it; and of that terror their women on one occasion successfully availed themselves, by joining the ranks of their husbands at a critical opportunity, with beards made out of the hair of their heads, and arranged upon their cheeks so as to give them the outward semblance of lordly and imperial man. There was a great controversy about two centuries ago respecting the beard of Charlemagne. It was asserted by one party that he never wore one; and by another, that he wore one of very formidable dimensions. Turpin says that it was only



a palm in length ; but other writers assert that it reached down to his feet, forming, I suppose, a comfortable coverlet for his body, whenever he had occasion to bivouack. That his immediate successors belonged to the bearded brotherhood is sufficiently proved by several of their charters now in existence. It appears from them, that it was customary, both in France and Germany, whenever it was the object of the sovereign to give more than ordinary strength and solemnity to his grants, to affix some of his beard to them with his seal ; and Ducange, in his Glossary, adduces several curious instances of that practice. The great feudatories followed the example of their imperial masters ; and if the Emperor Frederick the First obtained the distinctive title of Barbarossa from his red beard, a vassal of his empire, Baldwin, fourth count of Flanders, gained equal celebrity under the title of *Honesta Barba*, or handsome beard. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the beard had nearly lost its station on the German face. Lochter, who translated Sebastian Brandt's "Ship of Fools" into Latin verse, complains bitterly of the effeminacy of his countrymen in this respect, and gives beard haters a conspicuous place in the cargo of passengers which he places on board of it. I know not whether it was his indignant scurrility that rescued the beards of his countrymen from the ravages of the razor ; but several incidental notices in the writings of cotemporary authors induce me to believe that, about a century afterwards, the beards of Germany were allowed to grow to a most portentous longitude. Dr. Bulwer, in his *Anthropometamorphosis*, p. 210, assures us, upon his veracity, that many Germans wore their beards trussed up in their bosoms, because they reached to their feet when they were folded out. Peter Daniel Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, also celebrates their magnitude in some very elegant Latin verses, and mentions a ludicrous use to which they were put in his time at Hardenberg, in Westphalia. Whenever a burgo-master was to be elected, the burgesses assembled in solemn conclave, and, seating themselves about a round table, rested their ponderous beards upon it. A little animal, which, according to Gibbon, signifies love, and which, according to observation, always travels south, when found in Scotland, was then placed with great ceremony in its centre. Its motions were watched with tremulous anxiety ; for the individual in whose beard it first sought shelter, was elected burgomaster for the ensuing year, amidst the festive congratulations of his admiring fellows.\* I am aware that the truth of this anecdote is positively denied by several of the erudite antiquarians of Germany ; and the learned Heumann, in the second volume of his *Pœcile*, which was published 150 years after the Bishop of Avranches's work, creates a smile by the grave indignation with which he lectures the Frenchman for giving it circulation. "I am surprised," says he, "that M. Huet should have believed such a story. Does not every man of common sense immediately discern the

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\* Mox Hardenbergam sêra sub nocte venimus ;  
 Ridetur nobis veteri mos ductus ab ovo ;  
 Quippe, ubi deligitur revoluto tempore Consul,  
 Barbati circa mensam statuuntur acernam,  
 Hispidaeque imponunt attenti menta Quirites.  
 Porrigitur series barbarum desuper ingens.  
 Bestia, pes, mordax, sueta intercrecere sordes,  
 Ponitur in medio ; tum cujus, numine Divum,  
 Barbam adiit, festo hunc gratulantur numine Patres,  
 Atque celebratur subjecta per oppida Consul.

Huet. Epist. II.

hypothetical impossibility of the fact? Surely it is too much to believe that so absurd a custom could either be adopted by the inhabitants of a civilized country, or be tolerated by those who act as its magistrates." Between two such learned Thebans I hardly know how to decide. Pagenstecher stands up for the truth of the Frenchman's story, and declares that the burgomasters of Hardenberg were so elected in the commencement of the eighteenth century. But I should doubt the correctness of his information, because the Germans have always been close imitators of the fopperies of France; and the beard was decried as a barbarous deformity some years before that time by those who regulated the freaks and fashions of its light-hearted inhabitants. I should venture to draw the same conclusion from a passage in Mencken's excellent treatise on the *Charlatanerie* of Men of Letters, written about the same time. It is not, when all men are bearded, that the strolling buffoons of the day clothe themselves in long beards to excite the laughter of the mob; and yet he says that the most certain mode of collecting a crowd in Saxony, was for an impudent varlet so dressed to mount upon a tub, and to begin to bawl out at the height of his lungs, "I am the celebrated beard of iron (*Sideropogon*). Listen to him, who is the envy of the present, and the admiration of the future generation." Such an annunciation was considered as a challenge to mirth and good fellowship, and was generally rewarded by a liberal recompense, if the mountebank could go through his part with reasonable dexterity.

It is a long leap from Saxony to Spain; but the plan of my narrative requires me to take it, and therefore, in spite of all difficulties, take it I will. Suppose me, then, alighted in the centre of Castile, and busily engaged in the examination of its ancient records. Pelagio and his Visigoths pass in review before me, with all the chivalry of ancient Spain. I behold a long succession of hardy warriors, equally conspicuous for bravery and for beard. Ruy Diaz de Bivar is in the midst of them, and deserves his title of the "Accomplished Beard,"\* no less by the courtesy of his demeanour, than by the hirsuteness of his chin. The Count de Garcias is deploring with bitter tears of grief and rage the insolent complaint he made to the Cortes against its enormous bushiness, which he said was intended to surprise one half of the world and to frighten the other. "I thank God," exclaims the Cid Campeador—"I thank God, the governor of heaven and earth, my beard is long, because I have always taken pleasure in nursing it; what objection have you, Sir Count, to urge against it? Never has child of woman dared to touch it—never has son of Moor or Christian brought a razor near it. But it is not so with your's, Sir Count; for when I took your castle of Cabra, and held you by the throat, there was not a lad in my troop who did not pluck away part of your's—and that part which I pluck'd away myself, and blew into your face, has never sprouted again, and never will." In vain does the exasperated Count join with his relations, the Infantas of Carion, to revenge this insult. He falls in the closed lists, to which he is challenged, and, as he dies, beholds the Cid laying his hand proudly on his beard, as a proof that he is satisfied with the expiatory sacrifice offered to its honour. But, though neither Moor nor Christian dared to touch "the fringe and tassel" of the Cid's face, while he was yet alive, an unbelieving Jew attempted to pull it while the body was lying in state near the high altar of the Cathedral of Toledo. The spirit of

\* See Sismondi's "De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe." Tom 3, p. 123.

the Cid, however, lived in his ashes ; and the polluting fingers of the Jew had scarcely touched it, before the corpse started from its searments and half unsheathed the Cid's terrible sword Tizona. The dismayed Israelite fled amain ; and, fearing lest a worse fate should befall him, atoned his fault in a few days afterwards by embracing Christianity. I do not mean to pledge my veracity to the truth of this statement : but as it is to be found in a manuscript history of the Cid, written in the middle of the twelfth century, and within fifty years of his decease, I think it deserves notice, as shewing the veneration paid at a very remote period by the Hidalgos of Spain to a flowing beard. I find the same degree of respect continuing to be rendered to it two centuries later. For in an assembly of the Cortes of Catalonia, held A.D. 1351, Peter of Arragon, wishing to distinguish between real and fictitious merit, inflicted very heavy penalties both on those who fabricated, and on those who wore false beards. At a period still more recent, a Spanish nobleman mortgaged the first fruits of his chin for a thousand pistoles, assuring his mortgagee that all the gold in the world could not equal the value of that natural ornament of his valour. Such being the case, the reader will not be surprised at hearing, that the Spaniards were formerly considered the mould of fashion in every thing, which respected the decoration of beards. Ben Jonson, in his *Alchymist*, says, that if you inquire of any milliner, courtier, or inns-of-court man, you will be told, that as your Spanish gennet is the best horse, and your Spanish ruff the best wear, so is your Spanish beard the best cut ; and Cervantes, in his novel of the "*Licentiate Vidriera*," gives a curious account of the various modes in which his countrymen undertook to ornament it. From his statement it is quite evident that great nicety was used in the dyeing of it ; and that it was not at all unusual to behold all the different colours of the rainbow blended in the beard of a coxcomb of the first water. He sneers at some low born fellow who had dyed one half of his beard black and the other white ; and mentions, with considerable applause, an ingenious stratagem, by which a young girl rescued herself from the embraces of an old man, to whom her relations had contracted her against her will. On the night before his wedding day, the aged lover had applied some cosmetic dye to his beard, which changed it before morning from a venerable white into a very juvenescent black colour. On his making his appearance at the church door, thus strangely metamorphosed, his promised bride insisted that he was not the man whom she was engaged to marry, and brought forward witnesses to prove that the person to whom her parents had betrothed her, was not a youthful black-haired Adonis, but a grave grey-headed and grey-bearded pantaloon. She therefore treated him as an impostor, and thus gained time to settle an elopement with a younger lover, who required not the adventitious aid of art to set off his natural accomplishments. The Princess Micomicona and the Countess of Trufaldi are neither of them considered by Don Quixote to be properly attended, until they are provided with well-bearded 'squires—which may be taken as another proof of the partiality of the Spaniard to this grisly excrescence of the human face. A writer of the name of Guzman, of whom I know nothing, except that he is often quoted by the learned Dr. Bulwer, with whom he seems to have been a prodigious favourite, shews that his countrymen had several other points to mind, besides either the cut or the colour of it. He says, that it was customary for every gentleman of rank to put his beard at night into a press, made of two thin trenchers, "screwed wonderfully



close, so that no giterne could be shut up more closely in its case," and to keep it there till the next morning, when it was taken out with even corners, and arranged in the mode which the wearer thought most becoming to his form and dignity. He points out, with considerable glee, the practical absurdities of which a formal doctor of his acquaintance had been guilty, in endeavouring to trim his beard according to the latest fashions. He had made his mustachoes as straight and as level as a ruler, and had cut his beard as just and as even as a privet hedge, giving to it the form of a broom, narrow at the top and broad at the bottom. Whether he was accustomed to give it the same "starching and lathering," which Hudibras was in the habit of bestowing upon the barbal parts of his face, I cannot pretend to divine; but I think it not improbable that he did, from the allusions to the practice which I have found in other Spanish writers of the seventeenth century. With that century, however, the glory of their beards departed. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, a new dynasty entered upon the government of the country, hostile at once to the liberties and to the beards of its inhabitants. Philip the Fifth brought with him from France a shaved chin; and, by the influence of his example, soon made his grandees as beardless as himself. When the king and his grandees thus renounced the custom of their forefathers, it became almost imperative upon "the rogues and peasant slaves" of the country to renounce it too. They did not, however, submit to the innovation either so speedily or so patiently as was expected of them—loud were the murmurings and deep the resentment which it created—and those murmurings and that resentment are perpetuated in a proverb, which ascribes all the losses of Spain during the last century to the loss of its bearded dignity. "*Desde que no hay barba, no hay mas alma.*" But on this subject it is painful to dilate. Who that recollects the early glories of Spain—her colleges, abounding with philosophers and men of letters, at a period when neither colleges, nor philosophers, nor men of letters were to be found in any other region of Europe,—her princes, and her people, voluntarily circumscribing their mutual prerogatives for the benefit of each other, and generously defending the distressed victims of religious persecution against the sanguinary assaults of the Church of Rome, at a time when the vengeance of that church generally struck with unerring certainty,—her long and arduous struggle with the fanatic valour and insatiable ambition of her Moslem invaders, who threatened to render the West as desolate as they had already rendered the East, and her memorable and immortal triumph over them at last by her own unaided and indomitable spirit—her enthusiastic love of enterprize and daring, which added a new quarter to the world, and gave to science a new theatre for its discoveries, and to civil and religious liberty a new arena for its beneficent triumphs;—who, I say, that recollects all these early glories of Spain, and that sees the brutalizing ignorance, intolerance, apathy, and slavery, which now degrade her in their stead, would not rejoice and be glad, if he could attribute the existence of such demoralizing evils to the same cause which is assigned for it in the national proverb? The expulsion of the razor would then do more for the moral regeneration of Spain than the expulsion of all the priests of prey, who now batten on its entrails; and the restoration of the beard would be more successful than the restoration of the Cortes in regaining for her her ancient weight in the scale of nations.

H. W.

"DO NOT FORGET ME, LOVE!"

"Do not forget thee," love?  
No—by yon Heaven above,  
Life's sun must set—  
Whether prosperity  
Come, or adversity—  
Ere what thou'st been to me  
I can forget.

Man may indeed forego  
Love, with its weal and woe;  
But the strong net,  
Once spread o'er woman's heart,  
Ne'er may again depart—  
(Nature obeys not Art)—  
Can she forget?

Dost thou remember when,  
Down in yon hazel glen,  
First, love, we met?  
Sweet as athwart the lea  
Murmured the summer sea,  
What was thy vow to me—  
Dost thou forget?

What, though no priest below  
Sanctioned the solemn vow,  
Did we not set,  
Stamp, on each word of bliss,  
Love's own best seal—a kiss?  
And was it but for this—  
Thus to forget?

There was indeed an hour  
When, spurning passion's power,  
Bright eyes were wet;  
Childhood, in calm repose,  
Wept o'er its withered rose:  
Who such pure tears as those  
E'er can forget.

Love, with its hopes and fears,  
Sprang up—why still with tears  
Are those eyes wet?  
Love, once so pure, sublime—  
Love has become a crime;  
Yet spare youth's errors, Time!  
Spare, and forget!

And thou, whose fatal smile  
Played but round lips of guile,  
Leave me not yet:  
Did I not, young and free,  
Sailing Love's summer sea,  
Hope, home, friends—all for thee  
Strive to forget?

What, though we ne'er again  
Meet on life's stormy main  
As we have met;  
Still, 'mid thy noon of fame,  
Bright when burns Love's pure flame,  
Henry, one little name  
Do not forget!

H. B.

## COLONIAL POLICY—MR. HUSKISSON'S COLONIAL TRADE BILL, 1825.

AMONG the features which have marked the commercial policy of the principal states of modern Europe, perhaps none has stood so prominently forward as that of colonial dominion. Indeed, with them appears to have originated the idea of making commercial policy at all a motive to the establishment of colonies. The Grecian colonies were only the receptacles of the superabundant population of the parent city, or the honourable asylum of those who, in the lottery of political struggle, had drawn the blanks: while those of Rome were no more than garrisons to conquered provinces or settlements, with which an usurping aristocracy contrived to bribe the people into acquiescence with its violation of the Agrarian law. In neither does the prospect of commercial benefit appear to have entered, in the remotest degree, into their establishment. But even with the founders of this modern policy, the description of advantage which it was proposed to derive from it, has undergone considerable variation since its original institution. It was in the midst of the vulgar delusion that the wealth of a nation depended upon the quantity of its gold, that the enterprise of the Spanish, Portuguese, and English navigators first led to the discovery of countries, in which the supply of that metal was supposed to be inexhaustible. But while the discovery of these new regions was presenting one vast but untenanted El Dorado to the imagination of mankind, their thirst for gold quickly prompted them to its possession; and even at a somewhat later period, when this absurd notion had given birth to what was called the "mercantile system," one of the arguments which were held conclusive to the colonization of India by the English East-India Company was the tendency of their trading to increase the amount of the precious metals at home. Whether, warned of the fatal results of this error by the gilded poverty of Spain and Portugal, or whether—perhaps the more probable solution—in consequence of the diminishing supply of gold which the colonies were producing—the people of the mother countries began, after a while, to seek other sources of profit from their possessions; and in the wants of the colonists for the manufactures of the parent states, the latter flattered themselves they had discovered abundant harvests of gain: though, as the result of their dealings, the mother country must necessarily have become possessed of the produce of its colonies, the principal advantage proposed to be derived from them was *encouragement to its own manufactures*; and an English legislator of high celebrity actually pronounced the only use of colonies to be the monopoly of their consumption and the carriage of their goods.

The monopoly of supply became accordingly the grand object of colonial legislation; and of this exclusive companies contrived, in some instances, the usurpation; and, in all, the restriction upon the colonists was the agency by which it was accomplished. Down to a very late period, this has continued almost the exclusive object of regulation; and though, as far as the British colonies are concerned, Mr. Huskisson's recent measures, for opening their ports to the importations of all nations, is a direct abandonment of it, yet the provision with which his bill is fettered, for subjecting foreign goods to "such moderate duties as may be found sufficient for the fair *protection of British productions*"



of like nature," shews that the old leaven still continues to leaven the lump.

Perhaps, however, there is no government in Europe in which this system of colonial possession has taken so deep a root as in that of Great Britain. Whether this be owing to the number of influential but sinister interests, which in this highly aristocratical country are promoted by its existence, it is not our present object to inquire. That it occupies a prodigious page in our history—that it has dipped deeply into our blood and our treasure—that it has still very profuse demands on our taxation—and that it absorbs an enormous proportion of the time and attention of our legislature—are facts, however, which are totally beyond the power of dispute. Any one of these facts is sufficient to provoke the most serious inquiry as to the wisdom of the policy which has given birth to them: yet men can continue to gaze on in stupid indifference; or, if their attention be a moment arrested, it is only to be captivated, by a set of vague generalities and flashy sophisms, into a devoted advocacy of a policy, of which in reality they know little more than its existence. To remove as much as in us lies the general ignorance on this most important subject, we propose to present our readers with as brief an epitome as the nature of the case will permit of the true principles on which this species of commercial policy is founded.

It has been said that colonies and the mother country being but *integral parts* of the same community, all the relationships exist between them which exist between any other more closely connected departments of the same empire,\* and that the commercial intercourse of the two varies not, accordingly, in principle, from that domestic interchange which takes place between the more compact divisions of the mother country. This is a fallacy, into which people have fallen from not observing, that, while in reference to the whole all the parts are equally its component members, yet, in reference to each other, the relationships of those members may be widely different. Thus, as far as Lancashire and Jamaica, both enter into the composition of the British empire, they are equally parts of that empire; but inasmuch as Lancashire and the other counties of Great Britain form in themselves a community distinct and independent from that of Jamaica and the other colonies—a community in the government of which (though owing to it an implicit obedience)—yet have they not the slightest participation; Jamaica and the other colonies can, in reference to Great Britain, as contradistinguished from the entire British empire, be considered only in the light of foreign dependencies, and the trade of Great Britain to those dependencies only in the character of a foreign trade. And, in point of fact, notwithstanding, whenever it has suited the purposes of *interest*, this *ad captandum* designation of colonies has ever been put forth, the policy in which they have been governed has most completely stamped them with the character of foreign dependencies. "The colonists have no right," said Lord Chatham, "to manufacture even a nail for a horse-shoe;"—rather a

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\* See a specimen of this mode of reasoning in the Emigration Report of 1826, when, contemplating the transfer of the emigrant to the colonies, it is urged as an argument, that "it will be found that he produces infinitely more than he consumes, and the *national wealth* will be increased by the change, if the colonies are to be considered as *integral parts of the nation at large*."

curious declaration, we conceive, to the equal members of the same community—the common participators of the same “glorious constitution!” Had Lord Chatham told that integral part of the British empire, the colonial-nurtured city of Bristol, it had no right to manufacture its own glass, but must purchase it from the West-India colonies, we wonder with what grace the Bristolians would have received this declaration of parental and even-handed justice!!

Now, however extensive was the opinion we have noticed to have been once entertained, that the value of colonial trading was to be found alone in the vent which it gave to the productions of the mother country, and by however high authority that opinion has been supported, a moment's reflection will make it obvious to the meanest capacity that this, instead of being in itself an *end* of foreign trade, is only the *means* to the attainment of a widely different object. Mankind are the creatures of want and desire; and experience has taught them that they can accomplish more abundant gratification of their wants and desires by a distribution of industry, confining each individual to employ that command over labour with which his capital invests him in the production of some one commodity, as a means to the attainment of others, rather than by producing those others for himself.

It is plain, then, that the employment of capital possesses in itself no *intrinsic* advantage. It is beneficial only because, *through its intervention*, its employer is *enabled to obtain the productions of others*. If all, or any, of the objects of desire to the individuals of a community are capable of production within its own limits, and with greater facility than they can be supplied from without, it will be the interest of the community to supply its consumers from within, with so many as are capable of such production; if otherwise, interest would dictate a resort for their attainment to any foreign countries which might possess the assumed superiority. To accomplish this, an adequate proportion of the productions of the community would be exported as the *instruments of purchase*; but here it is obvious their exportation could be no more than the *means*: acquisition of the produce of the foreign country would be the only *object* of the transaction. The manufacturers and merchants engaged in ministering to the traffic would, as owners of produce, become, in common with the community at large, gainers by a state of things which enabled a smaller amount of production to purchase what, under other circumstances, must have required a larger; but in no other respect would they benefit by such an extension of their market. Extension of market, though widening the field, possesses in itself no power to increase the quantity of trading. This is always governed by the amount of capital capable of embarkation in it; and it will be immediately perceived that the dealings of him whose capital restricts him to the production of commodities of the value of 5,000*l.*, can derive no enlargement of trading beyond that amount from the proximity of a market adequate to the absorption of articles of the value of 50,000*l.* But for the existence of this foreign traffic, as well the capital employed in furnishing the instrument of exchange, as the amount of capital saved by the operation, would have been employed in producing at home the object of desire, thus more advantageously procured from abroad. To that production capital would have been allured by a return of the average rate of profit; but in foreign, as well as in every other description of commerce, the competition of merchants would, in the long-run, pre-

elude this from being exceeded.\* Were it not that the acquisition of that foreign produce was the interest of the community—in other words, could the given object of desire be furnished at home for a less amount of produce than was required for its purchase abroad—the very act of engaging in that purchase would, in as far as they were consumers, inflict upon the capitalists employed in it all the loss involved in diminution in the productive powers of labour. Not only then is the acquisition of the produce of a country the only object for which another exports thither its own productions, but it is in those circumstances alone which make that acquisition the *general interest of a country*, that it is the *interest of its capitalists* to engage in the traffic.

It may be safely then assumed, that in every transaction of foreign commerce its only legitimate objects are to supply from abroad commodities incapable of production at home, or to economize the labour of the community by furnishing it with those articles, to obtain which at home would require an increased amount of industry to be forced into their production. But we have seen that the trade which a mother country carries on with her colonies can be viewed in no other light than a foreign trade. The value then of the dominion involved in colonial relationship, as an agency for promoting commercial advantages, must be sought in the demand for its application, which exists in the relative inadequacy of an independent trade to the achievement of those two objects. But this inadequacy can only be ascertained by an examination of the circumstances in which it is capable of arising. It is necessary, therefore, that we should here recapitulate the only cases in which the interests of a country can dictate its engagement in foreign trade with another. We must premise, however, that the mere existence of that trade assumes the relative superiority of a country with which it is carried on over every other country in the production of those commodities which it is instituted to obtain.

That in which a desire exists for those productions of the foreign country which are altogether incapable of attainment at home, is too obvious to require illustration.

The cases in which economy of labour is the object are three:—

1. That in which the foreign state and the home possess equal relative superiorities in the production of objects of desire to both.
2. That in which, with an equality, or even inferiority, on the part of the home country, in every production of its industry, the foreign country possesses a superiority in some one object of desire to the home, exceeding the latter's inferiority in the rest.
3. That in which, notwithstanding the proportion of inferiority in the home country, in every single production of industry, exceeded the superiority of the foreign in the given objects of desire, there yet existed some third country, in which, in return for a less amount of labour than the production of that object of desire would require at home, the home country could procure an

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\* Should any of our readers have fallen into the error of Adam Smith, in supposing the existence of a capacity in foreign trade to raise the rate of profits in a country, we must refer them to a luminous exposition of that error, given by Mr. Ricardo, in his "Principles of Political Economy," p. 132.



equivalent which she could afterwards export to the first mentioned country, as an instrument for the purchase of that object of desire.

The first case is as simple as can be conceived.—Supposing the money price of all commodities to be equal in the two countries: if it required in England a capital of 15,000*l.* to produce as much corn as could be brought to market in America with a capital of 10,000*l.*, while, with a capital of 10,000*l.*, England could manufacture as much cloth as would have required in America a capital of 15,000*l.*,—it is plain that it would be the interest of England to purchase her corn of America by the interchange of her cloth. Her consumers would thus be supplied with corn at one-third less than the cost at which they could have purchased it at home; which, as far as it is involved in the production of this one article, one-third of the capital of the country would have been liberated to the production or purchase of other commodities.

But supposing, to take the second case put, while their relative facilities in the production of corn continued the same, America had made successive improvements in the art of cloth-making, by which, first with a capital of 10,000*l.*, and subsequently with one of 8,000*l.*, she could manufacture a quantity of cloth equal to the produce of England's 10,000*l.*; in either case, if there were no other commodity which she could manufacture with the same facility as cloth, it would still continue the interest of England to export her cloth in exchange for corn. In the former case, as cloth, which would cost in the English market 10,000*l.*, would sell for no more than 10,000*l.* after it had arrived in America, England would lose the cost of carriage by the transaction; but, with 10,000*l.* and the cost of carriage, she would still continue to supply herself with corn, which would have cost her 15,000*l.* to produce at home; consequently, excepting so far as her profits were diminished by the cost of carriage, she would still save 5,000*l.* in every 15,000*l.* In the latter case, to compete in the American market, England must not only lose the cost of carriage, but sell for 8,000*l.* cloth which cost her 10,000*l.* in the making; but she would still, in return for her cloth, purchase corn which would have cost her 15,000*l.* Consequently, in the article of cloth she would lose 2,000*l.* and the cost of carriage. In reality, she would be giving 12,000*l.* and the cost of carriage for her corn. Even here, then, she would save something less than 3,000*l.* on every 15,000*l.* But supposing—to put the third case—America, still retaining her relative superiority in the production of the corn, had even pushed her improvements in cloth making to the point of producing with a capital of 5,000*l.* a quantity of cloth, in the manufacture of which England still continued to require 10,000*l.*—if England and America were the only two countries in the world capable of commercial interchange, it would cease to be profitable to England to exchange her cloth for corn, because she would lose 5,000*l.* and the cost of carriage, to save, after all, no more than 5,000*l.* But the intervention of third countries might still make it the interest of England to continue to purchase her cloth from America. If there were any one country within the range of her commercial relationship, in which England, by reason of either natural or acquired superiority, could, for any amount of capital under 15,000*l.*, purchase an equivalent, either in the precious metals or otherwise, which she could export to America for the purchase of corn, it

would still be her interest to continue the American corn trade, because she would save by all the difference between the cost of her equivalent and the 15,000*l.* it would have cost her to grow corn at home. Say, for instance, that, with a capital of 14,500*l.*, she could produce any one commodity for which she could obtain from France gold to that amount. By employing her industry in the manufacture of that commodity, as the means for the purchase of American corn, she would still continue to save, after making allowances for the cost of carriage, 500*l.* in every 15,000*l.*

Having thus ascertained the cases in which this interest would arise, the securities for its attainment are the next most obvious subjects of inquiry. There cannot, however, be a stronger security than an union of interest on the part of the foreign country. Yet, in all the cases put, this has a demonstrable existence. In that in which the foreign country was the exclusive producer of the object of desire to the home, the realization of the ordinary profits of stock will be a never-failing inducement to its production. So long, then, as a desire of possession exists in sufficient strength to induce those affected by it to part with an equivalent adequate to accomplish this result, so long will the gratification of their desires be ensured. It will be immaterial that the home country is inferior in its entire powers of production, not only to the producing country, but to all the other countries in the world, in every article of life. Assuming only the productive power of the foreign country to co-exist with the purchasing power of the home, possession can in this case know no other limit than desire.

But while, in the first of the other cases we have put, the general interest of America would be no less promoted in acceding to the interchange, than that of England in seeking it, in all an average return of profit would, in like manner as in the previous case, be an adequate security for the employment of capital in the production of the articles which it was the interest of the latter to purchase from thence. But what would thus be the interest of all the capitalists and consumers in the two countries, the enterprise of their merchants would assuredly discover; while competition would secure the pushing of that interest to its utmost extreme.

The high profits of stock, consequential upon the discovery of such advantageous interchange, would allure the reciprocal competition of merchants. This would only leave off from increasing at the point at which increase would be unprofitable. But this could not happen until the interchange ceased to return the ordinary profits of stock upon the capital employed in effecting it. The very arrival, however, of competition at that point would have already proved that the commodity had been brought into the market at the lowest price which the labour of production would permit. We trust, then, we have established, upon the unshakeable basis of demonstration, this inevitable result—that, in every unrestricted interchange with foreign countries, so long as there are any objects of desire to the consumers of the home, which it is their interest to obtain from abroad, and there is a single commodity which is capable of production at home with greater facility than in any one other country within the expansive range of commercial intercourse—so long will the strongest of all human agencies, self-interest, ensure to those consumers the possession of that object of desire at the lowest possible cost which the labour of production and the realization of the ordinary profits of stock in both countries will permit.

The inadequacy, then, of that species of foreign trade which rests upon no other foundation than reciprocal interest, to the attainment up to this point of the only commercial object of all foreign interchange, is capable of existing only (if at all) in the solitary case which the existence of that commerce, from the earliest records of history, demonstrates never yet to have arisen in any country in which civilization had advanced even a single step, and which we may pronounce never will arise with as much certainty as we foretell the rising of the sun on Thursday morning when we witness its sinking to rest on Wednesday night. What would be its inadequacy in a case so barely within the extremest verge of possibility, it would be, for all practical purposes, frivolous to inquire.

A mere commercial relationship then, unaided by the compulsory agency of dominion, being demonstrated sufficient to secure to one country the produce of another, at a price adequate to replace the cost of production, including the ordinary profits of stock in both countries on the capital employed in effecting it, the value of colonial dominion, as an agency for promoting commercial advantage, must be sought in its power to supply that produce at a lower price than would repay the cost of production, including the profits of stock. Whether such a power have existence, we proceed to examine.

That there is nothing in colonial trading to induce the capitalists of the mother country to forego a proportion of the ordinary profits of capital for the benefit of the consumers, is a self-evident proposition. The agency then, to be operative at all, must be exercised in restriction on the colonies. Now, as their produce is the object of attainment, it is plain that restriction must be directed to secure to the mother country the monopoly of that produce. This can only be accomplished by confining the colonies to the market of the mother country for the disposal of that produce. It may be doubted whether, in colonies of any great extent, this is capable of attainment. An expensive naval and military apparatus may perhaps accomplish it in colonies of small extent; and it is obvious that, whether large or small, if it be to the interest of the colonies to dispose of their produce to other countries than the parent country, and it is the interest of those countries to become its purchasers, the attempt at evasion will assuredly be made. We have seen that the policy of governments has hitherto been rather to treat colonies as markets for the sale of their manufacturer's productions, than as those in which consumers were enabled to purchase the objects of their desires. In the spirit of this policy, the general tenor of their restrictions has been to monopolize to the home country the supplying of the colonial market. But the whole history of these restrictions sufficiently demonstrates the utter incapacity of artificial restraint to prevent men from following the dictates of self-interest, in securing to themselves the most profitable return for their industry. Notwithstanding the celebrated Act of 1663, which restricted the importation into the British plantations of every commodity of the growth, production, or manufacture of Europe, but such as were laden and put on board in England, Wales, or Berwick-upon-Tweed, Lord Sheffield states [*Observations on American Commerce*]"—“that when the colonists found they could import cheaper from other countries than from England, they had very little difficulty in evading our restrictions;” and it is very certain that all the guarda-costas of Spain could not prevent the importation into her colonies of the pro-



hibited commodities of France and Germany. But these importations would never have taken place, except for the object of bringing back an equivalent. Their existence, therefore, sufficiently proves the extreme difficulty of securing, under any circumstances, the monopoly of the produce of a colony. "After all the unjustifiable attempts," says Adam Smith, "of every country in Europe to engross to itself the whole advantage of the trade of its own colonies, no country has yet been able to engross to itself any thing but the expense of supporting in time of peace, and of defending in time of war, the oppressive authority which it assumes over them. The inconveniences resulting from the possession of its colonies, every country has engrossed to itself completely; the advantages resulting from the trade, it has been obliged to share with many other countries."

But, assuming the very questionable possibility of securing the monopoly of colonial produce, it is obvious that the market for its disposal must be either confined to an exclusive company, or thrown open to all the markets of the mother country. What the effect of this policy would be on the colonies themselves, we shall presently have occasion to explain. At present, we have only to deal with its results to the mother country; and here, to every anticipation of benefit from its adoption, we have the unanswerable objection, that, while the same monopoly which secures to an exclusive company the produce of the colony enables that company to direct its distribution, their own interest would necessarily drive them to exact the *highest price which was consistent with securing to themselves a sale*; and that, consequently, under the agency of an exclusive company, the consumers would be *worse off* than a state of free interchange could possibly leave them. In the article of tea alone, it is said, by a writer in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, that we pay the East-India Company 2,000,000*l.* more every year than we should do if the trade was open. But supposing the markets were open to all the merchants of the mother country, the case would stand precisely thus:—The competition of these merchants would, on the one hand, ensure their purchase of the colonial produce at the highest price which could yield them on sale the ordinary profits of capital; and the competition of colonial merchants, on the other, would reduce that price to the lowest amount, which, after replacement of the cost of production, would return them the usual rate of profit in the colonies. This is, however, precisely the point at which the same causes would have adjusted the cost of purchase in the absence of the agency of restriction. With the exception, then, of the only circumstance of which, from its all but physical impossibility, it is here frivolous to inquire, it is capable of reduction, even to the certainty of a mathematical demonstration, that the agency of dominion which a mother country exercises over her colonies has not the slightest power to render foreign trade more productive to a country than natural circumstances would leave it.

But it is urged, that, though all we have advanced may be strictly true in an Utopian state of the universe, in which every nation was to be at peace, and all their cabinets governed by the principles of economical science, the liability to which a country is now exposed of having her supplies cut off by war ought to drive her to colonies, as a means of securing her independence. Such an objection, we confess, in a world in which war has been so long the pastime of its rulers, is too serious to be passed by unnoticed; but, we apprehend, on examination, it will be

found to contain much more of speciousness than solidity. In ignorance that, though annoying their enemies, they were, at the same time, much more grievously injuring themselves, nations, when they have gone to war with each other, have invariably closed their ports against the produce of the hostile country and of its dependencies. But this is only an act of voluntary *self-deprivation*; and if, under such circumstances, an apprehension should reasonably enough exist of a deficiency of supply, we apprehend it is sufficiently to be accounted for in the absurdity of a system which would compel a nation to point the guns of its batteries as much against the merchant vessel which came to supply its wants, as the ship of war that was attempting the entrance of its ports only to exterminate its inhabitants. Were the ports of a country to continue open to the merchants of another, *notwithstanding the existence of war between them*, the ordinary motives to interchange would induce the merchants of the latter to bring thither all the produce of their own country or of their dependencies of which the former could stand in need; and the experience of all commercial history amply proves, that to attempt, by restrictions on exportation, to prevent them would be the most futile of all frivolous attempts. But supposing the old system were to continue, and nations, refusing to avail themselves of the benefits which each was capable of yielding to the other, simply because eager to inflict on the other all the mischief in its power, were still to make the commencement of hostility the signal for closing their ports, we should be glad to know what is the description of foreign supply, the cutting off of which is thus exciting alarm? The answer is obvious—Colonies being proposed as the remedy, the description of supply known under the term colonial produce must necessarily be the subject of apprehension. Now it happens truly enough, that the cutting off of this description of supply has, to every country possessing colonies, been very justly a ground of alarm in all the wars in which she has engaged. But why? Simply because that supply being the produce of *her possessions*, has been the *property of a part of her community*, and therefore it was, by the laws of war, the *legitimate prize* of the enemy whenever its fleets could accomplish the capture. During the late French war, had our West-India colonies, instead of forming a *part of our possessions*, been *independent states*, their produce would have found its way into our harbours, in their unarmed merchantmen, with just as much security and certainty as when they came under the pompous protection of convoying fleets. An attempt to control the trade of a neutral country can only end in involving the meddler in a war with that neutral country: to pirate the neutral ships trading to the country with which another might happen to be at war, would be to invoke the hostile combination of all the powers of the globe possessed of a merchant navy. Yet the "*possibilitas remotissima*," as the lawyers term it, of a nation being at war with all the countries capable of supplying this colonial produce, is urged as a reason for our availing ourselves of the agency of dominion to command a supply from some. To what extent this agency is capable of application, we leave our readers to judge in the experience of our American colonies. Assuming, however, that colonies would continue, like dutiful children, to yield obedience to the mother country so long as the parent chose to exact it, we will examine what demand this extraordinary state of circumstances would create for colonial dominion. Now, remote as is this assumed possibility, we conceive the greater improbability of a country being

at once involved in war, not only with the countries which could directly furnish this colonial produce, but *with all others on the face of the globe*, to be too extravagant to be one instant admitted by any being capable of the slightest effort of ratiocination. Yet, unless a country were precisely in this state—that is, unless there were *no single neutral country within the range of her intercourse* (and how wide that range might be, who can pronounce?)—what should prevent the merchants of each country from making of some neutral one a common market—a general bazaar for the purchase and sale of their respective produce? Nothing, we confess, that we know of; and though it is to an extreme case only that we propound this extreme remedy, we seriously believe that, if occasion should arise to resort to it, the enterprise of merchants would soon prove it to be no chimera. Yet supposing, after all, Great Britain did stand in need of the colonial produce of France, or any other nation with whom we might happen to be at war, and completed the possible reluctance of such nation to furnish her with that produce by shutting her own ports against it, there is a merchant on whom we could still depend for our supply—a merchant whom no restrictions can check—whose enterprise no warfare can subdue, and who has never failed us in time of need—one whom Napoleon, who could dethrone monarchs, could never conquer;—and that merchant is the smuggler. The evidence of this is too notorious to require recapitulation. To have introduced this question to the recollection of our readers will be, we trust, amply sufficient for our purpose. In whatever point of view, therefore, we examine the objection which the contingency of a state of warfare introduces to our general reasoning, we trust we have expressed its emptiness. Though directly tending to introduce that universal peace which is one of the leading features of an Utopia, the principles of economical science will be found true even under a state the most directly opposed to it. The problems of political economy are all founded upon a principle, which, whether of good or evil tendency, is nevertheless the most acknowledged principle of human action—that of self-interest—a principle which it requires no Utopian state of things to foster, and which nothing hitherto promulgated has been adequate to check or control.

Notwithstanding all we have urged, there may, however, be those of our readers who, perhaps, from deep-rooted prejudice, or other causes, may yield, after all, but a reluctant assent to our reasoning. We shall, therefore, go on to exhibit the mischiefs of this system of colonial policy, that, when more completely put into possession of all the items of its debtor and creditor account, a summing-up of the reckoning may better determine whether the balance lie on the side of good or evil.

Now it is plain that that state of circumstances will be most desirable to a community in which its individuals will, in return for the least amount of labour, be enabled to acquire the greatest quantity of the objects of desire. But this is to be accomplished only by an employment of the resources of the country in the production of those commodities in which, in relation to other countries, it possesses the greatest natural or acquired superiority, either to provide a direct supply of those objects of desire, or to furnish an equivalent for their purchase in foreign states, induced on their parts with the same relative superiority over other countries, and that in the highest extreme. Such a distribution, however, of the industry of a community, the interest of its consumers and the enterprise of its merchants would, in the absence of legislative interference,



inevitably create ; but it is the province of the bounties and duties inseparable from the colonial system—as inevitably to destroy. Previously to the years 1809-10, England was in the habit of obtaining from the states of northern Europe the timber required for her consumption by the exchange of her manufactures. About that period, one of the alarms, the emptiness of which we have exposed, became very great—namely, that the then hostile position of those states was threatening the loss of our timber supply ; and the idea accordingly originated of forcing from our North American colonies the timber required for our consumption. But as natural causes effectually precluded the American timber from entering the British market at the same price as European, in order to allure the investment of capital into this branch of production, it was necessary to resort to artificial means of production to enable the colonial and European timber to compete in that market upon equal terms. The means adopted was the abolition of all duties upon the former, and the subjection of the latter to various amounts of duties, which, by the thirty-ninth of the late king, were consolidated into a duty of 3*l.* 5*s.* per load.\* It was said, however, at the time, that this being a mere revenue act, a part only of that duty would have been intended for protection of colonial timber. We will take, therefore, the previous duty of 2*l.* 1*s.*, which, it was admitted, was laid on for that express purpose : 2*l.* 1*s.* then was the bounty necessary for enabling colonial timber to compete in the market with the timber of the north of Europe ; and the result of its importation was to raise the price of all timber in the market to that amount. Now, from an extract from official accounts (published in the report to which we have alluded, p. 164), it appears that the imports into Great Britain in the year 1819 (which is the last year given) of foreign and colonial timber, amounted together to 369,929 loads. The increased price, then, which, in the year 1819, this bounty effected upon the timber required for its consumption, amounted to 758,354*l.* and a fraction. Now, although it is impossible to estimate the precise amount of British capital which would have gone abroad to aid in the cutting-down, preparation, and carriage of this timber, it is unquestionable that some proportion, and, we suspect, a very large one, was so exported. But the other productions, on which the industry of the community had been previously engaged, still retaining their demand on the capital of the country, it was evident, whatever was its amount, that proportion must have been withdrawn from the manufacturers of those commodities which had been previously the instruments of purchase of the European timber. Consequently, had England continued as theretofore to purchase her timber from the north of Europe, by devoting the requisite quantity of capital to the cultivation of manufactures, instead of diverting it from thence to force the production of timber from America, not only would the proportion so diverted have produced a greater quantity of timber, but in that article alone she would, in the year 1819, have saved the whole 758,354*l.*, and have had that amount of capital liberated to the production of other commodities. Indeed, in the latter description of mischief, the diminution of the purchasing powers of the community,—in other words, the forcing from it a larger proportion of its industry, for the purchase of any given object of desire, than would otherwise be necessary to obtain it, the colonial system amply abounds. We have seen that, if the trade to the East-Indies were thrown open to the com-

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\* Report of the Select Committee of Foreign Trade, 1821.

munity at large, the consumers of this country might be supplied with tea for two millions annually less than it now costs them to obtain it; and a duty of three halfpence a pound on foreign sugar has been found necessary, to secure to our West India colonists the monopoly of our supply. Now it has been estimated that the average annual consumption of sugar in this country is about 380 millions of pounds, and 380 millions of three halfpences amount to 2,375,000*l.*—2,375,000*l.* is in the article of sugar alone, the sum which every year the lovers of sweet things in this country very benevolently take out of their own pockets, for no other purpose than to bestow a *douceur* on the colonists, and for no other reason that we could ever discover than because it entered into the heads of sundry wisecracks, centuries ago, to plant themselves in certain islands 3,000 miles away from the land of their nativity. The great are apt to estimate luxuries by their cost. How exquisite to a country is the luxury of colonies!

But it is not only by these indirect methods that the colonial system contrives to create an artificial demand upon the industry of the community; colonists have even had the effrontery to ask, and rulers the dishonesty to allow direct grants out of the public purse, for the mere purpose of enabling the former to embark in a traffic, for which the very occasion of those grants proved that physical causes had rendered them utterly incompetent. The natural superiority in the production of sugars possessed by Brazil and Cuba, left Jamaica and Barbadoes no chance of competition in the continental market, in sugars of the better qualities; since the market price of those sugars, there was not even equal to replace the capital which the latter would have required for its production. But the profits of supplying the continental market were too sweet to the West India planters to be lost from any such inconsiderable an obstacle as natural impediment. "The West India Interest," consequently, comes down to the House, and contriving, by dint of a number of pompous phrases, to make the country gentlemen believe the great catastrophe it would be to the nation if a few West India proprietors were to be prevented from growing rich, while backed by the logic of borough influence, to supply the deficiency of less equivocal argument, they actually obtain a bounty on the exportation of refined sugar, varying from three shillings up to nineteen shillings on every hundred weight of refined sugar which finds its way from England into the foreign market.\*

It may, however, be urged, that all these things are rather abuses than component parts of the colonial system. The answer, however, displays but little knowledge either of principle or experience. The importance of the abuse will always consist in the extent; but in proportion to that extent will the influence for its maintenance which the very abuse creates increase. It is understood that the West India interest has at this moment eighty representatives in the House of Commons; and how far such an overwhelming, well organized, and well directed influence must have a tendency to oppose and cramp the liberal policy of Mr. Huskisson, we leave our readers to divine for themselves. But the objection contains within itself a concession of our whole reasoning. The closer the approximation to the subversion of all restrictions and monopolies, the nearer the approach to annihilation of colonial policy, and the establishment of that freedom of interchange which we

\* Hume's Custom Laws, p. 333. Parliamentary Review, Session 1825, p. 632.

have shewn to be so sufficient to answer all the purposes for which colonies are established.

But our objection to the colonial system, on the ground of its tendency to produce an injurious distribution of the capital of the community, is frequently met by the assertion of a fact, which, if true, would considerably weaken its force. It is said, that so far from producing that distribution, colonies only provide a field for the employment of capital, which but for that field would lie idle and unproductive. It is among that very erudite class of bipeds, called "practical men," that this is principally put forth; and were we to mete unto them the same measure they mete to others, we might dispense with any examination of the premises, by the quotation of an historical fact (and in their catechism "facts are stubborn things"), proving most distinctly, that if those premises were true, it is by no means a necessary conclusion, that the possession of colonies would afford a remedy to the mischief. "Spain and Portugal," says Adam Smith, "were manufacturing countries before they had any considerable colonies; since they had the richest and most fertile in the world, they both ceased to be so!!" Our object, however, is not to silence but to convince, and we shall, therefore, proceed to shew that this is no more than one of those popular errors into which an ignorance of economical science is so constantly betraying those who know no more of a commercial phenomenon than its appearance. The mistake has arisen in an absence of discrimination between a temporary effect and a permanent result. In every commercial state of society errors of speculation—incorrectness of information—fluctuations in fashion—variations in natural circumstances, and a number of causes occasionally occur to bring about a production disproportioned to the demands of consumption. This disproportion of consumption is termed a glut, and production in excess being, of its very essence, its inseparable result is to relax the demand for capital which an average quantity of production had created, and, consequently, to turn loose an excess of capital, to choke up the money market, precisely in the same manner that the excess of production was choking up the market of commodities. But a period must arise when this excess of production, however large, will become exhausted. The wants of the community will then require the processes of production to begin afresh, and production will again absorb the capital that had been thus temporarily thrown out of employment. But what is thus sound in principle is no less corroborated by experience. A desire to pay interest for the use of capital is always evidence of a capacity for its employment. Yet we should be glad to know at what period of the history of this country there has been any thing like a general or permanent cessation of borrowers? Even in the immediate re-action of its greatest panics capital has seldom lain for any period without producing any interest at all, and it is certain that, at the very moment at which we are writing, there are innumerable individuals in the country, who, with good solid acres to offer in security, are willing to borrow money at four and even five per cent.

So long as the purchasing powers of other countries is keeping pace with the productive powers of our own, the supply of their wants will always afford an expanding field for the employment of our industry. It may be stated, as an example, that the emancipated states of South America are daily widening their markets to the purchase of our productions; and it is an undoubted fact, that while their demand is experiencing no relaxation, the consumption of our manufactures by the



United States of North America has increased seven fold since they have ceased to be our colonies.

There is abundant evidence, however, on the contrary, that the very result of our colonial policy is to exclude us from markets of which we might otherwise avail ourselves. Speaking of the probable tendency which an alteration in favour of a less restricted trade with the countries on the north of Europe, in the article of timber, would have in increasing the demand for British manufactures, the report, to which we have before alluded, goes on to add : " Your committee are inclined to believe that an increased demand would be the result, as well for the desire of British manufactures, that is said strongly to prevail in those countries, as the extent to which the export of them has been maintained, notwithstanding the burthens imposed on the importation of this important branch of their produce into the United Kingdom." And again in the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, relative to the trade with the East Indies and China—speaking of the extension of free trade to the Peninsula of India, the Report says : " It must be admitted, that its progress has been such as to indicate that neither a power to purchase, nor a disposition to use commodities of European manufacture, are wanting in the natives of British India, whilst the minute knowledge of the wants and wishes of the inhabitants, acquired by a direct intercourse with this country, would naturally lead to a still further augmentation of our exports. The great increased consumption cannot be sufficiently accounted for by the demand of European residents, the number of whom does not materially vary ; and it appears to have been much the greatest in articles calculated for the general use of the natives. That of the cotton manufactures of this country alone is stated, since the first opening of the trade, to have been augmented from four to five fold. The value of the merchandize exported from Great Britain to India, which amounted in the year 1815 to 870,177*l.*, had in the year 1819 increased to 3,052,741*l.*"

But even assuming it to be the interest of a country to found colonies for the purpose of creating a market for the disposal of its productions, we humbly apprehend that the degree in which that object would be promoted, would entirely depend upon the purchasing power of the colonists. Yet the very restrictions, to uphold which dominion is maintained, contain within themselves the principle of impoverishment. These restrictions are the confession of the mother country that the commodities to which they extend could be supplied cheaper by other countries than by herself. To drive the colonies, therefore, to the market of the mother country for their purchase, would truly indeed secure a sale for articles which, but for the supply of the colonies, would never have been produced ; but it would leave to the colonists less for the purchase of those other commodities, the production of which would be the best distribution of her industry. Were Great Britain to force a cultivation of the grape, for the benefit of supplying her colonies with wine of her own production, in order to realize the ordinary profit on that return of her capital, she might require a price ten times the amount at which Portugal could furnish them with the same article. This she might by possibility obtain ; but the high price the colonists would then have to pay for their wine, would proportionably reduce the power of purchasing hardware, in which Great Britain might possess the same superiority over Portugal, that in the article of wine Portugal possessed over her. It is needless, however, to go into further expla-

nation on this head. Even with the supporters of the hypothesis we have assumed, we believe, it is universally admitted, that the benefits proposed are to be sought only in a generally healthy and flourishing condition of the colonies. Yet every page of colonial history here again corroborates the conclusions of *a priori* reasoning. The examples of our own colonies will, we apprehend, be familiar to our readers. Should their knowledge and observation, however, here fail to supply them with the proof, we have only to refer them to the loud complaints of the colonists themselves, and the admissions on all sides of the depressed state of our colonial possessions, which called forth Mr. Huskisson's liberal measures for their relief. But it is not alone in the history of the British Colonies that the same important reason is to be learnt. While the Danish Colonies of St. Thomas and Santa Cruz were under the restrictive dominion of an exclusive company they languished in insignificance. The dissolution of the company became the epoch of their prosperity. In the Dutch colony of Surinam, the privileges of the company which possessed the monopoly of its trade, were at one period exercised with great restriction. With the reservation of the monopoly of the Slave Trade, the company were afterwards forced to forego all privileges, but the power of subjecting the Dutch ships trading there to a duty of two and a half per cent. upon the value of their cargo, as a license for trading. The prosperity which had been previously denied to Surinam followed this relaxation of the privileges of its company. In the midst of colonies of great national superiority, Curaçoa and Eustatia were but a couple of comparatively barren islands. But the ports of Curaçoa and Eustatia were open to the unrestricted intercourse of all nations; and while better colonies were languishing, Curaçoa and Eustatia grew into importance. With the French colony of Canada, the substitution of a more liberal policy produced precisely the same results. While under the direction of a restrictive company, its progress towards prosperity was very slow. With the dissolution of the company it acquired a rapid increase.

But in all that is urged about employment of capital, there are, after all, two considerations, which must on no account be lost sight of:—

1. It must be remembered that colonies can neither be established, governed, or defended without expense. But expense can only be provided by taxation, and taxation generally falls upon the individuals of the mother country; to all the extent then to which it is paid by those capitalists who are assumed to benefit by the consumption of the colonies, it is a premium for trade—in other words, a drawback on profit. To all the extent to which it is borne by others, it is a bounty paid out of the pockets of those others, to enable third parties to obtain a supposititious benefit to themselves. What is the extent of these drawbacks and bounties it is impossible adequately to ascertain. They will not be found alone in the various departments of those prolific kinds of expenditure, government and defence; army, navy, commissariat, ordnance; mal-administration of justice abroad, and correction of it at home; they will extend to all the wars to which colonial possessions contrive to give birth. The Spanish war of 1739 was a colony quarrel. The war previously to the American war was equally so: and the latter was calculated to have cost this country ninety millions sterling. The American war itself (a war which, in another part of America, we may one day be driven to renew, if our rulers should be mad enough to desire the

possession of Canada for ever) has introduced into our financial accounts the small item of one hundred and twenty millions of pounds.

But this introduces us to the second consideration to which we have alluded, the expenditure, and, consequently, destruction of capital, included in the aggregate of this, and the abstraction of capital involved in the very establishment of colonies, and always to some extent continued with their existence. It has been calculated that the Canadian Provinces alone have already drained this country of between sixty and seventy millions.\* Population, however, if not exceeding, at least always pressing upon the capital destined for its support, a depreciation in the condition of the labouring classes must await every abstraction of capital. We know not whether, urging the injustice of encouraging a mischief to one class of the community, in order to accomplish a benefit for another, we might not, in this aristocratical country, be charged with frivolity in here attempting to oppose the sufferings of the poor against the aggrandizement of the rich. We will confine ourselves, therefore, to pointing out, that the increase of pauperism is always the increase of crime; and in an account of profit and loss, suppression of crime is an item which cannot in fairness be omitted.

In thus running over the general principles on which the commercial policy of colonies is founded, we have carefully abstained from the introduction of all topics which were not strictly in keeping with an examination of that particular description of policy. But although we have said nothing of the moral effects upon the parent state of that inferior character of legislation which is thought sufficient for the colonies—of the restrictions on the press, which are represented as necessary to their existence—though we have been silent as to its political influence in general, there is one feature of colonial policy, which, if not directly of a commercial character, is nevertheless so closely allied to it, that we cannot refrain from its notice. How great may be the ultimate force of public opinion, it cannot be denied that this country is at present almost entirely governed by the influence of sinister interest. It is in the number and combination of its participants that the strength of this interest principally consists. The colonial system, however, adds a very powerful class of participants to the number, while the support of their own interest drives them to take a part in the combination. Thus the corn monopolists, finding themselves beaten in argument, betake them to the alliance of others, who, like themselves, are interested in the maintenance of some particular branch of monopoly. The united clamour and political force of the two is able to secure the monopoly which each is eager to maintain; and thus the operation of the colonial monopoly is not only to afford a fair pretext for the existence of all others, but to assist in completing the physical force necessary to its attainment.

We here take leave of our subject. On a future day we may perhaps complete our delineation of the colonial system, by holding up to our readers its moral and political results. We trust the inquiry into which we have entered will be sufficient to convince them that, whatever else it may be, in a commercial point of view, it certainly is not the possession of her colonies which renders Great Britain "the envy of surrounding nations."

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\* *Edinburgh Review*. Vol. 42; p. 291.



## MEN AND CANDLES.

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"An able chymist and physician declares his conviction, that it would be possible to transmute dead bodies into CANDLES."—*Times*, Jan. 1, 1828.

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Now this idea, which the philosopher cannot sufficiently admire, has already been practically illustrated. Voltaire tells us, that, during the Irish rebellion, the bodies of the English slain were most economically worked up into candles. A good wife complaining at the huckster's that the candles were not so good as they were wont to be,—“That arises,” replied the tradesman, “from the scarcity of tallow; we can get but few dead Englishmen!” We cannot but regret that this important chemical truth was not enforced on the attention of the late Emigration Committee. The idea of transporting ten thousand human beings from their native land is shocking to every benevolent breast; but what a grand work of political economy to transmute this superflux of humanity into candles!

There is a sublimity in the idea, together with evident profit. With this truth in view, and with a redundant Irish population, we may snap our fingers for the future at any chance of war with Russia. We will not, at the present moment, bring into figures the number of candles which every Irish family—allowing one able-bodied man, one woman, and nine children to each—would produce; but it is evident the product would be immense. To be sure, from the natural irritability of the people, we do not believe an Irishman would burn as well as a Hollander: there would doubtless be an occasional spluttering from the taper. But, after gravely considering the matter, we do not see why England (it being ordered to such effect by the solemnity of an act of parliament), having on her hands a heavy Irish population, might not become a great exporting country. Nothing remains for the government but to advertise for contractors, to furnish a certain number of journeymen tallow-chandlers, with a sufficiency of pipe-staving, to be shipped immediately for Ireland; when, a due portion of the people being melted and hooped in the allotted casks, ships may be ordered to take in the produce at the several sea-ports; and the work is finished!

In considering this question, one knows not which sufficiently to admire—its ingenuity, or its evident humanity. But we would now speak of the philosophy of the question; or, rather, of those incidents which, in the adoption of the melting system in England, must give rise to philosophical disquisition. The dust of Alexander in a bung-hole is a startling mockery of human greatness; and yet we know not if a more painful sense of debasement, mingled with a touch of the ludicrous, would not be in the thought of the tallow of an Alexander—formed into the solitary rushlight of the wretched poor—depending from a nail in the empty cupboard. Cowper speaks of a candle in a strain which associates the taper with the most chilling and miserable attributes of want: it is in *The Winter Evening*—

“The taper soon extinguished, which I saw  
Dangled along at the cold finger's end,  
Just when the day declined.”

What a situation—what a change for one of the mighty! It would be odd, too, to recognize, in the tapers of a ball-room, the remains of departed beauty. Contrasting the flame that shone from them with a recollection of their living brightness, we might exclaim with Gray,—

“E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires.”

The melting system, indeed, once become general, there would be no end to the philosophical observations that must arise from it—to the ludicrous and touching contrarieties to which it must give place. Thus some future strolling actor might murder Otway and Shakspeare, before Kean, Young, and Kemble, dwindled into the three tallow foot-lights! The gentlemen at Crockford's might see to ruin new dupes by the last remains of former victims. A dead husband, placed in the bed-room, might gutter away in the candlestick on the nuptial night of his too-forgetful spouse. How many of our saints would be compelled to flare at masquerades and the opera! Parson Irving, made into long sixes, might serve to illuminate the dressing-room of some future Grimaldi; whilst Messrs. Egerton and Claremont of Covent Garden might cast a light upon the Hebrew volume at the Jews' Synagogue. It would be a hard fate for the remains of a vegetable-dieted person to be used in any of our meat markets: it would be no less hard for an author to fall into the hands of a trunk-maker—to afford a light for the pasting of well-remembered, unsold sheets. It would be grievous for a President of a Royal Society to be crammed into a bottle, and placed in a back garret, to twinkle the hours away, until the tenant—some *sans-culotte* bricklayer's labourer—staggered home, and puffed the ex-President out. We wonder how a tailor would burn in the room of a creditor; or how a timid lady would deport herself with pistols over the mantel-piece—or left alone with a party of carousing fox-hunters! Gentlemen of economical dispositions would certainly be most desirable—they would make the most of themselves. Lawyers, for instance, it would, we imagine, be very hard to put out; tax-gatherers would last for ever; sinecurists would be most unprofitable burning. Not so with some long-winded members of Parliament—the regular five-column men would be invaluable. Watchmen must sell at a reduced rate; they would give a dull, sleepy light—moreover, have a continual tendency to gather what housewives call *thieves*, about them. We wonder how Mr. Cobbett would burn!—certainly, with great economy; it would, however, we should think, be necessary to put him into a perforated lantern. Physicians and doctors would make but tolerable candles—they would always appear with “winding-sheets” in them. How it would irk the heart of a country gentlemen—of a fine, unbending game-preserver—one who had imprisoned his fifty poachers a season—to be reduced into a “six,” and compelled to witness an illicit feast of hares from his own manor! We should not like to see a Jew rabbi upon the counter of a Christian pork-merchant; neither should we like to see a modern Brummell light his cigar at a Dr. Franklin.

Impartially weighing the good with the evil of the melting system, we feel convinced that the good must preponderate. It would, to be sure, throw the undertakers out of employment; but then it would add considerably to the body of the tallow-chandlers. The mutes might tear their hat-bands into garters, tuck up their coat-sleeves, and turn to their new trade. Besides, what tracts of church-yard ground might be brought into profitable cultivation! We have not yet calculated how many quar-

ters of wheat might be raised on land at present cumbered with tombstones. If the relatives and friends of the departed would fain preserve some relict of the dead, they might empty the snuffers into rings and lockets: there would be an attractive and poetic sensibility in this. The custom would also present a continual moral—a *memento mori* would ever, at least at candlelight, be with us. One might speculate whether it was a second or third cousin on the table, and moralize accordingly. In small villages, which would doubtless burn their own population, the genealogy of every candle might be accurately retained, and the taper spoken of with becoming respect. Thus, when a light was required, the servant might be directed to “set up another Mr. Jones,” or “put one of Mr. Tomkins on the table!” And can it be thought that these worthy personages, whilst they diffused light, would not also give birth to those serious reflections so fervently advocated by all holy men? Certainly, they must. On the general adoption of the system, that famous line—

“Out, brief CANDLE!”\*—

will have a pointed warning, especially if addressed to a short, bulky liver.

We trust the public will think well of this proposition—that they will bring to its consideration a liberal and philosophic mind. After all, we think a candlestick, whether of brass or silver, is a more decent temporary abode than five feet of wet earth. To be sure, some alteration must be made in the Burial Service; but we have bishops all all sufficient for the task. For ourselves, we enter most heartily into the measure. We contemplate with singular complacency the possibility of our mortal remnant giving light to a knot of good fellows; to have the air about us impregnated with the spirit of wit and humour escaping from the talkers; to bend our flame as it were into a courteous recognition towards a late companion, who should solicit us with his Havannah: or, still better, to witness the studious hours of a friend, whose hand has scarcely ceased throbbing from our last grasp; to be promoted to his table, to burn over the volume—perhaps a legacy from ourselves; to witness his thoughtful eyes bent steadfastly upon the page, conning more than once some passage marked by the thumb-nail or the pencil of the dead. Surely, this is to cheat the worms for something! Is the reader yet converted to the “new light?” If not, we leave him to the melancholy brightness of the lackered coffin-plate, and, as the deep-thoughted “Elia” has it, to the “angel” and “well-wrought cramp-irons.” We think *Falstaff* would have been of our faith. How the old knight would have blazed over “a sack posset!” But he had too much fat in him to be made into any one candle. Like *Romeo*, he should have been “cut into little stars,” and used as flambeaux “between tavern and tavern.”

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\* In a literal translation of *Macbeth* into French, the line is thus happily rendered:—  
“Sortez, courte chandelle!”



## NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

Ministerial arrangements, past and present, have formed the chief topic of public discussion during the last month. And long "explanations" have been given, by Lord Goderich, Mr. Herries, and Mr. Huskisson, of the circumstances connected with the dissolution of the late, and the formation of the present, government; which have ended—as all explanations should end—in rendering the subject in question considerably more obscure than it was before they began. As the tale is told—taking the supposition that *all* has been told—it certainly seems very abundantly incomprehensible: and we are a little afraid, though we never entertained a doubt of Lord Goderich's honour, that some of the blame which belongs to his inefficiency has been borne by other persons. Resolute people, we believe, alone, after all, can be practically honest: the weak and fearful bring themselves and their friends always into scrapes; and then, conscious of their own entirely good intentions, actually *believe* that every thing that is wrong must be the fault of somebody else.

Lord Goderich states distinctly, that the cause of the dissolution of the late ministry, was the quarrel between Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Herries: the "irreconcilable difference" about the appointment of Lord Althorpe as Chairman of the Finance Committee. Mr. Herries says, that this was not the cause—it was the excuse—for breaking up the ministry. And undoubtedly this distinction receives some countenance from the fact, that such a cause—to go no farther—was wholly inadequate, and unworthy to produce such an effect. Mr. Herries—there is no doubt—said that he must resign, if Lord Althorpe were appointed. Mr. Huskisson said that *he* must resign, if the noble Lord were not. But still this affords no satisfactory cause for breaking up the ministry: Mr. Huskisson's resignation, at the time it was tendered, Lord Goderich could not have afforded to accept: but there was nothing (that is upcome) to prevent his having acceded to that of Mr. Herries.\* In the view of the public, Mr. Herries's secession from the cabinet would not have been of the slightest consequence: the surprise was rather (and a feeling not unnatural to the essay of a new and undistinguished man), how he had been brought into it? And the tale, that he was appointed, "because he was the only man whose official and financial knowledge qualified him for the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer," if it ever had any believers, must have fallen, by this time, into the gross contempt it merited; because, here we have Mr. Herries, *in* the ministry, but filling *another* office: and Mr. Goulburn is raised to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer; who—beyond having once calculated that three half-crowns were five shillings—nobody ever suspected, we believe, of any glimmerings of "financial knowledge" at all.

However, his Lordship does not see the merits of his colleagues in this light. His amiable temper represents their importance to be such, that it is impossible to carry on the government in the absence of either of them. And, being frightened out of his life by the declaration, that—"one must resign!" he adopts the alternative—thinking it is no matter who the room is made by—of resigning himself. Upon which the two

\* One of the current reports is, that Mr. Herries was so deeply in the secret of all Lord Goderich's financial blunders, that the noble lord had not the power to dismiss him from the ministry.

Clowns who have made all the racket, and bantered the Pantaloon into leaving his chair, jump into the best seat, shake hands, and are better friends than ever; and poor Lord Goderich walks about, holding the flaps of his coat up, and looking to where his place *was*, with great anxiety, without even a joint-stool to deposit his person upon, for his pains!

The whole of this question, therefore, as it applies to the cause of the dissolution of the late ministry, we believe we must be content to abandon. We qualify, and explain away, until nothing very tangible on any side is left. Mr. Huskisson says, that, *independent* of his quarrel with Mr. Herries, "between the 2d and the 26th of December, many circumstances had occurred to impair the strength and shake the stability of the administration:" some of which were notorious, others had come to his knowledge in a way which precluded him from describing them." Lord Goderich does not deny that there *were* other causes operating than that quarrel; and it is a little strange that—with his reputation for candour—he entirely passes over the affair of his *first* resignation (when he took office again)—three weeks prior to that of the 8th of January, to which, in his explanation, he so pertinaciously alludes. And Mr. Herries says the quarrel *never* was the cause at all. Therefore, we must be content to admit, that no necessary contradiction exists—that the quarrel spoken of was *a* cause, but not the *only* cause—and so get rid of the dispute between the Master of the Mint, and the Secretary for the Colonies, and the late Premier, whether it was, or was not the *direct* cause of the dissolution of the late ministry. But the quarrel *did* exist—that fact, we cannot get rid of. Lord Goderich avowed, whether reasonably or unreasonably, that he *should* break up the Cabinet upon it. Yet Mr. Herries and Mr. Huskisson were inexorable. It was *impossible* that they should continue to sit in the (old) cabinet together. And they are sitting together, and explaining, together, in the (new) cabinet, at the present moment.

This change of purpose, then, must be accounted for: and we are afraid that its explanation (of which the country has no glimpses yet) belongs properly to Mr. Huskisson. Mr. Herries appears certainly to have made considerable, and rather unintelligible, strides lately in the way of importance: but he is on the safe side as regards the present question. Whether he has been a firebrand, or a "sower of strife and envy," we do not determine; but certainly in joining the present ministry, he has given up no pledge. He put his place upon the rejection of Lord Althorpe as Chairman of the Finance Committee: and he has carried his point: Lord Althorpe (and we very much regret it) is not appointed. Mr. Huskisson—though told distinctly by Lord Goderich that his resignation must break up the ministry—perseveres in offering that resignation if Lord Althorpe's appointment is not carried:—the appointment is *not* carried: Lord Althorpe is *not* Chairman of the Finance Committee: and Mr. Huskisson is still in office.

Now, there may be some motive, or some juggle, here, unexplained, which will exonerate all parties: but until that private history is made apparent, enough is known, we are afraid, to do Mr. Huskisson's political character very considerable mischief. It is an excellent virtue to have the faculty of waving differences (particularly where it seems to be a losing game the maintaining them); but it is a virtue which becomes a vice when carried to too extended a degree. We are far from desiring

to bind any man to the recollection of personal quarrels: and there are even political professions, which we could bear to see (under peculiar circumstances) left for a time in abeyance: but such changes must be very uncommonly well-justified always; and, above all, they must not be repeated too often. Now, Mr. Huskisson's laudable desire to "serve his country"—is laudable—but is so paramount with him, we are afraid, that he could be content to serve it with "any body who happens to be going that way!"—"In sua movenza è fermo,"—as the Italian maxim says of the windmill—the right honourable gentleman "turns, and turns, and turns (like Desdemona in the play) again:" but still he seems only to "turn" upon a centre, and that centre-bit is always place. We find him in place when Lord Liverpool is minister, in alliance with the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. In place when Mr. Canning is minister, and Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington are in opposition. In place again when Lord Goderich is minister. In place when Lord Goderich is out, and the Duke of Wellington is minister. In place if Lord Althorpe is Chairman of the Finance Committee. And in place when his Lordship is not Chairman of the Finance Committee. But *out of place*—all his habits of reconciliation and agreement lie one way—out of place, *never*.

Now this is wrong: and, as Colman says of the inconvenience of a hump-back, "You may bolster it, but you cannot set it right." Mr. Huskisson will be a useful officer of the government. He has abundant knowledge upon many important subjects of policy; and that knowledge he will bring—as any essayist or speculator might bring it—to account. But the confidence of Parliament and of the country in his political faith, and public principle—we make the declaration with regret—we fear, the events of the last six weeks will have destroyed for ever.

We can hardly conclude without adding one word upon the late speech of Mr. Huskisson at Liverpool, out of which so much discussion has arisen: and upon the disputed passage containing the allegation that the speaker had obtained "guarantees" from the present government for the free course of the policy which he had been accustomed to support; the whole of which is now disposed of as an "error of the press." We are content to give every gentleman who speaks in public so much at least of allowance or justice, that we will prefer his own statement of that which he said (or meant to say), in all ordinary cases, to the account furnished by the most able reporters. But nevertheless we should be sorry to have the reports of the London press hastily impugned: first, because we are fully convinced that they are almost invariably correct; and next, because they present the only means, by which, upon the most important subjects—as, for instance, the explanation which Mr. Huskisson gave at Liverpool—the public can possibly obtain information.

It is worth while, therefore, to observe, that the error committed here (if it was an error) is extremely trivial in its effect: and, that which is still more, that the setting it right leaves Mr. Huskisson's declaration wholly destitute of value! The right honourable gentleman's own account of what he said at Liverpool, as repeated by him in the House of Commons on the 18th of February, is this.—He said, according to his explained version, that, "before he consented to form part of the present administration" (that of the Duke of Wellington), "he had sought for explanations, in respect of principles, as well as impending measures, of the general policy of the administration: and,



having received an understanding, in respect to those measures and those principles, which appeared to him satisfactory, he did consider, that the best guarantee which could be offered to him of the furtherance of those principles and measures, was the continuance in office of his friends, by some of whom those measures had been proposed."—Now, here is a sentence horribly stuffed with epithet: and so balanced one part by another, that to extract any direct meaning from it is pretty nearly impossible. However, it appears—as far as comprehension can go—that, where the reports made Mr. Huskisson speak of having received "guarantee," he said "explanation and understanding"—words so very undefined, if we are *entirely* to distinguish their meaning from the word "guarantee," as (reasonably and practically taken under such circumstances), not to be worth one farthing. And the "guarantee" of which the right honourable gentleman does afterwards speak, is absolutely of so pleasant a character, that nothing but the divinity which hedges in political discussion could work upon any assembly of men to receive it with gravity! The right honourable gentleman says, that "the best guarantee which could be offered to him, was, that *his friends* would continue in office." Why, his "friends," no doubt, said the same thing about him!—their sufficient "guarantee" probably was, that *he* continued in office. This is a profession of faith which beats the Irish case of mutual benefit hollow. In the Hibernian "reciprocity" one party was the gainer; and the foundation for the transaction, lay on one side: but here—by a strange contra distinction—both parties are gainers, and there is no foundation for the supposed attainment at all.

Mr. Shepherd's letter comes in oddly enough, after this explanation of the real difference, with the reverend gentleman's *surprise*, on "reading his *Morning Chronicle*" (ten days after it was published) how "*strangely*" the reporters must have misunderstood Mr. Huskisson! If they were mistaken, all that we can say is, we fear they must have become infected with that exceeding spirit of misunderstanding, which seems to have involved the right honourable gentleman, and all his friends, for the last two months; and of which all the world professes itself unable to make anything. Mr. Shepherd, unfortunately, is not a clergyman of the established church; but, nevertheless, we trust that his opportune astonishment at the iniquities of the press, will not pass wholly unacknowledged. Because it is well said, as the wise man observes, that—"Virtue is its own reward:" but it is not well that it *should be so*.

The "business" in Parliament, thus far, has been chiefly important, as laying the groundwork for advantage to be gained hereafter, rather than for any benefit realized to the country in the present. Mr. Brougham opened the session with a motion for "a Commission to inquire into the state and administration of the law:" on which the honourable and learned gentleman spoke for five hours, and filled fifteen columns of the Times newspaper. All the world admires the speech: but we have not found a great many people that have read it. As an oration, it was not so good as Mr. Brougham's speeches are generally. There were flashes of wit and brilliancy in it—as there are in the very driest things that the honourable and learned gentleman does: but they were few in number; the speaker was encumbered with an enormous and rather shapeless mass of matter; and of the practical value—display apart—of any proposition that goes to the extent of fifteen columns, we have considerable doubts.

Mr. Brougham's "commission" is to inquire into—say the following, for a few of the leading matters.—The state of the law—as regards its merits. Its state, with reference to practice. Its administration; including the constitution of peculiar courts, and the possibility of amending them. The Welch judicature. The selection and powers of the magistracy. The practice of pleading. The law in the colonies and in India. The game acts; the Privy Council; the alehouse licensing system: &c. &c.

Now, we are afraid that here is a little too much undertaken at once: and that a distribution of Mr. Brougham's enterprise to twelve commissions, instead of one, as suggested by Mr. Hume, upon the considerably less onerous proposition of the "Finance Committee," would be very well worth the honourable and learned gentleman's consideration. As the proposal stands, looking to the number and importance of the subjects to be discussed, it will hardly be possible for the commission to report within five years—before which time new circumstances will arise, and its very existence (perhaps) be forgotten. Life is not long enough to do business in this way. The Chancery commission had a single court to deal with: and the complaint is that it did nothing: and yet now a single commission is to grapple with the whole business and interests—for the administration of the law forms three-fourths of the real business and interests—of the nation! We confess that, from the labours of any single body of men upon such a subject, we expect little more than a stupendous pile of crudity, which, from its mere weight and unwieldiness, every body will be afraid to approach. Mr. Wilmot Horton's Emigration Report was complained of for weighing five pounds! Why, the report of Mr. Brougham's commission will hardly lie in ten volumes of equal thickness. It is a strange anomaly too, that, while, on the one hand, Mr. Brougham is crying out against the mass of business in the Court of Chancery—"The mere quantity of labour laid upon one tribunal leads inevitably to ruinous protraction! There is no fault in individuals: but their physical powers have a limit: division must take place: new courts must be appointed"—with these facts and principles laid down on one night, on the next, we proceed to provide (in an affair most pressing to the state) for a delay of an incomparably more unprecedented and immeasurable description, by imposing a task wilfully upon one court of inquiry, which we have the full power of dividing, and which would be sufficiently arduous and responsible, if it were divided among twenty!

Excepting the appointment of the "Finance Committee," and the "Explanations" (which are still going on, and likely, apparently, to do so beyond the day when our Magazine is published), nothing of much interest but Mr. Brougham's motion has occurred in the House of Commons.

In the House of Lords, the best thing has been a motion by the Marquis of Salisbury, upon the subject of the game laws.—We discussed this subject so fully in our last number, that we shall only notice (for the sake of recording it) the object of the liberal Marquis's bill; which was, to enable "qualified landed proprietors to sell their game, instead of giving it away!" The incomparable modesty of this proposal, which was to empower the qualified landowner to sell the game which is fed upon the fields of the unqualified landowner—to give the parties whose privileges are already intolerable under the game laws, a good round slice of peculiar advantage more.—The excellent equity of this design was well

exposed in a speech from Lord Wharncliffe; who took a brief, but bold and constitutional view of the real policy of the question. Those who hold this opinion will not be suspected of any desire to flatter Lord Wharncliffe into liberality. He is an ass who imagines that Lord Wharncliffe, or any other man of common intellect, can be cajoled by praise into the abandonment of those immunities which he can maintain, and fairly has a title to. But the difference between a booby and a man of understanding, upon every question like this, is, that the last has brains and courage enough to perceive the result which is really advantageous to himself; and not to make sure that any course must necessarily be mischievous to himself, because it happens to be acceptable to others. The real cause of the inefficiency of the laws for the protection of game, is the detestation in which those laws are held by nineteen-twentieths of the community. The dissenting party here are too many: to make a law effective, the odds must be the other way. The effect of the Marquis of Salisbury's bill would be, to make this state of things even worse. As the case stands, no man but the great landowner, and his handful of hired agents, will stir a point for the protection of game: the effect of the bill proposed by the noble Marquis, would be to exasperate all parties but the great landowners, to such a degree—it would, in fact, be giving them a right of *toll* upon the lands of their smaller neighbours—that we have not a doubt—from the encouragement that would be afforded—in mere revenge—to poaching—that the destruction of game would increase! Fortunately, however, from the results of such advocacy, the more reasonable part of the landowners will be protected. Such a bill, if it passed through the Lords, would be kicked out (unless we have retrograded most abominably within the last six months) in the Commons.—But a Committee is already appointed.

Paragraphs, in several morning papers, copied from the *Scotsman*, announce a new discovery in the art of *embalming*, by Sir George Mackenzie: one effect of which is, that it will preserve human bodies in a state fit for *dissection* for any length of time: so that the "Home resurrection" trade may be put an end to entirely; and the whole demand of England for "subjects," supplied by "importation." As there must be two parties to a speculation of import—the party that *exports*, as well as the party that receives—we are afraid that this importation scheme, at first sight, rather resembles the plan that a morning paper had, for getting rid of the stoppage which the stage coaches made on one side the way in Piccadilly—namely, sending them over to the *other*: the possible prejudices of the good people who are to be sent over, to save us from the necessity of offending against our own, do not appear to have been sufficiently consulted. If France, or China, however, *would* consent to such an application of the principle of "free trade," the details of the new commerce would be singular enough. The commodity no doubt would be subjected to a duty; and the prices regularly quoted in the market lists. As, for instance—Brookes's (in Blenheim-street) Tuesday, 24th December, per stone of 8lb. Inferior coarse draymen, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 4d. Neat small linen-drapers, and banker's clerks, 4s. to 5s. 6d. Prime venison-fed Lord Mayors and Aldermen—six years in office—5s. 9d. to 7s. &c. &c.

A Paris *feuille* declares that the ruin of the pickpockets in that Capital is about to be consummated—*handkerchiefs* being offered for sale, at a shop in the Palais-royal, at "a halfpenny a piece." At the



same time it is considered, that the fortunes of the *chiffonniers*, or rag-gatherers, will be increased: as every man, instead of sending his handkerchief to the washerwoman, will now (when a change is required) throw it out of the window.—We doubt that the washerwomen, as well as the pickpockets, are likely to be dissatisfied with this arrangement.

*An Old Grudge.*—In wine there is piety as well as truth. Cassio, before running a man through the body for doubting his discipline, calls upon heaven to “forgive the company their sins!” And we were acquainted with a very eminent actor, who always read prayers to his family at the close of the third bottle. Sometimes the memory, too, is revived, as well as the devotion excited at such moments: and then we overflow in a whole “Christian Remembrancer” full of spiritual apothegms and pathetic recollections.—As an Irish bricklayer was standing, very drunk, the other morning, in Norfolk-street in the Strand, a Jew, crying “old clothes,” passed on the opposite side the way. The sound struck on a responsive chord—attuned by beer, but silent till thus awakened—in the drinker’s soul. He listened one moment for the second cry; raised his eyes reverently, and repressed a half-uttered hiccup. And then turning slowly round after the Israelite, pointing with the right arm extended, while the left clung to an area-rails, in order to effect the movement more securely and easily, he said—half in ejaculation, half addressing the bystanders—“There goes one of the thieves that murdered our Saviour!”

The system of compromise in cases of robbery (which produced so much discussion in the affairs of Mr. Grimaldi the watchmaker, and of the Warwick bank)—*à propos* to which—half a dozen more banks have been robbed since our last—has recently been carried to a very singular extent. The Morning Herald newspaper of the 12th of February, gives the story of a transaction between a notorious “Resurrection man” and a person of respectability named “Cuthbert;” in which the latter paid “eight guineas” “commutation money” for the restoration of the body of his own wife! If this hint should be acted upon by other speculators in the persons of their fellow-creatures (and Sir George Mackenzie’s “import trade” should fail), it will become necessary to do that which the law at present abstains from doing—to punish the violators of graves constantly and severely. Because the supply of the anatomical schools would soon be abandoned for a more profitable trade: many a man in Mr. Cuthbert’s situation would not hesitate to submit to the exaction of fifty, or even of a hundred guineas, if it were required. The general “compromise” system, however—as “there is nothing new under the sun”—is only a revival of the practice of a century past. The newspapers of 1700 to 1750 are filled with advertisements offering “rewards for the return of stolen property,” and “no questions asked.” And, at that time, as in the recent instances, the thieves had always sufficient prudence to keep faith with those who dealt with them, so as not to spoil the market. The “Monthly Chronicle” of January, 1728, contains one very curious transaction of this kind, in which a famous highway robber, named Stephen Burnham, appears as the hero. A gentleman of fortune, who lost a watch, upon which he set considerable price, beyond the pecuniary value, advertised that he had been robbed at the theatre; and received a note, intimating that, if he was inclined to give 10*l.* for the article, it might be recovered. If he was disposed to accept this offer, he should go, on the next afternoon, to a particular

field (now covered with buildings) between Sadler's-wells and Gray's-inn-lane; where he would meet a gentleman, who would ask him—"If he knew what o'clock it was?"—and by that token, he should know the party with whom he was to deal. The loser of the watch went to the spot alone, in the manner and at the time appointed; and found a well-dressed man, wrapped in a great coat, who asked, "What o'clock it was?" and, on being answered, "That all was right," he inquired if the visitor had brought the 10*l.*? which was delivered, and the watch returned. The moment the property was restored, the stranger drew out a pistol!—But it was only a *coup de théâtre*: the compounder, who concluded he had added just 10*l.* to his original loss (besides the chance of parting with his hat and wig into the bargain) was agreeably disappointed.—"You see," said the 'squire of the night's body,' "that I could have both the watch and the ten pounds if I pleased; but do not be alarmed; that is not my intention. I only wished to convince you, in case any farther transactions should arise between us, that gentlemen of my profession may be relied on."—There is no "virtue" in this, any more than the virtue of perceiving that "honesty" is a convention without which men cannot get on. But it is whimsical to find professional thieves impressed with this conviction, and acting upon it.

An American writer upon electricity (Dr. Hare), in replying to a complaint of the frequent non-effectiveness of lightning-conductors, suggests, that the cause of the occasional failure of these instruments, is the fact, that they generally terminate in an imperfect or improper medium: being plunged, as they almost invariably are, into the earth, which is a very imperfect conductor of electric fluid, they present very little more attraction to the lightning than the earth would do itself. For example, as an ultra position, a metallic rod (or conductor), the lower end of which terminated in a mass of pounded glass, would have scarcely any more efficacy against danger by lightning than a rod composed of glass altogether. To obviate this objection, Dr. Hare proposes, that the electric rods in cities—for instance, London—should be made to terminate under the earth, "in a connection with the *iron pipes* by which the city is *watered*." How far such an arrangement would be pleasant to the inhabitants, or how far the New River Company would be justified in laying on lightning (every time it thundered), to the houses of their customers, as well as water, does not appear to have been considered: but, we trust, sufficient care will be taken (when the hint is acted upon) that the connection is not carried, by any mistake, to the *gas pipes*, instead of those for water—or else the fire of London would be but as an apple roasting to the general conflagration that might be expected on the first occasion of stormy weather! The arrangement would not be unpleasant, if care could be taken that the communication were strictly confined to the pipes for water. It would be comical to have one's house-maid electrified, gratis, every time she went to fill a tea-kettle; or to see the "turncock," always, about March and April, knocked thirty yards backwards, whenever he put his "key" into a plug-hole. A lamplighter canted into the air, ladder and all, as he applied his torch to produce illumination, would be comical, in the event of a communication to the "gas;" but we imitate, at humble distance, the example of Crabbe; and are never disposed to countenance a jest—however excellent—attended with pain to any individual.

"Errors of the Press"—we mean the genuine "errata"—printer's

errors, not those of writers—are good things occasionally; though not so common, unfortunately, now, from the improved style of all typographical arrangements, as they used to be. They do happen, however, sometimes, and they are of two kinds: the first, where the handwriting of the author has been unintelligible to the compositor; and we find a little slip of notice at the end—"For 'horse' read, 'coal-scuttle;'" or "For 'Dr. Kitchiner,' read 'the Duke of Gloucester,'" &c. &c.: and the second, where the printer has not understood the form of expression used by the writer, and supplies or alters a word, according to his own view of the proper sense. A good example of this last, we recollect, appearing in the "Times" newspaper, on the death of Mr. Rennie, the famous engineer. Some writer, speaking metaphorically—people will be tropical—of the great extent, as well as variety of his works—the Breakwater at Plymouth, the Suspension Bridge in Wales, &c. &c.—used the words "Wherever bridges were to be built, or waters to be fettered!"—The printer, not being able to understand how "fetters"—of which he had naturally but one conception—could be applied to *water*, thought there was a mistake in the MS. and wrote, "Bridges to be built, or waters to be *filtered*!" The change of a letter produces a still more singular blunder in "The Bijou" of this year. For indulge their "laughters," which was the proposition of the author, the line reads—and in very strange connection too—"indulge their daughters." The best thing, however, that we have seen of this kind, is in a translation, in an evening paper, of a French criticism upon Madame Pisaroni, a new singer at the French opera; in which the critic, speaking of the lady's power, as an example to the rising vocalists, says, "*Quel modele pour les jeunes cantatrices*," about the theatre. The translator, desiring to be very *recherché*, preserves in his version the word "cantatrices." What an example for the "young *cantatrices* about the theatre." But the printer, not understanding the refinement, supposes a mistake, and reads, "What an example for the young *cockatrices* about the theatre!"

"Ministerial "explanations" still continue. For the evening of this day (Monday the 25th), fresh disclosures in the House of Lords are threatened. The parliamentary "fiction" of not supposing strangers, and least of all "reporters," to be present during the debates of the two Houses, has led lately to some very odd anomalies. While on the one hand the Reverend Mr. Shepherd—on behalf of his opponent, Mr. Huskisson—is out of patience with the "strange" mistakes of the people of the "press," Mr. Herries, on Friday night, appeals, in direct terms, to the reports of the "Times" and the "Morning Chronicle," for the real effect of a speech of his on a former evening, in answer to the mistakes of Mr. Duncombe. It is only just, as far as the point goes, to observe, that Mr. Herries is perfectly correct in his account of his own statement; but, by an extent of "disorder," which demonstrates the impossibility of keeping people from doing that which they are materially interested in doing, and to which there exists no other than a formal objection, both Houses of Parliament, for the last ten days, have been absolutely sparring at each other through the newspapers.

New books (of merit) have been scanty during the last two months. Nothing of striking value has appeared, except Mr. Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," and Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron." The last production, however, has excited some interest, and a great deal, more-



over, of dispute and difference of opinion; less as to the pleasantry and amusingness of the work (which is generally admitted) than as to the truth and effect of certain matters which it contains.—Our own impression is, that it requires very little conjuration, to perceive clearly the *spirit* in which Mr. Hunt's book is written—which is the most important circumstance to consider in forming an opinion of it: and not a great deal more of metaphysics to discover, that the mere relative positions of Mr. Hunt and Lord Byron, while they were in Italy, must inevitably have led to quarrel and enmity, if the parties had both been the most virtuous people in the world.

In the year 1815—just to illustrate this view—Mr. Hunt being then the Editor of the Examiner Newspaper, and in prison for a libel upon the king, of rather an offensive nature, Lord Byron visited him, and paid him some attention. It occurred to the parties suddenly—probably because they were both poets—to “swear an eternal friendship:” an arrangement not very wise on the side of Mr. Hunt; who, if he disdained the homely apologue of “the two pots that floated on the stream,”\* might have recollected the more elegantly conveyed counsel of Selden—“To have nothing to do, in business or pleasure, with men much stronger and more powerful than yourself.” The intimacy, however, grew rapidly familiar; and Mr. Hunt, who had been quizzing and railing at “lords” all his life, thought, that, on the sudden—by way of return—the whole peerage had voted that he should be considered a “lord” himself. He took Lord Byron's opinion upon his MS. works: and Lord Byron shewed him Lady Byron's MS. letters: two measures of confidence perfectly well calculated to bring about an immortal hatred between brothers within a month. In due season, Mr. Hunt dedicated his poem of Rimini to “my dear Byron!” on which dedication, it has been said, that Lord Byron made a very illiberal remark. However this may have been, the “my dear Byron,” we rather suspect, overshoot the mark of his Lordship's companionability; for, from that time, the ardour of the friendship seems rather to have declined.†

Shortly after this event, Lord Byron went abroad; ceasing altogether to think of Mr. Hunt; but not ceasing—the devil is in the notice of these great men!—to be thought of by him. And the careers of the two acquaintances, as regarded their personal fortune as well as literary

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\* *Le pot de fer, et le pot de terrain.*—“A certain river,” says the fabulist, “overflowing its banks, swept away the furniture of several cottages, and, among other moveables, two pots: one of earth, and the other of iron. The wind blew, and the waves were high, and the pots, which were near one another, were in danger of filling and being swamped. On which the iron vessel, which had the stouter heart of the two, called out to the other,—‘Courage, comrade! and fear nothing; for if any evil happens I will assist you.’—‘I return you many thanks,’ replied the earthen pot; ‘but if you wish to do me service, pray keep as far off as possible: for if any chance gust should drive us together, I must infallibly be dashed to pieces.’”

† When Mr. Hunt published Rimini, he dedicated it (as every body knows) to Lord Byron, in a familiar letter, beginning “My dear Byron,” &c. Lord Byron (thus says the story) on receiving a copy of the work, wrote against the head of the dedication—“Impudent varlet!” and either left the book carelessly about, or gave it away. The volume is said to have lately made its appearance: whence the hostility shewn to Lord Byron in the book before us. If this be true, it is a fact that does not tell at all against Mr. Hunt. His dedication was a very silly one, but equally so, whether it be true or not. The act would rather go to indicate a want of candour and good feeling on the part of Lord Byron, who ought not to have treated with contumely a man of talent, with whom he was upon terms at least approaching to familiar acquaintance.

fame, took somewhat opposite courses. Mr. Hunt, who had shewn (we think) great genius in Rimini, wrote nothing else, in the way of poetry, so good: and, from his not writing any thing new which was very striking, that which he had written fell a little into disremembrance and neglect. Some merciless critics, and jesters too, attacked him in "Blackwood;" and he came out of the contest any how rather than with success. In the meanwhile, radical politics got rather out of fashion; a fact which, added to the obstinate self-love with which the Examiner was conducted, considerably weakened the hold of that paper upon the town. And the result was, that Mr. Hunt, as he states himself—very manfully and candidly—was thrown, about the year 1821, with a large family, into heavy pecuniary difficulty.

All this time the farae and character of Lord Byron had been shooting upwards like a meteor—not blazing merely through the whole scope of the literary horizon—but dazzling and attracting all the world! He was the first poet, the first wit, and the first infidel of the age: and a libertine, and a "peer of the realm," to boot. He wandered over Europe and Asia, with the retinue almost of a prince: and with more than the *prestige*, and the welcome, of a sovereign. The great "doffed their caps" to him: the crowd shouted for him: the women fell in love with him (as they would have done if he had been the devil, while so much fuss was made about him): and the very choice spirits of the age confessed his supremacy. His picture was copied: his name was forged: his fopperies were fashion: his words were gold—measured even by the syllable: and his very footman was called "Leporello!" He lived abroad: for the stern coldness of our English habits cramped and chilled him. He dwelt in an Italian palace. Led the life, half of a Sybarite, half of a freebooter. Consorted with all tempers that were high, and bold, and free. Lounged upon sofas: practised ballfiring on horseback: and had a Tuscan countess (a married woman) for his concubine. The slightest consideration ought to have been sufficient to shew, that such a man must be the most unmanageable creature in existence! He would have all the impertinencies which attach to rank: superadding those which belong to genius: and again adding (ten times greater than either) those that wait upon success. He would be as aristocratic as an ensign in the Guards; and as vain as a popular actor. Splendour, and vice—and even folly—might dwell, unchecked with him; but at the thought of homeliness—or "vulgarity"—a coat cut north of Oxford-street—he necessarily fainted. Satan himself—unless he might have wrought some fear on such a rogue, could never have lived with him. Theodore Hook—between his jokes and his judgment in Hermitage—would have managed him better than any body else that we can just now think of. But, to Lord Byron—thus situated—six years elapsed since he had even seen him—ignorant of all the tastes and even habits belonging to the contract called "fashionable society," and, what was worse, proposing to despise them—to live with Lord Byron in his house, and be his literary coadjutor—his associate—and domestic companion—and at all points most peremptorily and uncompromisingly—his equal!—to do all this, which Belzebub in person never could have done, unless he could have played three characters at once—a wit, a dandy, and a man of wealth into the bargain!—out came Mr. Hunt to Pisa—his very conveyance over absolutely paid for with a loan of Byron's money—without a shilling in the world—without a notion beyond "Port and Sherry"—and

with the very material (though amiable) incumbrances of a wife and six children!

Now such a conjunction as this, even between the two persons of all the earth most suited to agree with each other, must have been unhappy. Co-habitation never succeeds—even where individuals are upon a footing of real equality. Every man feels such a virtuous indignation against the vices or follies—even of his nearest friends, that the very moment two people know one another perfectly—except in the single case of man and wife—(where the law interferes to prevent it)—the acquaintance always ceases. In a case like that of Mr. Hunt and Lord Byron, the disgust must have been immediate. In fact, it was so: Mr. Hunt himself shews that it was so. But, unfortunately, the very course which he adopts when he discovers this dilemma, is even more mad or injudicious than the miscalculation which had brought him into it.

As soon as a man of ordinary tact, perceived that Lord Byron felt the advantage of his position: that he counted “money” as “money,” “rank” for “rank,” and superiority as a thing worth having:—as soon as Lord Byron exhibited those dispositions—to excess—without some previous provocation—which in Mr. Hunt’s case it is not quite made out that he did do—a reasonable man ought to have perceived that there could be no choice, for him, but in submission, or separation. Instead of which, directly he finds that *he is in a place where he ought not to be*, our author proceeds—bound absolutely hand and foot—and helpless and incapable—to increase the difficulty of his position by assumption and offence in it! In truth—it is difficult to catch from Mr. Hunt’s own story—the exact dates of particular occurrences—which nevertheless are highly material: but nothing is more certain than that Mr. Hunt’s mode of entertaining Lord Byron *in his own house*, might have very well induced a more patient man to wish him out of it.

Mr. Hunt, for instance, it appears, was no sooner located, so that he had hold of Lord Byron at all occasions, than he found it an extremely convenient opportunity to moot a great variety of abstract questions with him. And among these was the somewhat delicate one—considering the comparative rank and education of the two parties—of his lordship’s personal gentility! Adverting to their differences on that point, he tells the reader deliberately—“I have reason to think that the opinions *I entertained of breeding and refinement, puzzled him extremely!*” &c.

And, in other places, discussing the elements of the same subject, he adds—“He” (Byron) “was not a good judge.” “His notion of what was *gentlemanly in appearance* was a purely conventional one, and could include nothing *higher*.”

In another place we find, that “He” (still Byron) “had *no address*, even in the *ordinary* sense of the word; and *hummed*, and *hawed*, and looked confused on very trivial occasions!”—The whole of which might be true (although we don’t at all admit that it was true): but, true or otherwise, in Mr. Hunt’s situation, he certainly shewed no wisdom in dwelling upon it.

On another occasion, it appears that Byron’s mental weaknesses, as well as his bodily carriage, it was his excellent friend’s care from time to time to correct and improve. He affected sometimes to imitate the tone of Dr. Johnson; and used to like to say—“Why, Sir!” in a high and mouthing way, looking about him. On which, catching a happy



occasion, Mr. Hunt determines, at once, to reform this folly; and quotes to him, when he says "Why, Sir!" Peter Pindar's parodies—

"Dear Dr. Johnson was in size an ox!" &c.

Which passages, "excellent as they were" (Mr. Hunt adds, with much simplicity) "his lordship *hardly seemed to relish!*"

It was not by Mr. Hunt alone, neither, that Lord Byron (in his own house) was to be taught, that the habits and opinions common to persons in his condition were entirely ridiculous and erroneous! Mrs. Hunt also "was destitute, *in a remarkable degree*, of all care about rank and titles." "In fact, *absolutely unimpressible* in that respect." Her "indifference" to all "conventional distinctions and pretensions, partook of that sense of the *ludicrous*, which is so *natural* to persons to whom they" (the distinctions) "are of *no consequence*, and so *provoking* to those who regard them otherwise!" &c. &c. Lord Byron, it is stated, further on, very speedily discerned that he did not "stand very high" in this lady's "good graces."—"As I oftener went," says Mr. Hunt, "to his part of the house, than he came to mine, he seldom saw her: and when he did, the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed on hers!" "He said to her one day—'What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals!' 'It is the first time,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'I ever heard of them.' This completely dashed and reduced him to silence!"—A bowl of water would have "dashed" Sir William Garrow "into silence:" but there is a difference between a bowl of water and a witticism, notwithstanding.

But we go beyond "Mrs." Hunt. "The children," (this is still in Byron's own dwelling place!) "than whom I will venture to say, that it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in any house, he (Byron) pronounced to be impracticable!"—Honest man! *Misere succurrere!* Our opinion of "boys" has appeared in this Magazine before to-day!

The worst of it was, that, when they (the children) came in his way, they were nothing daunted. They had lived in a natural, not an artificial state of intercourse, and were equally sprightly, respectful, and self-possessed:

"My eldest boy surprised him" (this is still Byron) "with his address! never losing his *singleness* of manner," &c. &c. On another occasion, his lordship utters something so weak and ridiculous, that "my two eldest boys, who are in the next room, were obliged to stifle their laughter."—The satisfaction of possessing such inmates, must be obviously indescribable!

And, by the time the "boys" have done "surprising" him, Mr. Hunt himself is ready again.—In another place, our author proceeds, Lord Byron was "very bitter upon some friends of mine; criticising their personal appearance, and that in no good taste. All this provoked me to mortify him; and I asked him, 'If he knew what Mrs. Hunt had said one day to the Shelleys of his picture by Harlowe? It is the fastidious, scornful portrait of him, affectedly looking down. He said 'he did not; and was curious to know.' An engraving of it, I told him, was shewn her; and her opinion asked: upon which she observed, that 'it resembled a great schoolboy, who had had a plain bun given him instead of a plum one.' He looked as blank as possible; and never again criticised the personal appearance of those whom I regarded!'"

Now the patience of human nature has its limits. It was perfectly justifiable for Mr. Hunt to vilify kings and princes, and sneer at "conventional pretensions," and Pall Mall precedencies, in the Examiner newspaper. He might have laughed at the folly of aristocracy, and its insolence; and castigated its emptiness and its profligacy; and proved that a "lord" was no more in the scale of creation than a louse, to his heart's content, while he sat in his study at Paddington. But he had no right to go into the company, and sit down in the habitation, of Lord Byron, for the purpose of uttering such crudities: and he had less than prudence to hold out such temptations to any man, in whose power his own folly had entirely placed him; and from whom he was at this very time, as he himself states, receiving that constant pecuniary assistance, without which it was impossible for him and his family to live!

A man must possess superhuman self-command, to be able to pardon annoyance, where the attack is evidently wilful, and the means of punishment easy and at hand. For the slights, or inflictions, which Mr. Hunt received at Byron's hands, it is difficult not to see that his own conduct was irresistibly calculated to provoke them. When he suggests that "Mrs. Hunt"—apart from any "conventionally" moral objection—had no desire to know the Countess Guiccioli; and speaks of that lady as nothing more than "a buxom parlour boarder." Or when Byron is found to be "too poor a logician even to provoke an argument!!" Or where one cause of the failure of the *Liberal* is, that the people were disappointed—"they find that, *without the name*, they could not discover Lord Byron's writing *from other people's*." Or where Mr. Hunt perceives the ridiculousness of heraldic distinctions, and of people's sealing their letters with "maxims, and mottoes, and stately moralities." All these suggestions of Mr. Hunt's, together with his other innumerable corrections of Byron's faults, were most unluckily suited to the *locality* (LORD BYRON'S OWN MANSION) in which Mr. Hunt was placed. And when he talked to Lord Byron of the "good cause:" and of setting up the *Liberal* "to restore the fortunes of a battered race of patriots;" of himself, as necessarily excused from ordinary rules of conduct and government, because he was a "patriot:" and of his brother, who printed the magazine, as "a better patriot than a bookseller!"—all that the noble lord would perceive from such illuminations, was that the best of "causes" could not sweeten every alliance: and that even "patriots"—their brothers, and wives, and eldest boys, and even acquaintances—might be the most unendurable persons in the world.

Now, all these simple truths, and all the mortifications which he would have to endure at Pisa, Mr. Hunt might have known before he went there. He meant to do nothing that was degrading or mean: but there was gross folly, and we are afraid an unlucky vanity and overrated self-estimation, in what he did, notwithstanding. His own plea of "necessity," men in general will treat with very little reverence; and, for ourselves, we go much farther—we will not receive it at all. If the absence of wealth could cast discredit upon Mr. Hunt, we would not advert to the fact, although he himself relies upon it: but it cannot do this; and Mr. Hunt knows that it cannot. Poverty (sordid as the world's feeling passes to be) is only discreditable, because it is the *prima facie* evidence of the want of those powers which should enable a man to become rich. No one (as Mr. Hazlitt observes) sneers at the poverty of a soldier, or of a clergyman! if we look shy at a poor advocate, or a poor physician,

it is because we associate with this poverty want of estimation, and, by consequence, the want of that merit by which competence should be acquired. Now, Mr. Hunt stands beyond the scope of this suspicion: every body knows that he has the faculty to acquire competence, if he is content to exert it: And, therefore (like truth), he may be "blamed," but not "shamed," by its absence. But the truth is, that Mr. Hunt's plea of "poverty" for joining Lord Byron, is an imposition—and an imposition which will not pass upon the public, though we have no doubt it passed upon himself. Mr. Hunt was not poor. He had no business to be poor. Every body who knows any thing of literary details, knows that he could have gained a livelihood, and more than a livelihood (at the time when he went to Pisa), by the fair exercise of his talents in England. But it suited his *taste* better to go; and his vanity deluded him to think that *he* could go—no one else in his situation could have gone—but *he* could go, with honour and credit. He believed that the world really was fairy ground; and that a *dictum* from the printing-office in Catherine-street must necessarily be received all over it as a "general order." That "the editor of the Examiner" "could do no wrong;" and that "the gods took care of people who wrote such books as *Foliage*, and *Rimini*." He found, to his rather cost, that the world entertained a very different doctrine: that every body in Italy counted a pound note to be just twenty shillings; and that Lord Byron counted *it* so too.

Under such circumstances, for all ends but for the amusement which it has afforded to the public, and the money which it has brought to the author and the publisher, Mr. Hunt's book would have been better left unwritten. A man of his professions and ostentatiously proclaimed opinions should not have become the *attaché* (we wish to use the least offensive term possible) of Lord Byron, or any other "lord." Diogenes was a king while he spurned the gifts of Alexander: but what would he have been two hours afterwards, if the tub had been found empty, and the late occupant smirking at the palace gate? The tone and temper of the matter relative to Lord Byron, pretty nearly answers the matter itself; and the sorrows of the writer, on his own account, will excite little sympathy in the minds of his friends, while they afford dangerous handles for ridicule to any who may be his enemies. Lord Byron (with all his genius) was a splenetic, self-willed, flattery-spoiled, and not very generous man! Who is there ever read his works, and considered his extraordinary fortunes, that will either be surprised at this result, or find exceeding matter for accusation in it? And even this is the account delivered by a man whose anger he provoked; who had opportunities of detecting his ill qualities (where he had any), such as proverbially no character can resist; whose whole narrative is a history written to assure the reader, that there never was a jot of difference between Byron's personal importance and his (the writer's) own; and who doubts, most liberally, every tolerable quality of his Lordship—from his personal courage, down to the number of shawls he gave Madame Guiccioli—without troubling himself to record many facts, in support of this great variety of suspicion.

This notice, however, has carried us farther than we intended; and it only remains to say a few words upon the execution of the work generally; which we may do very shortly—for it is very lively and agreeable. Only a small portion of it relates to the affairs of Lord Byron; and the remainder is filled up by notices of Mr. Hunt's early literary life; of his voyage



to Leghorn ; and of the gifts and capacities of a great many of his literary friends. One or two persons, we believe, are a good deal offended at certain disclosures contained in this part of the book ; but the quarrels of authors generally will be viewed with indifference—excepting as matters of recreation—by the public. The greater part of Mr. Hunt's minor reminiscences are rather of a laudatory character ; and for the parties whom he has attacked, we confess we think—the less *they* say about “personalities,” the better.

A paragraph in the Courier newspaper, of the 25th of February, contains the following extraordinary narration, Court of Common Pleas. Sittings at Nisi Prius, before Mr. Justice Burrough and common Juries. The court was occupied this day, in trying cases of no importance except to the parties. In an action, which had been brought by the assignees of a bankrupt, to recover some property that had been in the bankrupts possession, Mr. Serjeant Adams, having occasion to allude to the manner of proceeding in Basinghall Street (the Bankrupt Court) drew a very unamiable picture of the gentlemen who exercise judicial functions in this part of the City. After a great deal of general imputation, the learned Serjeant came to more specific charges against the Commissioners ; and stated, among other matters of the same sort, that often—“even when corporeally present, they were mentally absent.” When Mr. Justice Burrough came to charge the jury, he fixed upon that part of the learned Serjeant's address, “and said, that he felt it his duty to say, that the assertion of the learned Serjeant, that the Commissioners, “though corporeally present were mentally absent,” was “*a monstrous falsehood.*” His lordship varied the expression of his opinion several times, by calling the assertion which had been made at the bar a “down right falsity,” and an “infamous calumny.” He said, that he himself had been a Commissioner of Bankrupts for more than thirty years : and could, from his own experience testify that the assertion, of the learned Serjeant had no foundation in truth. He afterwards very highly eulogized the present Commissioners ; and said, that some of the most eminent men in the profession of the law had filled that office.”—Our faith in the accuracy of newspaper reports, does not (with occasional cases of exceptions)—go to a very catholic belief in the notices of evening papers ; which are prepared, even subject to greater haste than newspaper intelligence in general. And we should be almost inclined to think there must be some mistake in the paragraph before us. It certainly was a odd part of any learned Judge's “duty,” to call an assertion made by a learned Serjeant (unless it conveyed a personal reflection upon himself) a “monstrous falsehood.” But, a-part from the precise phraseology, if his lordship has taken up in any strong terms the defence of the proceedings before the Commissioners in Bankruptcy, he will find that he is mistaken. Whatever the conduct and constitution of those petty tribunals may have been, during the “thirty years of his experience,” we have no hesitation in stating—and there is not a single respectable attorney in London who is not capable of testifying to the truth of our affirmation—that, at present, the system of proceedings before the Commissioners of Bankrupts, is a disgrace to the legislature that permits its endurance. There is not a portion of our legal system so notorious for job, and personal insolence, and injustice : and the manner in which business is conducted resembles the etiquette of the Five's court, more than the decency and attention which should mark the transaction of a judicial tribunal. It is a strange proof of the

ignorance in which members of all things that exist immediately about them, that Mr. Justice Burrough should not be aware, that the management of business before the Commissioner of Bankrupts is universally considered the very scandal of the legal profession. It is most costly to parties: and very much objected to by the respectable solicitors concerned in Bankrupt business. We have by us (as the thing happens) a great number of communications upon this very subject: and shall take an early opportunity of more directly addressing ourselves to it.

The practice of sewing ladies in bags, and throwing them into the sea—Vide Byron's *Giaour*, and all other Turkish authorities—though favoured in modern times in the East, does not clearly appear to have been of Ottoman origin.—In the reign of Charles the 6th of France, a historian of the time (Juvenal des Ursins) says, it was the custom to enclose persons who gave offence at court, in a similar manner: and to throw the sacks in, at high tide, to swim down the river; with a large label attached to them, on which was written—*Laissez passer la justice du Roi!*"

In the same reign (A. D. 1405) Charles's Queen, Isabella of Bavaria, was extravagantly given to the vices of sloth, fine dressing, and gourmandise. The main occupations of this princess consisted in the devouring of meats, and the amassing of money; between which, engagements, she relaxed from time to time, in regulating the costume of the ladies of her court—which was so excessive—particularly in the item of an enormous and perfectly indescribable head-dress—that it was with difficulty the unfortunate bearers could make their way through the narrow doors and passages of the times, in passing, on their affairs, from one chamber to another. The Queen herself, wore the same garb; but were less incommoded by the disability it produced; as, already, from her excessive *embonpoint* (occasioned by her eating) it was difficult for her even to walk, and, while Regent of the kingdom, for this cause she declined always appearing at the councils.—An Augustin monk, even in that day of despotism however, who had courage to strike at the follies of his time, acquired great reputation by the firmness with which, even in the Queen's hearing, he attacked her Majesty's vices, and those of her subjects and dependants.—“Great Queen!” said the valiant ecclesiastic, who was known by the name of Jacques le Grand, in the course of a sermon delivered on some state occasion, before the whole court and in the Royal presence—“Great Queen! I could well wish that my duty could accord with the desire which I feel, to say nothing here that shall not be welcome. But your souls health is more dear to me than your favour; and, even though I should be so unfortunate as to displease, it is impossible for me not to exclaim against the empire which the goddess of pleasure and effeminacy has established in your court. She has for her inseparable attendants, sloth and good cheer; who turn day into night, and pass that in dances and dissolute revelry. And these two scourges of virtue do not only corrupt the morals they enervate the strength and the courage of your subjects. They hold in bonds and shameful idleness, your feeble knights and esquires, and make them shun the battle, to which they would rather rush, if honour as heretofore were only to be acquired in it; or if they did not dread lest these effeminate forms, by wounds should be disfigured!”—Passing from this point to the luxury of dress, which was the chief passion of the Queen, and after having condemned its indulgence for a thousand satisfactory causes—he added—“Your Court, Madame, is but too

clearly convicted of this disorder, as of many others: and, if that which I say appear a matter of doubt to you, put on the garb of a poor woman, walk through the city, and hear what is the discourse, and the complaints of all societies."—*Sismondi*.

The facility with which the lower classes in all countries, have of speaking languages which they do not understand, must have been observed by all travellers. Nothing was more common, during the war in the Peninsula, than to hear a private soldier, who could not utter one word of Portuguese or Spanish, undertaking to interpret for his less intuitively instructed master;—and actually going on to pronounce a long discourse, in very pure English, to some postilion or muleteer—every word of which, by some strange gramarye, the party addressed seemed to understand! The same faculty is occasionally found about town, in certain of the agents employed for packet boats and coach offices; and one man in particular, was retained at Hatchett's in Piccadilly, for several years, as a linguist: no person ever appearing to be aware that he was guiltless of all tongues but his vernacular. On one occasion, when this person distinguished himself, a Frenchman, just as the mails were leaving Piccadilly, made a mistake, and got into the wrong vehicle: an error not very uncommon among Englishmen, who commonly avoid asking a question if the ceremony can be in any way dispensed with.—He got into the Portsmouth mail—or some coach of equally opposite destination—being "booked" to go to Bath. No one was at hand, who spoke French; and the erroneous stranger spoke no language but his own; and great confusion and difficulty ensued, until 'Jack White,' hearing the uproar, came up.—"I say, Jack!" said the coachman,—"you speak French! I wish you'd tell this d——d Frenchman that I don't go to Bath,—he can't go along with me!" White opened the door, thrust his head into the vehicle, and laying his hand upon the Frenchman's arm, exclaimed simply,—"I say, Mounseer!—I'm d——d if you haven't got into the wrong coach!"—The Frenchman understood immediately. The authoress of a very odd and pious work, called 'Three years in Italy,' describing her voyage from England to Leghorn, gives another example of this sort of readiness of expression,—"A pilot," the lady says, (this was off some port in the Mediterranean) "came to our assistance at early dawn, to whom I tried to speak *Italian*, but failed. He (the pilot,) made nearly as unsuccessful an attempt to speak *English*, which also failed. Our Captain then ordered breakfast to be prepared; but, as it consisted of nothing but salt herrings, and mouldy biscuit, the pilot would not partake of it. The Captain, however, (these are the people never at a loss)—supposing that he could object to the fare, thought it was *modesty* that kept him back, and frequently cried out '*munge, munge*,' by way of speaking *French* to him, to encourage him to eat."

We omitted to include in our above estimate of considerable new works, the publication of the late Mr. Canning's speeches, which has been undertaken in a very splendid style by Ridgway. This work, a considerable portion of which had the advantage of Mr. Canning's personal revision, should not be mixed up with any of the hasty and unauthorised collections which have before appeared to the same purpose. The *recueil* itself forms a valuable adjunct to the collected speeches of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and various other leading parliamentary orators. It is remarkably well got up; with a portrait of Mr. Canning, from a bust by Chantrey;—and a curious example, in typo-lithography, of the right hon. gentleman's M.S. corrections of the report of one of his



speeches upon the recent expedition to Portugal. Upon the editing too (performed by Mr. Therry), considerable attention seems to have been bestowed.

The Council of Health of Paris has recommended, as a rule to be enforced in all future buildings, in that capital, that the maximum of height of houses shall never exceed the width of the street in which they stand. This regulation, the report says, will have three good effects: the streets of the city will be always cleaner, the ventilation better, and the accumulation of too large a population, upon any given space, will be prevented. The mortality of the city, during the year 1826, is stated at 26,000 souls, of whom 9,000 died in the hospitals and charitable institutions. The number of deaths, dividing males and females, is pretty nearly equal. One-fifth of the whole number—this is a curious fact—are stated to have died of inflammations in the bowels. The number of suicides has increased considerably in Paris, within the last few years. In 1824 there were 371 suicides; in 1825, they increased to 396; and in 1826 the number had risen to 511.

The same periodical that supplies us with the above table, gives an account of the judicial proceedings in all the criminal courts of Spain, in the same year (1826), which exhibits some curious characteristics of offence. The number of "homicides" tried—this includes all cases of death produced by violence, murder as well as manslaughter—amount to 1,233; and the cases of robbery, including embezzlements and breaches of trust, only to 2,260: an enormous extent of crimes of violence, as compared with those of theft. These "homicides" are counted independent of 13 "infanticides"—a lower rate, probably, of the same description of crime than we find among us in England—five poisonings—one cannibalism!—the account adds, that this enormity took place in Catalonia—and 1,773 cases of "wounds and maiming." The number of blasphemers, too, punished, is enormous—no less than 2,763. The total amount of offences, tried within the year, is 12,939; and this arises upon a population of about 11,500,000; making one offender for every 885 souls. This is a much higher rate than we find in France or England; where the average of criminals does not exceed one in 1,200 persons: rather the lowest average of the two, in our own country.

The French writer who notices the above table, takes considerable credit to France and England, for the comparatively minor amount of crime in those countries, which he attributes to their higher state of intelligence and civilization. It must be recollected, however, that in the account of the 12,939 annual criminals of Spain, nearly one-fourth of the whole (2,763), are "blasphemers;" and another fourth (2,782), come under the head of "sundry excesses;" among which (as pretty nearly every known description of crime is elsewhere specified under a distinct head), a good deal of religious, and some political sin, may probably be counted. In England, for example, all our crime is "effective;" we have had but one "blasphemer"—Mr. Robert Taylor—for a considerable time. Taking off the blasphemy, therefore, and the "sundry excesses"—which is certainly a suspicious item—the scale of crime would be lower—as set against the amount of population—in Spain than in France and England! But all tables of this kind are necessarily uncertain. The amount of crime set forth in them will depend quite as much upon the condition of the police as upon the state of morality—upon the quantity of crime detected, and tried or punished, as upon that which actually takes place among the community.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Sayings and Doings. Third Series.* 3 vols. 12mo; 1828.—This new series has more of the peculiar and best properties of the writer than either of the preceding. He is essentially a caricaturist—the painter, but in our days the incomparable painter of the coarse and broad; but whenever his genius pricks him to chaster scenes—to the serious rather than the ridiculous, his natural *penchant* compels him to deepen the shades and heighten the glare beyond the truths of fact, which help, at the same time, to conceal the deformities of his sketches. There is always, in his truest efforts, something of extravagance—something that smacks of the essence of farces and political squibbings, and forces upon us the assurance that *there* is his element, and almost the wish that there he would continue to revel and triumph. The low and the ludicrous—the worthless and the profligate—these are the characters he delights to trace, and he does trace them, it must be allowed, with more of the genuine spirit of the older novelists than any of his cotemporaries. He has studied in the school of Smollet; and, like that great master, has not the skill, perhaps not the patience, to copy closely the features of nature; his powers shew more like those of the “grand carver” than the anatomist, and his dexterity consists less in separating and dissecting than in slicing and slashing. He has, in short, a natural tact and felicity in detecting the vulgar and absurd, and, of course, out of a given quantity of these choice materials, is able to make more of them than others, whose propensities take a more refined and bearable direction. He must accordingly be placed at the head of his class; he justly assumes a priority and pre-eminence in this his peculiar department, and claims it indeed as all his own. We know none who can at all contest the palm with him, and in Gervase Skinner he has out-heroded Herod. In the volumes before us, at least in one of the tales, the writer assumes a bolder moral tone than formerly: and occasionally even a sermonizing one, which sits rather awkwardly upon him. Of one of his heroines, he says—“she had no counsellor on earth; she had not been instructed to appeal to one in heaven, who, *almighty as he is*, would have aided, strengthened, and sustained her.” This language appears to him, no doubt, to be full of unction—pious and orthodox; but it is evidently that of one little familiar with the usual style of these things—so little, that when he attempts a shot, the chances are ten to one he misses.

The present series comprises two tales only; the first, entitled *Cousin William*, is the tale not so much of *Cousin William* as of *Cousin Caroline*. Caroline is the daughter of an elderly country gentleman, a vale-

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. V. No. 27.

tudinarian, and married to a second wife, devoted equally with himself to medicine—both disciples of Dr. Buchan, and very facetiously, in consequence, called *Bucehanneers*—not only swearing by him, but yielding up their souls and bowels to his absolute guidance. So much is their attention absorbed in looking after their real and imaginary maladies, that the young lady's propensities are lost sight of, and suffered to pursue their growth in their own direction. She is a very charming girl nevertheless—full of generosity and general amiableness, but untaught to check her fancies and feelings; and, mingling scarcely at all with her equals, she is little informed of the decorums of life, and of course entertains little veneration for them. She has a cousin in the guards, whose visits to his uncle have been frequent, and, as Caroline grew up to womanhood, more frequent still, till her affections, insensibly, become wholly his. He is a profligate of the deepest dye, but of that Caroline knows little, and what she does, she is ready to palliate. He at last ruins himself and his father, and his only resource is a match with the heiress of a noble family, but of few perfections, with one eye, but thousands of acres. A few weeks before the day fixed for the marriage he visits his cousin, and communicates his designs, and affects not to know anything of the state of her feelings,—but now, on discovering the truth, he pours forth imprecations and curses on his own folly; first, in thus having unwittingly engaged his charming cousin's affection, and next, on the dice and the turf, that have driven him to link himself with the noble monope.

Just at this period, very unexpectedly, Sir Mark Terrington, of the neighbourhood—a *spooney*, as the author, if he were describing him in one word, would call him—offers his hand and fortune. The young lady, passionately devoted as she is to her precious cousin, is not precipitate in rejecting these offers; she takes time to deliberate, that is, to consult her cousin, who at once advises acceptance, and secretly secures the alliance of her own maid. With this damsel, *Cousin William* had held a brief *liaison*, and, in obedience to her cue, she does not hesitate to suggest, that a marriage with Sir Mark need be no impediment to the progress or the indulgence of their affections. The young lady, as yet comparatively unsophisticated, spurns the base suggestion, but forgets to dismiss the artful agent; and considering that home is uncomfortable, that Sir Mark is rich, that her cousin cannot marry two wives, and therefore is lost to her, and that his new and brilliant connexion will, as he tells her, introduce her into the gay world, she finally, but not unreluctantly, consents to the marriage.

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But before Cousin William had completed his own marriage, he, being too loose of soul to control his own tongue, had suffered certain offensive expressions, and still more offensive conduct, to reach the lady's ears, and on his arrival at the noble lady's castle, finds the door closed against him, and all his hopes completely baffled. What was to be done? He bethinks himself that Caroline has eight or ten thousands, of which he might as well get possession, and he flies accordingly on the wings of rapacity to clutch them—assuring her that he has abandoned the dreams of wealth; and the lady, who was to realize them for her dear charming self—and tempts her to elope with him; but just as she and her woman are stepping into the carriage, he is arrested for debt; and she is thus rescued from present ruin. The consequence of which, at last, is, the marriage with Sir Mark takes place, and Cousin William flies to the continent, and the curtain drops for one and twenty years.

At the end of that period the curtain is again drawn up, and the same parties re-appear. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte*; true as this may be, there are many gradations from innocence to infamy; but these it was convenient to cut; and accordingly, at the end of one and twenty years, Caroline is exhibited as the gay and revelling wife of Sir Mark, and Cousin William, as Sir William, the brave and successful commander, covered with honours, and ribands, and stars, and in close attendance on Lady Terrington. His gallantries towards her are open, and excite remark; he is domiciliated with her, but Sir Mark, gouty, stupid, and confiding, sees nothing. She has, however, a son, a noble-minded youth, devoted to his fond mother to admiration, and believing her unspotted as an angel. At length his suspicions, however, are awakened. The old Abigail is now turned methodist, and, to indulge her spleen and spite, and in obedience to her new principles, she hints to the son at the intrigue going on between his mother and Sir William, and actually makes him supervisor of Sir William's passage, in the dead of night, from his mother's chamber. Distracted between his thirst for vengeance, and his shrinking from the exposure of his mother, he hesitates, but at last withdraws to a retired ale-house in the neighbourhood, under the pretence of fishing, and leaves a note for Sir William to meet him there forthwith, on pressing business. On his way to this rendezvous, Sir William is encountered by the old Abigail, who reveals the disclosure she herself had made; he proceeds nevertheless, and on his arrival finds the youth stretched lifeless on the floor, the suicidal victim of embarrassment and shame. The mother runs mad, and Sir William betakes himself to the continent, and pursues his career of profligacy—

and what finally becomes of him the writer says not.

The other story, entitled *Gervase Skinner*, is intended to illustrate the adage of penny wise and pound foolish; and low, and vulgar, and disgusting as much of it is, presents a capital specimen of the author's peculiar powers. He is here quite at home. The story is mixed up with theatricals, and all his knowledge of stage trickeries and green-room wit is brought into play. Skinner is a man of large property, living in Somersetshire, the author's native county, it should seem, from the style of panegyric he thinks it his duty to pour upon it. He is an under-bred man, and ambitious of the reputation of liberality—to be purchased, however, on the most moderate terms. He is very fond of the stage, and in the habit of entertaining the principals of a company of strollers in their periodical visits, by which he gains the free run of the theatre. On one occasion of this kind a new star appears, who attracts his admiration—apparently from her skill in frying tripe, and beef-steaks and onions. Though accompanied by her husband, Skinner is not deterred from offering his gallantries. Mrs. Fugglestone sees she has found a pigeon, and resolves to pluck him. She quarrels with the manager, and flies to pour her complaints into Skinner's ear, and having an engagement in town, she schemes to get up at his cost. Skinner also wants to get his carriage to town, and thinks he has met with a capital opportunity of doing so without expense, and of appearing liberal too into the bargain. He saddles the party also with his own man, who is to ride in the dickey—he himself meaning to go on the top of the Exeter coach. All being ready to start, the lady takes him aside, and tells him they have no money at hand to pay the posting, and begs to borrow only £50, to be repaid as soon as he comes to town. Though a little astounded, he can refuse nothing, but comforts himself with the prospect of getting up his carriage and man, gratis, at all events. Arrived at Hatchett's, he evades dining, and goes almost supperless to bed to save expense. He refuses the guard a shilling, and, in consequence, loses his trunk, which, though he finally recovers it, costs him many pounds to accomplish. Though determined to go and live on his new friends in Martlett-court, the husband is much too sharp for him, and contrives to breakfast and dine and dine and breakfast splendidly at his cost, till at last Skinner takes refuge at the Hummums, where nothing but beds are to be had. In the meanwhile no money is forthcoming from Mrs. Fugglestone, and, moreover, he finds his man had defrayed the expenses of posting, notwithstanding the £50. He however continues his visits, and by degrees is persuaded by the lady to buy a horse and gig, and drive her about



for the indispensable benefit of her health. The horse, though worth 150 guineas, he buys for 50 guineas, of he knows not whom, and very shortly it is seized as a stolen horse; and at the same time the husband discovers his wife and Skinner had slept in the same apartment a few miles from town. The husband forthwith visits him with an attorney, and he is frightened into a compromise of £2,000; and finally, on the lady's being abandoned, as she pretended, by her husband, is induced to settle £150 a year upon her.

Thus, however, getting rid of the connexion, he proceeds on his original destination, that is, to marry the daughter of an old friend of his, who had left her £15,000, on condition that she shall marry Skinner, or the money go to a charity school. The young lady had never seen Skinner, and before his arrival had bestowed her affections on a youthful and accomplished, but penniless, artist. On his journey his carriage breaks down, and being mistaken for somebody else, he is taken to a private mad-house, just out of the road, and being there pretty obstreperous, his head is shaven, and he is put to bed in a long shirt. Escaping at last from this embarrassment, but not recovering his curls, he presents himself, thus cropped, to his lovely bride, and almost as soon as he arrives, he finds, to his amazement, Mr. and Mrs. Fugglestone apparently on the most amicable terms. Certain disclosures of course follow, which encourage the young lady to avow her determination to renounce him and the money; but luckily for the young people, it turns out, Skinner had himself made the will, to spare the expense of a lawyer, and had made it in the teeth of the statute of mortmain. Skinner quits the place in a rage, and Mrs. Fugglestone contrives to fasten herself on him again; and, in their way to town, he learns by the papers that his house is burnt to the ground, and again, on reaching town, no money is forthcoming on some Irish mortgages—a new claimant appearing for the property; and thus he finds himself with scarcely a shilling. Mrs. Fugglestone of course cuts and runs; but the young artist has just gained £30,000 by the lottery, from a ticket which had been Skinner's, and which he had parted with at a trifling profit, and he and his bride, with her £15,000, being now wealthy people, take compassion on Skinner, and provide him with a residence; and, eventually, through their means, he recovers some portion of his property, and turns out, moreover, an altered man.

*Correspondence and Memoir of Lord Collingwood; 1828.*—These letters will be read with interest—not so much for any novelty of information they contain—not so much for clearing up obscurities and supplying deficiencies in the events of battles, and the histories of negotiations—not so

much for exhibiting the actions of individuals, or sketching the characters of nations—though something of all these they will do—as for the portrait, plain and simple, they present of an honest man, possessed of a sound, if not of a very enlightened judgment—fond of his profession, and understanding it—sensible of his duties, and zealously performing them—pursuing his career with steady integrity—courting no man's favour, but relying on his substantial virtues for success, and happily winning it—of a man whose thoughts, though intensely bent on business, were yet anxiously cast upon his domestic felicities, upon his wife and daughters, upon his small but snug retreat in Northumberland, the charms of which he was wont to dwell upon with delight, but which he was not destined to enjoy.

Lord Collingwood was the son of a gentleman of good family and connexions, but of small property, settled at Newcastle, born in 1750, and sent to sea at the age of eleven, under the command of Captain, afterwards Admiral, Brathwaite, who had married a sister of the boy's mother. His kind and susceptible disposition was quickly remarked; the first lieutenant of the ship finding him shedding tears, when his friends left him on board, took pains to comfort and cheer him, which so won upon the child's feelings, that he led the lieutenant to his box, and gave him a bit of plum-cake. Under Captain Brathwaite's eye, his education was carefully attended to, and the foundation laid for the skill and knowledge of his profession, for which he was afterwards so much distinguished. With him he served many years, and, in 1774, when at Boston, was made a lieutenant, the day of the battle of Bunker's-hill. In 1776, as a lieutenant in the *Hornet* sloop, he was on the Jamaica station, where Nelson held the same rank on board the *Lowestoffe*. The young men were fast friends; and both being protégés and favourites of Sir P. Parker, it so happened, as Collingwood himself says, whenever Nelson got a step, he succeeded him, first in the *Lowestoffe*—then in the *Badger*, into which he was made commander in 1779, and afterwards in the *Hinchinbrooke*, a 28-gun frigate, which made them both Post Captains.

In the *Hinchinbrooke* he was employed on an expedition to the Spanish Main, where it was proposed to pass into the South Sea, by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan, and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon; but the plan failed, from the insurmountable difficulties of the country, and the fatal unwholesomeness of the climate. Out of the 200, which composed the crew of his own ship, he buried 180 in about four months. The other ships suffered in the same proportion, and of the transports, many sunk from being left lite-

rally without a man on board; but they were no longer wanted—the troops had all been swept away. In 1780, he commanded the *Pelican*, which was wrecked in a hurricane on the rocks of Morant Keys, where with difficulty they escaped on the sands, and remained for ten days on short commons, till a boat, despatched to Jamaica, returned with a frigate and took them off. After this mishap, he commanded the *Sampson*, a 64, which was paid off at the peace, but he himself was transferred to the *Mediator*, and was again with Nelson on the West India station till 1786, where he and Nelson took upon themselves the responsibility of enforcing the Navigation Laws—not hesitating what course to take, when the alternative was disobeying orders, and disobeying Acts of Parliament. This conduct, however, may be well supposed to have been the prompting of Nelson.

From the end of 1786 to the year 1790, Captain Collingwood was on shore, making the acquaintance, as he says, of his family, to whom his continued absence, from a child, had made him a stranger. In 1790, he was sent, under Admiral Cornish, to the West Indies, with an armament destined to act against the Spaniards; but affairs being quickly accommodated, he was soon at home again; and finding all chance of employment for the time over, he married, and continued on shore till the war broke out in 1793, and, with the exception of a few weeks, was constantly afloat till the end of it. In the action of the 1st of June, 1794, he commanded the *Barfleur*; but, though he received the thanks and congratulations of Admiral Bowyer, no notice was taken of him in Lord Howe's despatches; and in the distribution of medals his claims were overlooked. From the *Barfleur* he removed to the *Excellent*, and, in company with the fleet, was cruising in the Mediterranean, at Corsica, and along the coast of Italy, but chiefly stationed off Toulon, watching the French Fleet, nearly till the battle of St. Vincent's, Feb. 14, 1797, where he again distinguished himself, and where, moreover, his services were warmly acknowledged. "I did my duty," says he, "to the utmost of my ability, as I have ever done; that is acknowledged now, and there is the only real difference between this and the former action. Take it altogether, it is perhaps the most brilliant action upon record; and I cannot help feeling an almost spiteful satisfaction that Lord Howe is outdone." On this occasion, when Lord St. Vincent informed him he was to receive one of the medals, he refused to accept it, while the one for the 1st of June was withheld. "I feel," said he, "I was then improperly passed over, and to receive such a distinction now, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice."—"That is precisely the answer I expected from you," was St. Vincent's reply. The two medals were sent together, with an

assurance dated June, from Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, that the first medal would have been transmitted months before, if a proper conveyance had been found for it.

The spirit of mutiny which prevailed at the *Nore* in the following summer, was successfully repressed in the Mediterranean fleet by the exertions of Lord St. Vincent, and none co-operated with more zeal and effect than Captain Collingwood. Of his efficaciousness the Admiral was so convinced, that he repeatedly drafted the more ungovernable into the *Excellent*—"send them to Collingwood," he used to say, "he will bring them to order." On one occasion, a seaman was sent from the *Romulus*, who had pointed one of the fore-castle guns, shotted to the muzzle, at the quarter-deck, and standing by it with a match, declared he would fire at the officers, unless he received a promise that no punishment should be inflicted upon him. On his arrival on board the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, in the presence of many of the sailors, said to him, with great sternness of manner, "I know your character well, but beware how you attempt to excite insubordination in this ship; for I have such confidence in my men, that I am certain I shall hear in an hour of every thing you are doing. If you behave well in future, I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship; but if you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me well, I will instantly head you up in a cask, and throw you into the sea." Under the treatment which he met with in the *Excellent*, this man became a good and obedient sailor, and never afterwards gave any cause of complaint.

After the victory of St. Vincent's, Captain Collingwood continued with the main fleet, and had not the good fortune to be among those who were detached, under Nelson, to intercept the French on their way to Egypt, but was kept "cruising off St. Lucar's, to intercept—the market-boats, the poor cabbage carriers. Oh, humiliation," adds he, in a letter to a brother officer. At the end of 1798 he brought his ship to port, which was paid off—wanting repairs, and he himself flew to his family in Northumberland. But in a very few weeks he was raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and directed to join the Channel Fleet, and was in activity till the end of the war, when for about another twelvemonth, he for the last time was re-united to his family.

On the renewal of the war in 1803, he was immediately despatched under Cornwallis to cruise off Brest, and with the Channel Fleet he continued till Nelson took the command in September 1805, and was Nelson's second at the battle of Trafalgar in the following October. On that memorable day, he had the honour of leading his ship first into action, and commenced the battle, when a mile a-head of any other English ship. "See," cried Nelson, "how

that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him."—While Collingwood's observation was—knowing his friend well—"What would Nelson give to be here?" By the fall of Nelson, he was left commander-in-chief; and at the head of the fleet he continued till his own death, about four years and a half from that period—cruizing the whole time—now in the Mediterranean, and now off Cadiz—sometimes protecting Sicily—sometimes acting with Russia and against Turkey, and now again aiding the Spaniards, and finally capturing the Ionian Islands. Literally worn down by hard labour, and long continuance at sea, his death occurred in March, 1810. From the battle of Trafalgar his labours were incessant, his correspondence was overwhelming, embracing the affairs of the Spaniards, Turks, Albanians, Egyptians, Sicilians, and the Barbary States, and left him no moment for repose. In the whole of these services—many of them new to a naval man, he seems to have shewn himself equal to all emergencies, however sudden or delicate. The sound judgment of the man on political matters is very remarkable, considering how little had been his intercourse with the rulers of mankind; and the censures he expresses for our union with the Russians against the Turks, are of the most manly and appropriate character. This period of his life presents one of the most melancholy conditions we can well imagine—for months and months never entering a port, and once for nearly two years never dropping anchor, cut off from his family, rarely learning any news of them, nailed to his writing desk from morning to night, scarcely able to snatch a few minutes for a scanty repast, or to catch the fresh breeze in the evening—his health wasting, his hopes vanishing, his efforts baffled—often with little intercourse from without, and none within; under all these depressing circumstances, when soliciting his recal, and panting for home, and told that the Government knew not where to find a successor, he submitted in silence—his life, he said, was his country's. The correspondence of this period will be sure to attract the public interest.

Collingwood was born for a commander under orders at home—that is, a man for keeping things in perfect order, and in an available state—an executive man—not a dasher like Nelson; he did not, like him, force admiration by unexpected successes; but then he did not like him plunge into positions, which went high to wreck his well-earned reputation. The universal feeling towards him was that of respect. There was nothing of fanfaronade about him—steady as old time, as sure as fate—with qualities as much to be calculated upon as the laws of motion, or the properties of arithmetic. His mind was always made up to his duties: his rules and principles immutable, and no feelings of the mortal shook

him in the execution. With all this steady and inflexible resolution, however, he was a man of the kindest nature; he discouraged flogging, generally substituting privations for cruelties, and was always disposed to attribute irregularities to his own mismanagement, rather than to the bad qualities of the offenders. He was no courtier, and as he himself never solicited personal favours, so his contempt for such as succeeded in the service by influence was unbounded, and rarely concealed. The consequence was, that though so long at the head of the largest fleet England ever possessed, he could rarely serve his friends—that is, those who deserved preferment under his command; his influence was confined to the filling up of vacancies occasioned by death.

A large portion of the volume is taken up with his correspondence with his wife and children—full of anxiety always for their happiness and welfare, and of his longings to rejoin them. Amiable as they shew the man, there is too much of this—it is querulous, at times, even to weariness. In his letters to his daughters, the good man is urgent they should read no novels, nothing but history, history—as if he thought history, history, was itself, by far the greater part of it, any thing but fable. But arithmetic and geometry are the prime favourites, affording amusement so delightful and illimitable, that he apparently seems convinced, if cards had not unhappily got possession of society, they would have become the established sources of recreation at evening parties.

*De Lisle, or the Distrustful Man.* 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—This is a very able performance, deserving of a much more attentive examination—nay of the closest analysis—than we have space to give it. It is manifestly the production of a person of resources not easily exhausted, liberally and even profusely as he has poured forth from the fountain of imagination, and the treasures of experience. It presents a richer abundance of circumstances and sentiments than we can readily recal in any recent writer—equalling the author of *De Vere* in the latter, and excelling him infinitely in the former. The general tone and turn indeed of the writing reminds us of Mr. Ward, though doubtless the subject is not one that he would have chosen to delineate, and the absence of religious reflection, or at least of religious teaching, must convince us it is not his.

*De Lisle* is introduced as a youth of family and fortune, of high abilities and extensive attainments—early assuming a superiority over his fellows, indisposed to confidence, and ever ready to fling contempt upon opponents—doing any thing rather than seeking others, or appearing to seek them, and shocked at the thought of being controuled at home or abroad. His mother



was a managing woman, and ruled his father, which in very early youth excited the son's indignation, and roused his resistance, and made him watchful against all attempts of her to guide or influence him—even to a degree of obstinacy and contradictoriness. It became enough, if she proposed, for him to refuse; and though she was cunning, and changed her ground, he pursued her changes with a jealousy equal to her cunning; his pride was fully awakened; he fairly took the bit in his mouth, and ran his own course. With others he was sometimes forgetfully confiding; but almost every connexion he made, in one way or other disappointing him, added fuel to his sensitive temper, and brought on confirmed distrust. Before he was of age he accompanied some friends abroad, where, at a gaming establishment, he met with a lady of the most captivating manners and enchantments, and her he brought home, and in the enthusiasm of his admiration, and to assert his independence, would have married, lost as she notoriously was to all character. The lady was one who had changed proprietors frequently, and now accepted De Lisle's protection as a matter of accommodation; and, to his surprise, mortification, and disgust, left him as soon as she found a change more agreeable. This desertion had a most deciding effect on his after character and conduct. On coming of age, on the urgency of his parents, he became candidate for his native county; and the tricks, and treacheries, and venalities he witnessed, inflicted another shock on the delicacy and sincerity of his sentiments, and the loss of the election only added another rivet to the distrust which was beginning to extend towards the whole human race.

He was now without occupation, and an object; and with all his apparent strength of character, the sport of every wind that blew. His present indecisions ended in accompanying some friends, one of them an invalid, to the south, and he seemed to be recovering an interest in life and society, when both his friends perished, one by falling into the water, skating, and the other by flying to his rescue; and he was thus again left a lonely being without an object for regard, and without a wish for life—the last sad events exasperating his general feeling of disappointment, though not calculated to add to his growing misanthropy.

By this time a dissolution comes round again, and he is once more involved in an election contest; and being this time successful, turns his thoughts and attention to Parliamentary matters, and distinguishes himself as an able debater, but refuses to take party. The effects of this refusal force on him a conviction of the imbecility of individual and independent effort, and he resigns his seat, with disgust augmented, and ready to overflow and inundate all with whom he comes in contact. The lady, however, who had first charmed him,

though she had jilted him so carelessly, had still a hold on his memory, and even on his affections; and hearing something of her accidentally, and at a loss also for occupation, he resolves to go on the continent in search of her—not so much with any view of renewing the intercourse, as to ascertain why she left him, and if she had ever loved him. He succeeds in tracing her, and gathers from her her whole history—a history which is told with the most graceful vivacity; and though the story be in itself full of improbabilities, yet is it facile to the imagination, and irresistibly attractive. Generally, episodes are intolerable interruptions; but De Lisle's affairs are at the time so little complicated, that the reader has little difficulty in attending to the fortunes of a stranger, calculated as they are to absorb and satisfy.

Quitting Madame de Lausanne, who is under splendid protection, De Lisle again tours from place to place without a motive; when at Rome, he visits a cottage, where he remembered to have seen children, whose beauty had struck him, and whose miseries he had relieved, and learns that all had perished but one girl, and she was at that moment stretched on the tomb of her brother, in the full desolation of despair. Obeying the dictates of his feelings—for, with all his accumulated distrusts and disgusts, he was of a most kindly nature—he visited the grave, and soothing the poor girl with his best efforts, reconciled her to life. His hours were engrossed by her; and in thus labouring to withdraw her from recollections of wretchedness, he was led to pay her so much personal attention, that the child's affections were passionately fixed upon him, though his own were untouched. She was pre-eminently beautiful, confiding, and devoted. He was now leaving Rome, and what could he do with his protégée? Her fond trust and abandonment to himself embarrassed him; she refused to live, if he left her; and though seeing the absurdity of her accompanying him, the matter ended by his taking her with him—and finally in her own ruin. Many months were now spent in travelling from place to place; and at last, when his return to England became imperative, the thought struck him of placing her in a convent under the care of an abbess, who was the sister of the friends he had lost some years before in a skating excursion, and was well known to him. The poor girl, seeing the case inevitable, consented, mainly because it was *his* wish. Here she pined, and finally, on De Lisle's letters growing, if not cooler, yet less frequent, she sacrificed herself to despair, and left the wretched De Lisle the victim of remorse, and a prey to new disgust.

Time moves on, and the bitterness of grief passes by with it; and De Lisle succeeds to the ample inheritance of his fathers, and returns to the family seat. New personages now come upon the scene, par-

ticularly General Parry's family, consisting of several daughters, one of whom, Ellen, he had known from a child—had indeed been brought up with her, and as a child had been devotedly attached; another, Augusta, was a regular flirt, elegant and shrewd, and not wholly without a heart. With Augusta, De Lisle is amused, but with Ellen he inclines to a more serious attention. She however is mysterious, and when at last he comes to a declaration, she repulses him on the ground of *duty*, without explaining herself. Eventually the mystery clears up. She had sacrificed her happiness to a romantic constancy for Lord Avonmore, to whom she had been betrothed. He had been forced by his father into a marriage with another, but she held herself still bound by her first engagements; and some short time after De Lisle's declaration, Lord Avonmore's wife dies, and he marries Ellen. Thus thrown again upon himself, with affections chilled and frozen, De Lisle's forlorn condition is occasionally relieved by opportunities of obliging his neighbours, and especially on one occasion, by the disposal of a living to a friend of the Parrys, who marries a younger daughter. This clergyman was a person who had seen the world, was a gentleman by birth and manners, and a man of sense, and became to De Lisle a most important neighbour, and rescued him from sinking into the wildest misanthropy.

Years pass on again; Ellen is left a widow, and by degrees the intercourse between herself and De Lisle is renewed. She has with her a young lady, charming of course, a ward of hers, who attracts a good deal of De Lisle's attention, but his serious addresses seem reserved for Ellen. She and he were now no longer young; she was getting near forty, and he was only three years younger, and though exceedingly attached to each other, and understanding each other perfectly, she recommends delay; and thinking the young lady Rosamond the wife for De Lisle, she, by a little manoeuvring, finally brings about a marriage between them—bidding fair for happiness, and for a time actually producing happiness, though not wholly unclouded, for he was, if not wayward, still suspicious, and though proud of his lovely wife, yet dreading the admiration she excited. Circumstances awaken his jealousy, and point to particulars. The lady had, from her childhood, been affianced to Lord Avonmore's son, but the young people, though the warmest friends, had no desire to realize their parents' wishes. The young lord kept up his acquaintance with Lady Rosamond after her marriage, and occasionally visited, though greatly to De Lisle's annoyance—he could never forget their former connexion. Ellen, whose influence could alone have saved him, is now dead, and he is left to the suggestions of his worst fancies. Appearances confirm his fears, and work upon

his feelings, till at last he resolves upon separation. He communicates his resolution, and the poor victim of groundless jealousy almost dies under the communication, but accedes. Through the rector she petitions—that the children may not be separated—to live in the same house; and for months they live under the same roof without noticing each other—she all the while sinking and withering—till on some occasion, urged by her children, she takes a share in the performance of a masque, and during the performance, while enchanting all eyes, she drops what appears to be a locket. Her husband was a spectator, and marked it; and was wound up by the sight to a pitch of desperation. He followed her to her chamber, where she had sunk on the bed in utter exhaustion. He taxed her with wearing Avonmore's portrait, and insisted on seeing it; and when, after much reluctance, she put it into his hands, it proved to be *his own*, he was thrown into a transport of despair, and, falling at her feet, implored her forgiveness. A reconciliation takes place, and for a time she rallies; but she had been struck to the heart, and in a few months died in her repentant husband's arms. He himself lived on, and saw his children grow up, and “his last articulate sound was the name of his wife, and his last admonition to his children—BEWARE OF DISTRUST.”

We are half ashamed of this bare and most inadequate sketch. The scene shifts perhaps too frequently, and so many sets of characters succeed one another, that something is wanting to give unity and compactness; and some are apparently forgotten, who were originally destined to play more important parts. But the novel is decidedly one of the best that has appeared for a long time, and leaves Almack's, and Herbert Milton, and others of the lighter cast, far, far behind.

*The United States as they are; 1828.*—Though coming anonymously, “*The United States as they are*,” is the production of a person evidently pretty familiar with American politics and American manners. The volume contains information, which will be acceptable to many of our countrymen—particularly as to the state of parties, of which, generally, Englishmen know about as much as they do of those of China. It opens with a little of the private history of Mr. Adams's election to the Presidency—as chiefly effected by the management of Clay, the late speaker of the House of Representatives, and the present secretary of state. Clay himself—as *may* be remembered—was a candidate for the presidency—with no expectation of carrying the election, but certainly of so playing his cards as to further his immediate interests, and, eventually, to make an after attempt less improbable; and the fact was, that, though he had the fewest votes, yet, by bargaining

with Adams, and throwing his own weight into the other's scale, Adams gained the presidency, and himself, according to the terms of his bargain, received for his effective services the appointment of secretary of state. The favourite candidate was Jackson—the candidate of the democratic party; but though he had the greatest number of votes, yet the law requiring the winner to have two-thirds of the whole 261; the peremptory election devolved on the House of Representatives, where each state has one vote, and where the conjunction of interests gave Adams thirteen—the bare majority—and of course the presidency.

Adams is of the Tory party, as his father before him;—the Tory party in America means the governing party—the friend of a monarchical, or at least of an hereditary government, in opposition to the federal and democratic parties, who are attached to more popular and independent forms, and are indeed abhorrent of all permanent possessors of office, and of every thing that tends to family succession. Adams and his party make very little secret of their views, and confidently look forward to a change in the constitution. When secretary of state, he was known to have said—"The United States will not be ranked among the nations till the presidency becomes hereditary." And even on the eve of his election—while his election was still pending—he is reported to have said to some person, who expressed disapprobation of the manoeuvres that were pretty publicly being practised to secure his appointment—"Sir, the time will come, even with the American States, when the government, and not a prejudiced populace, destitute of character, will determine the public opinion," &c. The will of the nation was manifestly treated with scorn, and with the people generally he is unpopular. But of the higher classes he is considered the proper representative—affecting to play the aristocrat, not only in principle, but in manner and every-day practice. He never mingles with his fellow-citizens on equal terms; and the writer seems to think, and apparently not without reason, if he should be re-elected, the way will be paved for a monarchy, or at least for hereditary authority—and that in the family of Adams. The writer tells a story of a new steam-boat launched at Pittsburgh. Thousands of expecting spectators were assembled, and at the last moment, when all was ready, the veil which covered the figure-head of the vessel was withdrawn, and exposed the bust of the president's lady, gorgeously decked, and her head bound with a diadem, and the name, "Lady Adams," glowing in letters of gold, a yard long. The attempt was rather premature, and disappointed the projector.

Of the existing cabinet, Mr. Clay, the secretary of state, is represented as a man of acknowledged ability, but a mere Kentucky adventurer. When a representative for his

native state, he on one occasion voted against the interests of his constituents, and on his return met with a very cool reception. His chance of being again elected seemed hopeless—when approaching an old friend, a Kentucky farmer, he wished him a good day—"I thank you," was the reply. "How d'ye do?" "Harry," replied the farmer, drily, "I presume we must part; thou canst not be any longer our congressman." "Why so, Sir?" "Thou knowest better than I do; thou art a cunning fellow—too cunning for us." After a long pause—"Look," said Clay, taking the Kentucky man's rifle from his hand, and pointing to it, "do you remember the time when we hunted many a buck together?" "Yes." "Then you have not yet given up your old friend!" returning the rifle. "Certainly not." "And did he stick as faithfully to you?" "What dost thou mean?" "Has he never disappointed you when the game was before his muzzle?" "Why, yes, sometimes." "Then you have not broken him to pieces?" "Why should I? I have given him another chance." "You have done so, dear Tom; but your old friend and trusty servant you are going to break because he once disappointed you? Ah Tom, could you act thus with Harry, your old faithful Harry?" at the same time grasping his hand and pressing it heartily. "Good—me," exclaimed the Kentuckian, "if I do—I will try thee again, Harry." In an hour the story was in every one's mouth; "Clay for ever," resounded on all sides, and he was again unanimously re-elected. He is now a sort of idol with his countrymen—"That is a mighty great man!" "That is a wonderfully eminent man!" "That is the very first man in the Union"—you may hear from every Kentuckian, and be knocked down if you should not be precisely of the same opinion. With the other states—according to the author—Clay's political obliquity has shaken his credit materially—not one of them would now choose him even for a constable. He is a man of coarse manners—a true Kentuckian—a duellist, a gambler, and a drinker—ruined in purse—without principle, and even decorum. These are strong terms, and probably require a little sobering.

The secretary of the navy is Mr. Southard, a man of inferior abilities—the tool of Adams—and notorious for killing Decatur in a duel. The secretary of the treasury, Rush, is represented as a very harmless person, and owing his appointment to his popularity with the Tories of Philadelphia, whose good opinion it is an object of importance with Adams to secure. The secretary of war, Barbour, and the chief justice, Marshall, are both spoken of as men of superior powers, and superior character, be their party feelings what they may. So that of the five, "Clay and Southard are regarded by the author as the instruments of the president, Rush his faithful servant,



and Barbour and Marshall his ministers." His meaning is obvious—though his terms are equivocal. The president's selection has however evidently been very judicious; he has obliged all parties; the amalgamation—calculated to lull the murmurs of discontent—is contemplated by many as likely to produce the most serious consequences to the freedom of America.

But the time is fast approaching, when these speculations will perhaps all be baffled—the election must take place in the coming summer—though appearances bid fair to realize them. Wealth is augmenting, and poverty also—that is, every day there are more who are rich, and more who are poor; this produces separation of interests, feelings, and prejudices; and divides the country into the governing and the governed; and the sovereignty of the people, which has been something real, is fast dropping into few hands. The great hope of the democratic party is Jackson; but he is now more than seventy, and his day is gone by.

The account which the author gives of the state of religion in America must surprise, and may stagger, the admirers of establishments. After all the gloomy prophecies, religious rites do not appear to be neglected, nor the ministers of religion to be treated with disrespect. On the contrary, they are every where influential and respectable. Hierarchies have silently sprung up, and ministers are regularly ordained—and churches every where abound. The greatest toleration actually and practically exists; every one goes, unrebuked, where he pleases, and many attend on the services of two or three different denominations, and contribute in distant quarters to the building of churches they never visit, and the support of ministers they never hear—almost without a bias for one more than another; and yet there is no *indifference* as to the benefits to be derived from public worship or public instruction, for the Americans are truly and habitually a church-going people. For attending one place rather than another no body is remarked upon—the censure is reserved for those who attend *nowhere*—and then perhaps it is not spared. The Unitarians are said, by the author, to increase—particularly among the higher classes, in the larger towns, and then he adds in a note, Unitarianism, especially in the Western States, is pure Deism, and not, as in England, a partial belief in revelation. This we do not credit quite. We doubt if any one minister of Unitarianism disclaims explicitly all revelation—however he may, in effect, be paving the way to it.

We have no more space; but the author's view of society, in its several classes, and in the character of the several states, is very distinctly given—and, after all the books we have read on these matters, good and bad, is well calculated to arrest the attention of the reader, and make him—if he be not quite out of the pale of society—thankful

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for the refinements and decorums of polished life, where forbearance is enforced, and insolence repelled. The author speaks out, and for this reason it probably is, that he withholds his name—it may not be safe, or not expedient, to incur offence. We are obliged by the communications, and recommend the book to our readers.

*Letters from Greece, with Remarks' &c., by E. Blaquiere, Esq.; 1828.*—

This is a miscellaneous volume relative to the affairs of Greece, written by the indefatigable Captain Blaquiere, and furnishing another proof of the deep and undying interest in the struggle which that gentleman has manifested from its very commencement. No depths of despair into which the cause at times has sunk could ever shake his confidence. He has borne up with irrepressible elasticity against the contentions and even civil wars of the chiefs—against the apathy of real friends, and the roguery of pretended ones—against the selfishness of patrons and the blunders of agents—and hoped even against hope. The Intervention Treaty, however—notwithstanding the personal bickerings, and opposing views of parties at home, is likely to be enforced—nay a pledge has been given in the Commons—and if no body else rejoices, Capt. Blaquiere at least will rejoice, and justly so, in the fruition of his own honest wishes. It cannot be—so long as the parties concerned in the triple treaty concur, and at present no symptoms of separation appears—but some sort of arrangement will sooner or later follow, by which the Greeks will be relieved of some part of the weight of the Turkish yoke. Humanity, for once, may well over-rule policy and precedent. The cry about "interference" and the law of nations, raised by the older Tories, will soon subside, now when their very representatives in power cease to swell it; and never, indeed, was any cry more absurd. The law of nations, according to the dicta of the civilians, is not surely matter of revelation; and interference to check violence is surely something different from interference to plunder, and divide the spoil. If a grasping cupidity has prompted rulers to interference for half a century, with little interruption, let it for once be allowed, for humanity's sake. All precedents must have a beginning, and the cause and the opportunity before us are good for instituting a new one.

Capt. Blaquiere's new volume contains some introductory matter of sixty pages, on Greek affairs generally, political and financial—embracing also a sketch of the history of the revolution from Alex. Ipsilanti to the battle of Navarino, with some conjectures on the secret causes of the Intervention Treaty. Then follows a series of letters from Greece, dated from Dec. 1826, to May 30, 1827, in which such events of the period as fell under his own immediate *purview*, or were communicated by authorities on the spot, are

carefully stated—the divisions of the chiefs, the arrivals of Church and Cochrane, the reconciliation of the chiefs through the urgency of Church and Cochrane, the appointment of Capo d'Istria to the head of the government—(who by the way does not appear even yet to have reached Greece)—of Church to the command of the army, and of Cochrane to that of the navy—the siege of Athens, the death of Kariaskaki, the failure of Church, with 3,000 men, to relieve the Acropolis, and of his consequent retreat, and the surrender of the town and fortress. These letters, occupying about 130 pages of the volume, constitute its chief value, and are better calculated than any thing we have seen to furnish correct views of the state of the country. Capt. Blaquiere is an enthusiast in the cause; but he knows it, and the knowledge has rendered him careful in keeping down the colouring of his pages. Some of the letters appeared in the *Morning Herald*.

The rest of the volume is filled with a reply to Mr. Green's *Sketches*—a book we had intended to notice this month, but which we must put off for want of space—Mr. Green's prejudices lie all the other way, and they have prompted him to speak of Capt. Blaquiere with some severity, as exaggerating facts, and misleading the country—which has of course provoked the reply.

It would be unfair not to add that Capt. B.'s letters are frequently enlivened with descriptions of the customs of the natives—for instance—

While at Egina, I resided in a cottage about half a mile from the town, occupied by a native of the island. Having determined to add a small wing to the building, I was not only consulted as to the best point of erecting the additional room, but requested to be present at the ceremony of laying the first stone. Monday being fixed, for Tuesday is a most unlucky day in Greece, I was called at six in the morning, and after the usual cup of coffee and pipe were served, the owner of the cottage, and his bare-footed wife, informed me, that the masons had arrived, and only waited my presence to commence the work. On going outside the door, I found they had already prepared an opening for the foundation, and that piles of stones and mortar were ranged on each side. Instead, however, of a trowel, the master stood with a knife in his hand; and we had no sooner exchanged the usual compliments of the morning, than one of the workmen took a cock from a basket that stood near us, and handed it to his superior, upon which the latter cut off its head, and strewed the blood all over the foundation. This strange proceeding was accompanied by a short prayer, expressing a hope that the new structure would be secure and prosper. He next placed a few pieces of money at the outer extremity of the hollow space, and forthwith commenced his work. On inquiry, I found that this practice is universal throughout Greece, and that, in some places, it is usual to sacrifice an ox when the proposed building is on a larger scale, and the projectors can afford the expense. It is useless to add, that these customs are derived from

the highest antiquity, and closely connected with Esculapian sacrifices of other days.

*Analysis of the Character of Napoleon, by Dr. Channing; 1828.*—Dr. Channing is already well known by his eloquent and able review of Milton's character and writings; and the "Character of Napoleon," recently republished in London, is executed with equal ability and effect. Sir Walter Scott's *Life* was the occasion of its being written, and the *Character* itself is preceded by a brief estimate of the value of that performance. The doctor is surprised at the rapidity with which a work of such magnitude and such variety was thrown off, but thinks it would have been all the better for a little more time and thought. It betrays marks of negligence and haste; it wants compression and selection; it has too much of the decorations of poetry, and the wanderings of the novel; and the remarks, though in general just enough, are yet trite and superficial. It has, however—what was, perhaps, least to be expected—the merit of impartiality—inaccurate probably in the details, but singularly free from prejudice and passion.

After this slight, but surely not very inadequate estimate of the work, Dr. Channing turns to the character of Napoleon; and that character he tries as it has rarely been tried, and by a test which it is least calculated to bear—by the touchstone of utility, and the eternal principles of morality. He has sternly rent away the veil that shaded its deformities; and demands—was he the friend of freedom—of the rights of individuals—of the best and the dearest interests of men? He was nothing of all this. He was a great man, no doubt; but not morally great—not intellectually great; he was great as a soldier—in the field—in action; he was great as others have been great; he aimed at the same common objects, and pursued them by the same coarse measures; there was no novelty in his expedients. His resources were all of the old cast; and himself unfettered by compunctions of remorse, or the laws of custom, or of moral restraint. He did not go with the spirit of his age; he did not comprehend it; though one of the people, he did not make himself their man—their organ—the executor of their vows and hopes. His aims were all for himself; his ambition was essentially of a vulgar order—to make himself one among existing kings, and to be at the head of them; and he accordingly drew round him the trappings of royalty—reinstated the hierarchy, as one of the wonted supports of it—and linked himself, by marriage, with other crowned heads.

The very claims, which appear most to entitle him to admiration, of the higher kind—his code of laws and his public works—Dr. Channing reduces, perhaps, below their due level. As to his code of laws—"his participation has been unwarrantably and ridiculously magnified." his

public works were limited to the adorning of Paris, and that to the neglect and sacrifice of the provinces; and his merit in the Simplon amounts to his employment of Fabbioni. For his sufferings at St. Helena, he has no sympathy: his thoughts obstinately and irresistibly turn to the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the massacre of Jaffa, the prison of Toussaint, the thousands and tens of thousands that perished to glut his devouring ambition.

And rightly so. The world is dazzled by success, and too apt to forget the cost—to believe that every man who has it, deserves it. Napoleon was not the benefactor of the human race, nor of France. The benefits which the French now constitutionally and practically experience were not his donation. The fruits of the revolution were kept down by the weight of his tyranny, and only advanced to maturity when that pressure was withdrawn. If Dr. Channing has done him any injustice, it is in the statement of his intellectual vigour. That was assuredly greater than the doctor's estimate—greater not merely as evidenced by the comprehensive views he took of complicated affairs—by his sagacity—his decision—his execution—but in conversations on ordinary topics, in the readiness and effect with which he flung himself into discussions of chance subjects—of literary matters—of plays, poetry, philosophy, science: of which instances may be seen innumerable in *Las Casas*, &c. &c. But, if our recommendation be worth any thing at all, let Dr. Channing's *Analysis* be carefully read.

*Poems, by Thomas Gent; 1828.*—These are for the most part the unelaborate, but generally very graceful, trifles of a cultivated and gentlemanly mind. Some of the longer pieces, and none of them are very long, such as the monody on Sheridan, and the lines on the Princess Charlotte, have been published before, though not by any means the most successful specimens of the writer's graver muse. Of those of the more serious cast, the lines on the Grave of Dibdin are among the very best—commemorating, and with great truth and vivacity, the effects of his ballads on the moral feelings of the sailor. But the pieces, which shew any thing like peculiar and conspicuous power, are decidedly those of the lighter kind, and they are of a character and quality that prove the author possessed of a talent which might be cultivated with the fullest success. He has no rival, except perhaps Luttrell. We give the reader a specimen from the "Poet's Last Poem," which, however, *ni fallimur*, will be followed by many more last dying speeches:—

Ye bards, in all your thousand dens,  
Great souls, with fewer pence than pens,  
Sublime adorers of Apollo,  
With folios full, and purses hollow;  
Whose very souls with rapture glisten,  
When you can find a fool to listen;

Who, if a debt were paid by pun,  
Would never be completely done.  
Ye bright inhabitants of garrets,  
Whose dreams are rich in ports and clarets,  
Who, in your lofty paradise,  
See aldermanic banquets rise—  
And though the duns around you troop,  
Still float in seas of turtle soup.  
I here forsake the tuneful trade,  
Where none but lordlings now are paid,  
Or where some northern rogue sits puling,  
(The curse of universal schooling)—  
A ploughman to his country lost,  
An author to his printer's cost—  
A slave to every man who'll buy him,  
A knave to every man who'll try him—  
Yet let him take the pen, at once  
The laurel gathers round his scone!

On every subject superseded,  
My favourite topics all invaded,  
I scarcely dip my pen in praise,  
When fifty bardlings grasp my bays;  
Or let me touch a drop of satire,  
(I once knew something of the matter),  
Just fifty bardlings take the trouble  
To be my tuneful worship's double.

Or when I turn my pen to love,  
A theme that fits me like my glove,  
A pang I've borne these twenty years,  
With ten times twenty several dears,  
Each glance a dart, each smile a quiver,  
Stinging their bard from lungs to liver—  
To work my ruin, or my cure,  
Up starts thy pen, Anacreon Moore!  
In vain I pour my shower of roses,  
On which the matchless fair one dozes,  
And plant around her couch the graces,  
While jealous Venus breaks her laces,  
To see a younger face promoted,  
To see her own old face out-voted;  
And myrtle branches twisting o'er her,  
Bow down, each turned a true adorer.  
Up starts the Irish bard—in vain  
I write, 'tis all against the grain:  
In vain I talk of smiles or sighs,  
The girls all have him in their eyes;  
And not a soul—mammy, or miss—  
But vows he's the sole Bard of Bliss.

My *ton's* the very cream of fashion,  
My passion the sublimest passion,  
My rage *satanic*, love the same,  
Of all blue flames, the bluest flame—  
My piety perpetual matins,  
A quaker propp'd on double pattens;  
My lovely girls the most precocious,  
My beaux delightfully atrocious!  
Yet scarcely have I play'd my card,  
When up comes politician Ward:  
Before my face he trumps my trump,  
Sweeps off my honours in the lump,  
And never asking my permission,  
Talks sermons to the third edition—&c. &c.

Prefixed to the *Poems* is a very touching tribute to the memory of the author's wife—a lady well known for her high attainments as a lecturer; her course on the *Physiology of the External Senses*, was considered as a perfect model of elegant composition. We cannot forbear quoting it:—



During the progress of these pages through the press, it has pleased Providence to inflict upon me the severest calamity that domestic life can sustain. In the private sorrows of the humble candidate for literary fame, I am aware that the world will feel no interest, yet humanity will forgive the weakness that struggles under such a bereavement, and will pardon the tear that falls upon such a tomb. If, indeed, the Being who is lost to her family and society were endowed only with those gifts and graces, which are shared by thousands of her sex, I should have been silent at this moment. To those who knew her, and to know her was to esteem and love, this tribute will be superfluous; but to those who knew her not, I would say, that, superadded to every natural advantage, to the charms of every polite accomplishment, and to a cheerful and sincere piety, she was deeply imbued with the love of literature and of science. In these, her Lectures on the Physiology of the External Senses, exhibit a splendid proof of her acquirements in their highest walks, and are an imperishable memorial of her patient and laborious research. They who were present at the delivery of these Lectures will not soon forget the effect of her impressive elocution, chastened as it was by an unaffected modesty as ever adorned and dignified a woman. I speak of that which she performed—that which her capacious mind had meditated I forbear to mention. For the advancement of her sex in pursuits that are intellectual she made many sacrifices, both of her feelings and her time; yet, in all she did, and in all she contemplated, usefulness was her end and aim—but I must not proceed; less than this I could not say—more than this might be deemed ostentations.

*Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies, by a Resident; 1828.*—It has been by some thought remarkable that, let who will go to the West Indies, and write about the state of its slave population, all take the same tone; and the fact that this tone is the same is confidently insisted upon by the interested, and sometimes acceded to by the disinterested portion of the country, as irrefragable proof of its correctness—of its correspondence with the facts. All speak of the comfortable condition of the slaves (though that condition is evidently not the ancient condition, but the *improved* one—the result of loud and indignant expostulation at home)—all speak of the humanity of the planters—implying or asserting that no real ground of complaint exists—that slavery, as it shews in the West Indies, is but a name, for the actual condition of the slave is superior to that of half the labourers of England. The natural conclusion, of course, is, that emancipation is a thing not worth contending for—that it is uncalled for by the circumstances of the case—that what is well is not likely to be mended—that of course it is wisest to leave well alone—emancipation would rather deteriorate matters than improve them.

But though all confessedly do take the same tone, who are these all? Generally, persons directly interested. The persons who put forth these statements of the West

Indies are, with few exceptions, the very persons who are most interested, or rather believe themselves to be thus interested, in supporting the existing state of things. They are planters, or the agents, or the dependants, or the correspondents of planters. And who are the exceptions? The bishops, the bishops' chaplains and friends, and the royal commissioners. And what do these people know of the actual condition of the slaves? What opportunities have they? They are attended and feted by the planters—what is unfavourable is kept out of sight, and the contrary carefully obtruded upon them; and for the most part these distinguished persons are no more at liberty to see what the planters choose they shall not see than any other prisoners. No body visits the islands through curiosity, or in search of amusement or instruction, as other countries are visited—no body roams about there at pleasure and at liberty; and thus it is, obviously, the easiest thing in the world to account for the universal tone of our books—though this tone be in truth very far from echoing the true state of things.

But this tone, such as it is, has manifestly changed of late—changed with respect to the talk of emancipation—in politic compliance with the predominant sentiments of the country. It is no longer acceptable in any independent quarter to hear the principle of slavery defended. Therefore, the very planters and their advocates, when they talk of emancipation, no longer speak of its impracticability, of its injustice, or its impolicy, but only demand time, time for the gradual introduction of changes to qualify the slave for the proper enjoyment of his liberty—and compensation for the final surrender of their property—indirectly insisting only on such matters as appear to them calculated to insinuate into the minds of men, that this emancipation, which they no longer oppose, will not answer the expectations of its patrons, and will indeed do more harm than good.

This is an insidious procedure, and must be guarded against. The main argument with the planter is, that the slave does not understand *freedom*—that by freedom he understands exemption from labour—while the abolitionists profess, and undoubtedly mean, constant labour—regular industry, though not at the terror of the lash. This no doubt is the fact; but whose fault is this? Not the abolitionists' but the planters', who have encouraged this misconstruction to throw odium upon them. The aim of the abolitionist is to improve the condition of the slave before he emancipates, but to lose no time in setting to—to do in fact what the very planter professes to wish for time to enable him to accomplish. Were the planter as sincere in his professions as the abolitionist in his demands, they might now concur—and that concurrence would materially accelerate the object,

Not quite to forget the particular volume before us—its peculiar claims to attention consists in the history it contains of the island of Dominica—the details of the mutiny of the 8th West India Regiment, at the time Cochrane Johnstone was governor—the descent of the French in 1805, and the consequent destruction of Roseau, its capital. “No regular narrative,” the author says, “of these events has hitherto been published. It is presumed, therefore, that recollections of them, by an eye witness—by an humble but active participator in the defence of the colony—will prove gratifying to many individuals, and not unacceptable to the general reader. The writer describes what he saw; he relates occurrences in which he bore a part, or which fell within the sphere of his actual observation.” The author’s real knowledge of the West Indies is confined to Dominica; he was but an occasional visitor in other islands, and of them his work presents nothing new and nothing different from what we have heard a thousand times. He lays claim to respectability—but what is the respectability of an anonymous person? What weight does he suppose his sentiments are to have? A name is a guarantee; every man has friends and connexions, and desires to stand well with them—and however insignificant he or they may be, that is a pledge to the country; but without it, no pledge of fidelity exists, and it would be as well if we were to get to entirely overlook what comes without this stamp of authority.

*Mémoires d'une Contemporaine, ou Souvenirs d'une Femme sur les Principaux Personages de la République, du Consulat, de l'Empire, &c. 2 tomes; 1827.*—This contemporaine was successively the mistress of Moreau and Ney, and probably of many more, of whom in due time we are to be informed. The present publication ends with her separation from Moreau in 1799, and it is chiefly for the details of the private life of that eminent man that these volumes—though very agreeably written—will present any general interest. The lady represents herself as well connected by birth and alliance—of great beauty, some accomplishments, and the heiress once of considerable property; but all these advantages were counterbalanced by strong passions, a wayward fancy, a restless temperament—all too much for the strength, or rather the imbecility of her intellect—though she is evidently no fool;—and which at length brought her, as she more than once hints, to a state of almost the very lowest degradation. She was born in 1778; her father was a Tolstoy, the descendant of a high and ancient Hungarian family; and her mother a Vanaylde, a Dutch lady, the possessor of an income of 110,000 florins—left a widow, after a marriage of but short duration, by her husband’s perishing from the effects of a cold

caught in rescuing a servant from drowning. By her mother, who, thus bereaved, was plunged into a state of melancholy feeling, and lived in retirement, the child, Mademoiselle, was suffered very much to have her own way, and showed, naturally enough, we suppose, a very early disposition to intrigue. Before she was twelve years of age, when riding in the neighbourhood of her mother’s residence, attended by a servant, she encountered M. Van M., who, himself a very handsome young man, was struck with Miss’s beauty and figure. Though not twelve years of age, she says she had the air and height of a girl of fourteen—was in size and shape a woman, though a child in understanding—already five feet and an inch, the very stature of the Venus de Medicis. The acquaintance proceeded rapidly—the young lady showing extraordinary tact and precocity, in evading her mother’s and the servants’ surveillance, and the matter ended, the following summer, in an elopement, and a marriage before she was thirteen.

M. Van M. was a man of considerable fortune; and, very soon after his marriage, taking part with the French Revolution, he was exposed to some inconveniences. At Sgravesand, M. Van M.’s house was assigned as quarters to the late Duke of York and his suite; and her husband was placed under arrest, and confined in a cellar of his own house. The Duke seemed disposed to pay the young lady some gallant attentions, which she resented highly; and, though no Judith or Deborah, she says, yet nothing but the hope of rescuing her husband would have suffered her, for a moment, to listen to the stupid compliments of the British Holofernes. The duke got tipsy at night, and she succeeded in releasing her husband, who made the best of his way to join the French army. Madame followed at leisure, and was the next day overtaken, and actually placed in a carriage, occupied by Duke Holofernes, and two very pretty women, and escorted by twenty dragoons. What would have been the event of this abduction, heaven knows; but, luckily, a party of emigrants came in sight, and Madame, on their coming up, sprang suddenly out of the carriage, exclaiming, “if you are Frenchmen, protect me”—not, however, before she had given the Duke a good “slap in the face,” for attempting to detain her, by no very delicate grasp, as she says.

She now joined her husband at Brussels, where they lived in great splendour and a round of pleasure—the lady overwhelmed with attentions; but in vain were all solicitations and seductions—nobody had power to please her; or, at least, to make her swerve from duty. From Brussels they removed to Lisle, a little before the siege, where they were visited by General Van Daulen, her husband’s cousin; and by him were introduced to numerous French offi-

cers; and among them one Marescot, before whose assailments, the citadel of her virtue for the first time fell. The rest of the campaign she accompanied her husband, dressed in men's clothes, for which, through life, she seems to have had an extraordinary propensity, and used them upon numerous occasions, where neither concealment nor convenience called for them—and was present at the siege of Valmy, in the thick of shells and balls. At Saint Menchould, she was pestered by Bournonville's attentions; but he had no success; she was disgusted with his impudence; besides, he was but an ugly fellow, and she had not yet forgotten Marescot.

Hearing of her mother's illness, she flew to attend her; and, on her recovery, withdrew with her, to escape the reproaches of the Dutch ladies, who were all royalists, to a country-seat near Leyden,—where, by her husband's desire also, she made a very long stay; but at last she rejoined him; and with him accompanied the French army in their triumphant entry into Amsterdam; and was instrumental, by her happy tact, in persuading the ladies to attend a republican fête—given expressly to conciliate their kind regards, and, through them, those of their husbands.

At Amsterdam, she receives the assiduities of Grouchy, and some degree of intimacy follows—M. Van M. her husband, being too much occupied with public and military affairs to attend to her himself, and having too much confidence to distrust her; but so public, and obvious, and open to remark, was her conduct, that, though the husband could not see, her mother heard of it, and expostulated roundly with her on the subject—but all in vain. While this intimacy with Grouchy lasts, through her influence with him she saves the lives of two emigrants. Grouchy hesitated—"You once said, you would give your life for a smile from me—has it lost all its value?" Grouchy could resist no longer; he seized her hand, and, covering it with kisses, snatched up a pen, and signed the safe-conduct. "A smile was his recompense"—adds the lady.

At Bois le Due, she and her vigilant husband visit her maternal uncle, Baron Vanderke, whose house was immensely large; and part of it was given up to Pichegru, then commander-in-chief. While there, Maria, her cousin, confides to Madame her love for Moreau; the connexion between them had long passed the bounds of propriety; the young lady had evaded the vigilance of her parents, and had, night after night, ventured through their very chamber, and that of several servants, to visit Moreau, and had had many narrow escapes, and numerous frights. Our heroine was shocked—and this is said by her with the utmost naïveté—at the disclosure, and she resolves to undertake her reparation. She accordingly calls upon

Moreau; tells him she knows all—that her cousin, though no longer perhaps entitled to claim to be his wife, could not consent to be a mistress; and that the only means of saving her from exposure and disgrace, was his forthwith quitting the country. Moreau, in reply, expresses his deep regrets, and readiness to do all then in his power to rescue her from the "*fausse position*" into which he had thrown her; and though she had rather been the seducer than he, offers to marry. The coldness—perhaps the reasonableness—of the offer—made with perfect sincerity—struck to the earth the warm-hearted Dutch girl—she refuses the unwilling hand, and Moreau finds some pretext for removal.

Our heroine's beauty and fascinations—coquetry she disclaims, if by a coquette be meant one insatiable of admiration, and holding out hopes which she never means to gratify—draw towards her the attentions next of Pichegru, who was not at all a lady's man; and one day she received a request from him, very cautiously conveyed to her, for a private interview. Expecting, as a matter of course, a declaration of love, he was immediately admitted; but, to her surprise, the object was only to solicit an introduction to some lady known to her, and suspected of keeping up a close correspondence with the Austrians and emigrants. Madame penetrates his purpose, and evades compliance. Pichegru had already begun to be treacherous to the republic.

Accident at last disclosed to the husband her former intrigue with Marescot—a peccadillo, which the obliging cornuto was inclined to overlook; but the lady, in the high-mindedness of her romance—now the discovery was made—could no longer bear her own reflections—she could not, nor would not, any longer delude so excellent a creature—he could no longer regard her as any thing but his mistress;—she makes a full disclosure of all her offences, and, in spite of all remonstrances, takes wing, and abandons at once her home and the relics of her reputation, and flies to Moreau, whose conduct towards her cousin had struck her with admiration. She tells him the whole story; he advises—urges her not to renounce the advantages of her position in society—not to reject the indulgence of her husband, but return to her duty. She, however, is resolute in her purpose; and the matter ends by Moreau's taking her under his own protection, and her accompanying him to Kehl, where he had been directed to supersede Pichegru. After suffering no little hardship and privation, at the end of the campaign she returned with him to Paris, where Moreau, being very coolly received by the Directory—chiefly from declining to betray Pichegru—resigns his command, and retires with Madame to Passy. At Paris she accidentally comes in contact with Madame Tallien



and is introduced to her well-known parties; and, though delighted with that most beautiful and fascinating woman, she is induced to give her up by Moreau's representations—these parties being at that time the very centre of political intrigue, and Madame's society courted only for her supposed influence with Moreau. Moreau sedulously stood aloof from all the Talien intrigues; and his conduct, in the volumes before us, is all along represented as distinguished for probity and rectitude in public life, and honour, and delicacy, and consideration in private.

Notwithstanding Moreau's resignation, after some little time he accepted the appointment of inspector-general of the army of Italy. Madame accompanies him to Italy; and at Milan, the head-quarters, she takes the name of Moreau, and lives in great splendour—her house being indeed the very seat and centre of gaiety, and Moreau the most generous and liberal of human beings. But by-and-by comes an order from the Directory, that all the ladies of the army should return to France, and Madame is persuaded by Moreau to retire to his country-seat at Chaillot. At this place she lived for some time, in great retirement, only occasionally visiting Paris and the theatres, but, for any thing that appears—and she is very frank—with all propriety,—till, at last, by the artifices of some cunning person, who knew her character and susceptibility, and had often heard her express admiration for Ney, she was prompted to write to him, in terms expressive of her admiration and affection. This letter, though never delivered to Ney, gave the intriguing prompter of it considerable command over her—which he seems to have exercised with some tyranny, and greatly to her vexation; but hearing nothing from Ney, and impelled by feelings she could not controul, she dispatches a letter, unknown to her confidant, and, on the same day, another to Moreau, and blunders in the address, and Moreau receives the one destined for Ney.

This, of course, in the long run, produces a separation; but Moreau, who has nothing of precipitation about him, and well able to estimate the lady's value and want of value, is unwilling to break with her, or, at least, to dismiss her unkindly; but, as it was with regard to her husband, so it is now to her protector—discovery makes all the difference; she will not listen to Moreau's entreaties—his offers of forgiveness—of marriage even. No, no; she has injured him—she will not bear his pity; her feelings too for Ney are of a kind she never experienced before—they are the promptings of nature—they are *love*—all she ever felt before was not love, but esteem, respect, gratefulness, &c. Her attention is now turned to the stage, and she takes lessons in declaiming—Moreau, in vain, endeavouring to dissuade her from

this degradation, and offering to use all his influence to restore her to her family. The narrative breaks off here, and no Ney is introduced, though, from sundry intimations in the course of the volumes, she did at last, to her own wretchedness, know too much of him. Moreau foreboded his stormy and restless spirit would be productive to her of final discomfort.

The chief charm of the volumes is Moreau—his quiet and gentlemanly conduct, compared with the rough and turbulent spirits around him. Of his private life little has ever been known; and we know not that this account of him is to be relied upon—at all events, it bears the marks of probability. The book, however, hardly fulfils the promise held out in the preface—not much more of public characters is given than we have hinted at, except an interview or two she had with Talleyrand, when soliciting some favour from him, at his office, when secretary for foreign affairs—and another with Regnault St. Jean d'Angely—neither of them very significant, though Talleyrand's is characteristic enough. Politically the narrative is brought down to the appointment of Buonaparte to the consulate; in which affair, Moreau, she says, had no concern. She represents him as hating Buonaparte, with a hatred which embraced the whole family—he would sooner have married the veriest drab in the streets, than the sister of the Corsican!

As to the unhappy lady herself—even with the sternest—the least susceptible—the least tempted and tried—she has palliations to plead—if credit be given to her statements—which can have fallen to few—the early loss of her father—the melancholy and consequent neglect, and almost forgetfulness of the mother in her childhood—her extreme youth—her very beauty—her susceptibility—her imbecility—her husband's carelessness—the profligate company that husband gathered round him—the unprincipled habits of military men—the freedoms and exposures of a camp—unprotected—unsupported—unwarned.—Alas! what is it we expect?—the coldness and caution of age, with the inexperience of childhood!

*The English in India.* By the Author of "*Pandurang Hari*," and "*The Zenana*." 3 vols. 12mo.; 1828.—The writer has more than half defeated his object. That object was to convey a familiar notion of the modes of life in the Presidencies of British India, and the medium he adopts is the story and adventures of a young lady, despatched by her friends—as many young ladies no doubt are so despatched—to make her fortune by marriage; but this story, unhappily, is of so complicated a cast, that too much of the author's attention and space is taken up in developing the complications, and surely far more than he

could himself have originally contemplated. To make a story the vehicle of the intelligence he wished to present to his readers was, in our story-reading days, judicious enough; but then the structure of the tale, with his particular views we mean, should undoubtedly have been of the very simplest and most obvious kind; and not like the present, requiring such frequent and reiterated efforts in the way of explanation, that the whole account, and no wonder, has an air of clumsiness, and a want of common skill about it—so desperate and improbable too are the expedients, to which the intractable nature of his plot compels him to have recourse—many of which would have been quite as applicable in any other quarter of the globe.

To unravel the story, though it might even save the reader some pains, perhaps, would take up too much of our space for the actual value of the performance. It is enough to state, that the heroine is introduced as a foundling—and foundlings in the “novel” world have always abounded from the days of Menander—rare as they are in the real one—that neither father nor mother is known—that a gentleman, one Major Carrol, in the tumults of the last Irish rebellion, visiting, as a magistrate, a cave in the south of Ireland, where some rebels were known to be secreted, just in time to perceive the nether part of the chief escaping through a fissure of the rock—the rest being shot by the soldiers—found a poor woman wounded, with an infant in her arms, which she put into his hands, imploring him to protect it—that he took the child, a girl, and brought her up with his own girls, much to the dissatisfaction of his unamiable wife—that as she grew up, Mrs. Carrol’s envy and jealousy grew too, because the beautiful and accomplished girl eclipsed her own daughters, and, therefore, she insisted upon her being sent out of the way to India, to a brother of her’s, a colonel in the Indian service—that to India she accordingly went, and on the voyage formed a mutual attachment with a young officer of the king’s troops—that on her landing at Madras, she was met by Colonel Hawes, at first very kindly welcomed, and forthwith introduced to the president’s banquets, but on her refusing to marry a member of council, to whom the Colonel had pledged her, and who in return had engaged to procure for him an important military command, is for a time very harshly treated—that, eventually, the said Colonel, a man risen from the ranks, and though a good fellow enough, vulgar, ignorant, and obstinate, quarrels with the said member of council, and is then reconciled to her attachment to the young officer, her fellow passenger—though he at present is too poor to marry—that in the meanwhile another lover starts up, a very fiend, in the shape of a Portuguese, who plots against her peace, and resolves to have her by fair means or

foul—that though more than once baffled, he at last succeeds in entrapping her, and carrying her off to the fortress of Dowlatabad, where, in league with a native chief, he is in actual resistance to the British power—that while there, under confinement and the dread of violence, she discovers, most miraculously, her own father, who is himself a prisoner in the clutches of this dragon of a Portuguese, who is, moreover, a relative of the heroine’s mother, though himself knowing nothing about the young lady’s connexion—that at last, when all hope seems gone, she escapes in a manner most wonderful and untromantic, headed up in a stale and stinking ale-cask, let down a descent of some hundred yards, and then rolled and rolled, we know not how far, till the very thought of it makes our own viscera turn and tumble—that on her escape, she communicates to the proper authorities the condition of her unhappy parent, and the fortress is in consequence besieged, and at last surrendered, and her father rescued—the Portuguese, during the siege, while plotting to betray the native chief, to save his own neck, being himself anticipated by the chief, plunged down a precipice, and dashed to pieces—and that, finally, the young lady’s father, the very rebel, whose escape through the rock Major Carrol had witnessed, proves to be the proprietor of £3,000 a year, and our heroine his sole heiress; and her own admitted and approved lover also learns, just in the nick of time, that his uncle is dead, and has left him £5,000 a year, and of course all parties are happy, with more money than they know what to do with. The varied fortunes of the father are foreign to the story; he was an Irish rebel—a victim of Toone’s schemes—a lawyer—apparently the son of a steward, but in reality the son of the master of that steward, changed at nurse, &c. &c.

Enough, and more than enough, of the story. The writer’s professed object must be considered as commencing with the voyage, the account of which is upon the whole amusing and probable enough—something, we may venture to say, very like real events. The passengers consist of several ladies, some elderly, and well acquainted with India, and returning with daughters, and grand-daughters, and protégés to the Indian market—all of them vulgar and unlicked, except our charming heroine—and some few officers, of different ranks, belonging to the king’s troops, and most of them something like gentlemen. The parties do not harmonize very well, but split into factions, termed by the crew larboard and starboard, and frequent embarrassments, and intermeddlings with each others affairs ensue, and plenty of tattling and calumny flying in all directions. The monotony of the voyage is broken by occasional balls and visitings to other ships of the convoy, and the several parties follow

the bent of their inclination as far as the miserable circumstances of a long passage allow; match-making occupies the principal part of every body's attention. Our heroine is as happy, in the attentions of Oswald, as the malice and envy of the other ladies will suffer her to be.

At Madras we are introduced to the chief official personages and superior settlers; and descriptions follow of the style of the houses, the fêtes, and the feastings—the mulligatawnnee, and curry, and rice—profuse dinners, and tiffins, and breakfasts.—multitudes of servants, some with punkahs to fan the air, and others with chowdries, or brushes of long horse-hair, to rout the flies; and tats, or wet mats, instead of glass windows and curtains, to cool the burning atmosphere, and generate a current of air. If the tale be true, and there is no reason to discredit it, the society is of a wretched description. Tittle-tattling is the order of the day—and intrigues the chief occupation, among the women especially, plotting for and against to secure the best matches, and supplanting rivals. The English mix only among themselves, and they are comparatively few. Every person is of importance, and the arrival of a new ship creates a stir through the whole presidency, as introducing new objects, to be dreaded as rivals, or courted as prizes. But the whole is a vulgar scene, relieved only by the infusion of a little gentlemanly feeling through the officers of the king's troops. The men, generally, if not quite low by origin, are so by lack of education, making their way by intrigues, and sordid manœuvres; and the women, of course, of a lower order still; for the underbred woman beats the underbred man out and out, in all the baser feelings of envy, spite, and treachery.

Take a scene—

Harcourt and Wiffen, on landing, proceeded to the residences of the gentlemen to whom they were specially recommended; the former to a Mr. Riddlesworth, an agent, and the latter to Mr. Brasswaith, second member of council. Harcourt was at once plunged into luxury and extravagance. Mr. Riddlesworth's house was filled with company; gaming and feasting formed their chief amusement. Billiards, chess, backgammon, and whist, were strong temptations to a young man, especially when all the party were engaged therein; in short, it appeared to Harcourt as if every one was striving to get rid of an already acquired fortune, instead of endeavouring to secure one. Mr. Riddlesworth kept race horses, devoting much attention to the delights of the turf; he was a bachelor, and intended to remain so, notwithstanding half the young ladies of the place had endeavoured to captivate him; his partner, Mr. Stonehurst, lived with him, and though he kept no horses for the turf himself, entered most cordially into the sports thereof. If Harcourt was astonished at the constant rattle of the billiard balls and backgammon board on the Saturday, the day after his arrival,

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how was he surprised and shocked at the early commencement of the games on the Sunday! As early as ten in the morning, Mr. Riddlesworth's friends appeared, and, stripped to their shirt sleeves, began a match at billiards; then followed the backgammon and chess, every one calling for beer and brandy *ad libitum*; such rattle, noise, and drawing of corks, Harcourt had never before witnessed; at first, he imagined Mr. Riddlesworth kept rather low company; but was soon undeceived, by learning that the guests were composed of the principal people in the settlement, civil and military. There was Tom Fowler, the warehouse-keeper; George Jennings, the treasurer; Mobray and Steward, the general's aids-de-camp, &c. The important tiffin, caused a cessation of the sports; at this moment a few more friends dropt in: there was Bob Lugin, the store-keeper, a celebrated character on the turf, and right hand man of Mr. Riddlesworth; he was hailed and welcomed most cordially.

"Oh, Bob, how are you, old fellow? Sit down, Bob, here is some rare Hodson for you." And Bob did as he was desired.

The conversation soon turned on horses, and bets made and taken on Riddlesworth's grey Arab horse, against Mr. Manning's bay, and the merits of each animal, as to speed, wind, and bottom, scientifically discussed, until the beer began to confuse poor Bob, who assented to every thing that was said, and he rolled to a bench, whilst the gamblers continued their billiards and backgammon.

Suddenly a voice exclaimed—"the archdeacon, by heavens!" Away flew all the conscious crew, into Riddlesworth's bed room, and other parts of the house, leaving no one to receive his reverence but snoring Bob Lugin. The tiffin having been fortunately cleared away, no traces of numerous guests appeared, and Mr. Riddlesworth, with a demure face, at length made his appearance, expressing the happiness he felt at the honour the archdeacon had done him by thus calling upon him; he inquired how his wife did, and hoped she bore the heat tolerably well.

The archdeacon was civil, and apologized for not having sooner returned Mr. Riddlesworth's visit; and accounted for now doing so on a Sunday, by saying, "The meeting for establishing charity schools met early in the morning, and he was desirous of seeing as numerous a body as could be collected, and therefore called to hope Mr. Riddlesworth would attend."

Mr. Riddlesworth assured his reverend friend he might depend on his coming, and expressed his hopes that a liberal subscription would be raised.

"Is that gentleman unwell?" inquired the archdeacon, pointing to poor Bob on the couch.

"Yes, poor fellow! he has not very good health, and the heat has overcome him."

"Poor man!" said the archdeacon, "he should be very careful."

"He should, indeed, Sir," said Riddlesworth.

*Herbert Milton. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.*—Never surely was any body so unlucky in that important matter—the title. The story was originally written, it seems, under the title of "Almack's," but the palm and glory were rudely snatched from his grasp by



a more rapid performer. A change became imperative; but invention was exhausted, and the hackneyed contrivance, the dernier resort, the hero's name, Herbert Milton, in another unlucky moment, was resolved on. But then, though the title was changed, the contents were not, and therefore resemblances might occur—resemblances we mean to "Almack's," which some very queer person called the best novel in the language; and therefore some account must be given to remove suspicions of plagiarism. What account does the writer give? First, he abstained from the perusal of his successful competitor. Very well; a very good plan, and alone sufficient; but not content with this precaution, he nevertheless makes some changes, to obviate, he says, the probability of resemblance. The drollest contrivance surely that ever was hit upon, and calculated especially to give the lie to his first account; if he was unwilling to come into direct competition, why not read the book; and then if resemblances actually existed, which he was unwilling to exhibit, he would have known *where* to change, and not, like a mole, be working in the dark—not knowing, in short, whether he was doing what he might come to wish undone, or undoing what he would most wish had been left untouched.

Well, but the work finished at last, and all impediments apparently got over, behold another *contre-temps*—Mr. Lister comes forth with a HERBERT LACY. Confusion to the author's hopes! At first he boldly resolves to face the difficulty, but soon he flinches again, and, recurring to the old title, he chooses now to call it "Almack's Revisited," in which he is not only unhappy, but usurping and misleading; for the uninitiated will now suppose the work to be a second visit by the first "Almack's," or one meant to correct his misrepresentations. Nothing, however, like making the best of circumstances, and accordingly the author advertises under both titles—Herbert Milton, and "Almack's Revisited"—and thus gives himself a double chance of being once read.

But this botheration about Almack's is after all little to the purpose. A scene, to be sure, is given at Almack's, but a scene which has nothing to do with the tale, and could not have been the writer's first object; nothing is furthered by it, and it is itself of the most meagre description. With Herbert Lacy, too, there are no confessions whatever—that is altogether a country scene—this a town one, written probably by a person of some acquaintance with the worst parts of London society, but of taste and attainments—literary we mean—very inferior to Mr. Lister's. And yet there is an odd sort of similarity between them. The subject in both is villany baffled; though in the case before us, not baffled till mischief is done. Mr. Lister keeps the reins tight in hand; and would no doubt be afraid

of inculcating some lesson, which somebody might call immoral, if he did not in the clearest light set forth the laws of poetical justice, which novel readers seem to think is always, and which happily sometimes is, natural justice. Accordingly, his villain plots and contrives, indeed, but inflicts very little serious, and no durable, mischief, and none but what is carefully remedied and amply recompensed. The author before us is of a more reckless cast, and though not more extravagant in plotting mischief, he is more resolute in giving permanent effect, and hesitates not even to kill his hero, though the villain himself, eventually, also reaps the fruits of his own devices.

Herbert Milton is the son of Sir Herbert, an East-Indian, born in the East, but sent home with his mother when young, and educated under her care—the father not returning home till his son was six-and-twenty; and when he does come, comes prejudiced against him. This son, however, is a most exemplary youth. Brought up at Eton, he was distinguished there, and afterwards obtaining a commission in the Guards, he was still, and on every occasion, equally distinguished for bravery, for liberal feelings, and gentlemanly qualities. When at Harwich, superintending the landing of the sick from Walcheren, he, in company with a brother officer, observes two ladies, a young one and an elderly, anxiously watching the miserable scene. An opportunity quickly presents itself of lending assistance, in landing the young lady's drooping father, and placing him in their own comfortable lodgings, and going themselves to an inn. This gentleman, Major Manby, dies; but he proves not to be the father of the lady—she had been, when a child, rescued from a wreck, and adopted by him. Though unable himself to discover the parents of the child, one of the parents at least seemed not to have lost sight of her; for soon after her adoption a sum of £10,000, for her benefit, was placed in his hands mysteriously. This Major Manby had encountered a variety of fortunes; he had been in the East, and dismissed from office for the malversations of a clerk, and incurred the fiercest hatred of Sir Herbert Milton, our hero's father.

The services young Milton had been able to render to the young lady, naturally—for she was incomparably beautiful—drew on further acquaintance, and that acquaintance quickly involved his fullest admiration. He was however checked in his declarations by the known dislike of Sir Herbert to the young lady's supposed father. His mother, indeed, was delighted with her, but she also discountenances her son's passion, for the same reason. Professional duties meanwhile call him to Spain, and, in his absence, his friends at home, true and false, join curiously in making love for him, and ascertaining the state of the young lady's affections, which of course are entirely his. The false

friend, Mr. Alfred Milton, his cousin, has a deep game to play. By degrees he gets into the secret, not only of his cousin's inclinations, but of the lady's birth; and his purpose is to push Herbert to a marriage, in defiance of the father, and before his return—knowing the father to be of a temperament to feel no remorse about disinheriting his son for disobedience, and in that case the property must be his—not less than £20,000 a year. He communicates clandestinely with the father, and misrepresents poor Herbert in all manner of ways, till at last the father comes home, filled with a belief of his son's profligacy, and utter worthlessness.

On his arrival, no time is lost by the son in communicating his wishes to marry Miss Manby; but by the contrivances of the cousin, every thing between the father and son is done through him, and the union is peremptorily forbidden. Herbert is equally resolute; he flies to the lady, and the marriage is consummated. Within a few days he is recalled by the intelligence of his father's alarming illness—he has broken a blood vessel; and in his first interview he confesses the marriage, when to his horror he learns he had married his *sister*. The old man all along knew Miss Manby was his illegitimate daughter, but his pride was too great to allow him to acknowledge the fact, and he contented himself, in the height of his greatness, with forbidding the marriage, without accounting for the forbiddance. The shock was terrible to all parties; the sick man died on the instant; the young lady lost her reason; and Herbert

rushed to the continent, to lose memory, and find an honourable death on the field, which he soon found, and thus left his triumphant cousin for a time to the undisturbed enjoyment of his £20,000 a year.

Scarcely was Herbert dead, when one of his friends, by the merest accident in the world, discovers that, after all, Miss Manby was not the daughter even of Sir Herbert, but of one Mr. Mowbray, who with his family was on board the vessel at the time of its wreck. He knew Sir Herbert's child was drowned, and had supposed his own was also. The two children were nearly of the same age. Mr. Mowbray is of course delighted to recover his child; and she by this time recovers her reason; and having been left *enceinte* by her hapless husband—the result is, she is safely delivered of a son, who is undoubted heir to the title and estate of the grandfather; and Mr. Alfred Milton meets with his deserts by tumbling down a cataract, in missing a blow struck at one of Milton's friends, who came to announce these new and surprising events.

We felt strongly disposed—but we have no space—to remark upon some sentiments of the author, scattered here and there, and particularly the loathsome language of his loyalty—the vile and crawling sycophancy of which is only to be equalled by the author of the “Guards,” of which it is indeed the counterpart. Do these persons mean to insinuate they are the associates of the sovereign? for none but associates can estimate the private qualities of the man.

#### MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE stage has been busy, during the month, but barren. This, however, is no source of sorrow to managers—for the houses have been unusually well attended; and, if that grand object be secured, the less novelty the better—for the less there is, the cheaper is the gain. Yet this policy, which to the treasurer seems the consummation of human wisdom, is but bad policy after all. Little is to be gained by penury on or off the stage; and the manager who labours and expends, to obtain performances of the first class of ability, and to obtain them as often as he can, will be the foremost ere long.

Covent Garden has produced but one drama, and even that one an adaptation—the “Merchant's Wedding;” a compound of several old plays, and suffering under the native faults of the old school. But the original comedians of England, whatever might be their fooleries, their want of elegance, and their more serious disqualifications, arising from want of decency, were yet a vigorous generation. They had a strong

grasp of mind, which makes their absurdities at least like the absurdities of no other men. Their characters were impressed with their own vigour; there was the stamp of nature, and that English nature, upon them in all their members. Even their ribaldry, humiliating as it was to their taste, and offensive to the more delicate and well-ordered mind, was national, impassioned, and witty. Among their performances, now become obsolete by the change of men and manners, there are incomparable scenes, and fragments of scenes, that none can read but with wonder at the naked intellectual gladiatorship that they display. Those scenes, compiled and skilfully wrought together by a more intelligible plot than our forefathers loved, might make many a fine drama still. But this dove-tailing demands adroitness, and more than adroitness—it demands the power of a *dramatist*; and the desperate question left to us is—how many men in England, or in Europe, at this day, have any faculty worth honouring with the name?

But, in the mean time, we would not be

so idly fastidious as to depreciate the efforts of the few who continue to adapt, compile, and translate for the stage—the three present and paramount operations of theatrical authorship. The “*Merchant's Wedding*” is arranged by Planché, whose skill in these matters has already displayed itself in several successful performances. The weight of popularity falls to the characters sustained by Charles Kemble, as the *roué*, who marries the heiress; and that of the bride, whom Miss Chester represents with all the airs and graces of shewy coquetry. But the plot is feeble; and the incidents, though suitable to their time, are few and coarse. The principal contrivance to induce the heiress's acknowledgment of her feelings, is founded on the probable loss of her reputation. The compiler touched the verge of ruin in exhibiting this trait of the manners of our ancestry. The audience shrank from the singularity of a lover's disrobing himself in his mistress's toilet; and but for the conviction that Charles Kemble had too much taste to disregard public opinion in the scene, to the extent of the original, the play would have been driven from the stage. Miss Chester played with her usual interest; but the heroine requires more force.

The “*Sonnambulist*,” a melodrama from the French, exhibited Miss Kelly in that style of drama in which she has no rival. The fair sleeper has been abjured by her lover, on suspicion of faithlessness to her fiancé. But she walks and talks him into a conviction that he knew nothing about the matter—climbs roofs, and moves over crumbling walls—until he has not a doubt upon his mind; and the moment that he finds she has reached the ground without breaking a bone, he falls on his knees, weeps, and offers marriage like a Frenchman.

A German tragedy, translated into an English melodrama—retaining, however, the name of a tragedy—gave one more instance to the thousand, that, whatever England may be able to export to the foreign stage, she can import no tragedy. The present one, entitled the “*Serf*,” turns upon the Russian custom of slavery. The illegitimate son of a noble is left to become the slave of his legitimate brother, who is a tyrant, and in love with the woman who is in love with the Serf. To prohibit the passion, he refuses his brother the record of his freedom, and goes the length of ordering him to appear as a livery-servant in the presence of the lady. How any human being, under the circumstances of his passion and provocation, could have tamely submitted to this unbrotherly taunt, is beyond our knowledge of human nature. But, certainly, we might be justified in pronouncing him not of the species that captivates the favour of the fair. Slavery must have been thoroughly ground into any one who would not have refused, or rebelled, or at least ran away. But the hero, after growling a little, puts on the

livery, and waits at the chair of his brother. They finally quarrel, draw their swords, and die on the same green baize. The translation was said to be by Lord Normanby; but has since been acknowledged by a Mr. Talbot. It has some good language, and there have been worse things done.

Peake, who has palpably taken O'Keefe for his Shakspeare, has produced a lively *capriccio*—the “*Haunted Inn*,” a farce. The waiter of a country inn wishing to become its landlord, personates a ghost, to frighten the old landlord and his wife out of the premises. The part is Liston's, and, of course, very pleasantly played. *Captain Levant*, a young rake, hiding from his creditors, who are in full pursuit, is run so close, that he is compelled to change clothes with *Corporal Trot*. Jones is *Levant*, and lively as usual. Matthews is the Corporal, and perfectly the corporal. They separate, and *Levant* makes his way to the inn, where the old people offer him his supper, in the idea of his protecting them from the ghost. Liston makes his appearance, in sheets and chains, at midnight: Jones detects, and flogs him too, with more of reality than the stage generally authorizes. The ghost is all obsequiousness; and *Levant* thenceforth orders him to do all kinds of things, by a significant gesture of the hanging, which he avers to be the necessary consequence of the fraud.

*Corporal Trot* has made his way to the house of a Baronet, where *Levant* was expected as the son of an old friend, and a future son-in-law. The Baronet receives the Corporal with open arms; and, however surprised at his manners, accounts for them by the peculiarities of the rising generation. The young lady is still more surprised to see the Corporal act the battle of Waterloo, by throwing the breakfast-rolls, &c. about the room. This is one of the worst exaggerations of the farce, and is altogether puerile and improbable. At last, *Levant* appears, the lady and all are reconciled, understand each other, are happy, and are married—the waiter alone excepted, who yet gains the inn, without being hanged for its purchase.

“*Juan's Early Days*,” an *extravaganza*, from the first part of Lord Byron's poem, has been produced with some popularity. The subject is playful; and Miss Love, as the hero, plays it with spirit. Miss E. Tree is *Haidee*, and is suited to the character by her grace and animation. Some of the scenery is pretty; the dresses, and particularly that of *Lambro* the pirate, are handsome; and, on the whole, with the addition of some better and more characteristic music—for the hackneyed air of “*Isabel*” is the only pretty one in the piece—is worth going to see.

The Oratorios have begun, and much may be expected from the skill of Bishop, their director. But hitherto nothing new has been performed.

The Adelphi is filled with its unfailing



crowd to see Yates's pleasantries. No one knows better how to sustain and satisfy popularity. A succession of amusing and *petit* performances are carried on through the week, and the manager and the public do justice to each other.

The King's Theatre fills with the filling of the town. But Pasta is the sole attraction—a powerful one, undoubtedly; yet some-

thing more is due to the audience, and is necessary to the theatre. Sontag is promised, and doubted. It turns out that she has two months in the summer at her disposal, when she will, probably, if she has the usual foreign fondness for English gold, honour us at the rate of a hundred and fifty guineas a song.

## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### DOMESTIC.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 6, 1827.—T. H. Hall, and W. Phillips, Esqrs., were admitted into the Society. A paper, by Professor Airy, was read on the corrections in the elements of De Lambre's solar tables, required by the observations made at Greenwich. From the investigations of this gentleman, it appears that erroneous estimates had been made of the masses of some of the planets, Venus and Mars in particular, and of the moon. The differences arising from these causes having been pointed out, and the corrections suggested, the latter were found to agree with observation in a most satisfactory manner.—Dec. 13. Dr. Roget communicated a paper, which was read, from J. Prinsep, Esq., assay master of the mint at Benares, on the measurement of high temperatures—for which see the *Varieties*. Also, a paper was read from Sir G. S. Gibbes, M.D. on alimentary substances.

#### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 14, 1827.—The beneficial results produced by this society are now beginning to be appreciated, and astronomers are daily becoming more anxious to forward the objects it has in view. At this meeting, a large mass of observations, extending over a period of thirty-three years, was forwarded from Major Hodgson, surveyor-general of India. It is by collecting and digesting detached observations, as well as by the proceedings of fixed observatories, that astronomy must receive much greater advancement. A paper was read on the computation of the geocentric places of the planets for ephemerides, by J. F. Littrow: the process was devised by M. Gauss, to avoid the very laborious calculations required by the usual method. M. L. communicated the formulae, which give at once the geocentric right ascensions and declinations, as well as the distance, of the planet from the earth, in terms of the co-ordinates of the earth and planets at the instant of observation. An instrument, to illustrate some of the phenomena of rotation, contrived by Mr. Atkinson, of Newcastle, was exhibited by Mr. Riddle.

#### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 1, 1827.—A paper, by Mr. J. Main, on the locomotive power of the snail, was read. The belly of the snail being perfectly smooth, there are no appendages to do the office of feet, and the whole of the body moves at once, and not in parts successively. By placing the animal on a piece of glass, Mr. M. was enabled to detect a muscular motion; but this, instead of being from head to tail, was the reverse—so that the animal's motion cannot be caused by impulses in the direction of its progress. He offers two conjectures as to the cause of the animal's motion—that the body is moved forward by the retromissive discharge of slime, which, being emitted simultaneously from every part of the under surface, may exercise a force adequate to the propelling of the animal; or—from its power of forming its lower surface into segments of circles along the whole of its length, and thus, by assuming a vertical vermicular action on the plane of the sustaining surface, impelling the body forward by alternate contraction and expansion. As dry air deprives the animal of motion, the author is inclined to consider the first surmise the more probable.—An extract of a letter from Dr. Rigby was read, on the ova of the *hirudo medicinalis*; also an account, by the Rev. L. Guilding, of *margarodes*, a new genus of insects, found in the neighbourhood of ants'-nests. These insects issue from what is called the ground pearl, and appear to be parasites on the ants. The entire want of a mouth is remarkable in this new insect, the food being absorbed by tubes in the fore-claws: it also possesses the extraordinary power of throwing out long filaments when in dry situations, supposed to be for preserving itself, by obtaining moisture.—18. Three new species of land-tortoise were exhibited by Mr. Bell; and a portion of Dr. Hamilton's commentary on the *Hortus Malabaricus*, was read.—Jan. 15, 1828. Some specimens of *lanthina*, washed ashore in July last, in Oxwick Bay, near Swansea, many of them picked up alive, and yielding a beautiful dye, were exhibited by L. W. Dillwyn, Esq. Specimens of medusæ were found with them. A description was read of three new species of plants, natives of New Grenada, by M. Gondot, professor of botany at Bogota.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 1, 1827.—Two new fellows were elected; and a paper read on the Geology of Quebec, and its vicinity, by J.T. Rigsby, Esq., M.D.—21. The reading of a paper was begun on a group of slate rocks in Yorkshire, between the rivers Lune and Wharfe, from near Kirby-Lonsdale, to near Malham, by Mr. Phillips.—Jan. 4, 1828. Six new fellows were elected, and the reading of Mr. Phillips's paper concluded. A collection of fossil vegetables, from the Northumberland and Durham collieries, were presented by W. Hutton, Esq.; from whom a notice was read on the occurrence of chlorophæite in basaltic dykes in Northumberland, and of carbonate of strontian in the lead measures near Hexham.

## FOREIGN.

## INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Nov. 19 & 26, 1827.—M. Legendre announced a discovery of M. Jacobi, of Königsberg, who has materially improved the important theory of elliptic functions. He submitted some of the principal results of these theorems of M. Jacobi, and stated the labours of this young mathematician on the theory of numbers. M. de Mirbel read a memoir on the origin, the development, and the organization of the liber (the inner bark of plants) and the wood. M. Cagniard de Latour read some new experimental and theoretical researches on the properties of sound.—Dec. 3. MM. Dumeril, Girard,

and F. Cuvier reported rather favourably on M. Chabrin's memoir concerning the progressive motion of men and other animals. M. Biot read a memoir on the figure of the earth, confirming the conclusions to which the other observers and mathematicians had arrived, but proving the variation of gravity along the same parallel, and that on the same meridian the variation is not uniform.—10. MM. Gay Lussac, Vauquelin, and Chevreul reported on the work of MM. Dumas and the younger Roulay—a memoir on the formation of sulphuric ether: the report was highly complimentary, and recommended the publication of the paper by the academy, among the productions of persons not members of their body. MM. Dupuytren and Dumeril delivered a report on the interesting memoir of Dr. Lenn, of Geneva, relative to a new application of laryngotracheotomy. M. G. St. Hilaire read a memoir on a small species of crocodile living in the Nile, its organization, its habits, and the motives which led the ancients to adore it under the name of Suchus. M. Cauchy read a memoir on the development of functions in rational fractions: on this subject, M. Lacroix referred to a paper of Eulers, inserted in the Transactions of the Academy of St. Petersburg.—17. MM. Desfontaines, Mirbel, and Cassini reported on M. A. Brongniart's memoir, entitled new observations on the spermatie granules of vegetables, which was recommended to the approbation of the academy, and ordered to be inserted in the "*Recueil des Savans Etrangers*."

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*New Thermometer.*—The incorrectness of the thermometers hitherto employed for measuring high temperatures, having led Mr. Prinsep, assay master of the mint at Benares, to make numerous experiments on the subject, in the course of his inquiries a remarkable fact presented itself in the change which occurred in a spring, constructed on the compensation principle, and formed by two slips of metals—the one of silver, the other of gold—originally quite pure, and united without any alloy. In the course of a few years, although it had never been subjected to a very high temperature, the surface of the gold became converted into an alloy of silver, the impregnation extending gradually to a considerable depth in the gold, and destroying the sensibility of the instrument to changes of temperature. After trying various plans, he gave the preference to the one founded on the following principle—*viz.* that the fusing points of the pure metals are fixed and determinate—that those of silver, gold, and platina comprehend a very extensive range of temperature, and that, between these three fixed points in the scale,

as many intermediate ones as may be required may be obtained by alloying the three metals together in different proportions. When such a series of alloys has been once prepared, the heat of any furnace may be expressed by the alloy of least fusibility, which it is capable of melting. The determinations afforded by a pyrometer of this kind will, independently of their precision, have the advantage of being identifiable at all times and in all countries: the smallness of the apparatus is an additional recommendation, nothing more being requisite than a little vessel, containing in separate cells the requisite number of pyrometric alloys, each of the size of a pin's-head. The specimens melted in one experiment need only to be flattened under the hammer, in order to be again ready for use. For the purpose of concisely registering the results, the author employs a simple decimal method of notation, which at once expresses the nature of the alloy and its correspondence with the scale of temperature. As the distance between the points of fusion of silver and of gold is not considerable, Mr. P. divides this distance

on the scale into ten degrees, obtaining measures of each by a successive addition of ten per cent. of gold to the silver, the fusion of which, when pure, marks the point of zero, while that of gold is reckoned at ten degrees. From the point of fusion of pure platina to that of pure gold, Mr. P. assumes 100 degrees, adding to the alloy, which is to measure each, in succession, one per cent. of platina.

*Busby's Terrestrial Planisphere.*—There are so many ridiculous attempts, at the present day, to find a "royal road to knowledge," that we instinctively look with suspicion upon any contrivance for facilitating the means of acquiring information. We have at different times pointed out what, upon examination, appeared to us deserving of notice, though we have more frequently passed over in silence than exposed what was worthless; and, were we to enumerate the various articles of which accounts are sent to this Journal, we might fill up some pages with the announcements of interested parties. A small terrestrial planisphere has recently fallen in our way, which seems admirably calculated to effect very nearly all that can be done with a globe, and at a cost quite trifling compared with the price of the latter. A few slight additions, which might readily be made, would, in some degree give this little machine a superiority over a globe, for the solution of many questions which frequently arise; and we shall be very glad if any commendation of ours have the effect of introducing it to the notice of the public.

*Hydraulics.*—A gentleman of the name of Cooper has invented in America an hydraulic machine of, we may say, almost incredible force. The model of it has been publicly exhibited. It is a cylinder eight inches in length, and the same in diameter, with a handle, of which the two extremities are attached to a pivot. The power of four men is sufficient to make it discharge continually a column of water, three-quarters of an inch thick, to a distance of 120 feet in an horizontal line, and to more than 90 feet in a perpendicular line. It is said that this machine is constructed on a principle entirely new. The inventor has given it the name of a rotatory piston; but, in fact, it has neither piston nor valve; it has rather the appearance of a wheel, which forms a vacuum on one side, and produces a strong compression on the other. The volume of water which it raises in a single revolution is said to surpass that of the entire machine. Great expectations are consequently formed as to its general utility; and steps have been taken for its construction upon a large scale, as well as agents been sent into Europe to prepare the way for its introduction into this country and France.

*Plan for the Publication of Eastern Works.*—It has long been a subject of regret to scholars, that scarcely any, or at

least so very few, oriental works in the original languages are to be met with in this country, except as manuscripts, which exist in very great numbers in nearly all the public libraries. This general feeling has led to a plan being formed, among the members of the Asiatic Society, for publishing, free of expense to the authors, translations of the whole or parts of such works in the oriental languages as a proper committee (already appointed) shall approve. These translations are to be accompanied by the original texts, and such illustrations as may be considered necessary. By the publication of the original text, it is intended to multiply copies of such works as are scarce, and to furnish students at a moderate expense with correct copies of the best Asiatic works, to which they might not otherwise have access. Pecuniary and honorary rewards are to be given for such translations of works, in whole or in part, as may be thought deserving; and communications opened with other parts of Europe and the East, for the purpose of collecting valuable MSS., and whatever may be calculated to forward the views of the society. It is to be hoped that an undertaking so truly national as this is, will be supported and encouraged by national liberality; and that, by means of this plan, properly managed, the chief, perhaps the only obstacle, to the much-desired dissemination of knowledge relating to the East, may be entirely removed throughout Europe.

*Substitute for Gall-Nuts.*—We learn from Newton's Journal that, in the year 1826, a foreigner obtained in this country a patent for a substitute which he had discovered for gall-nuts, in all the different branches of the arts or manufactures in which gall-nuts can be used; and, from its apparent utility, we regret that this process has not been earlier brought before the notice of the public. This substitute for gall-nuts is an extract from the shell of the chestnut, and also from the wood and sap of the chestnut-tree, and is prepared by reducing the chestnut-shell into small pieces, and boiling them in water. One hundred weight of the shells of chestnuts thus broken is to be immersed in about 180 or 200 quarts of water in a vessel of copper, or any other material except iron, and after having been allowed to soak in this water for about twelve hours, the material is then to be boiled for about three hours, in order to obtain the extract. The wood of the chestnut-tree may be cut into small pieces, or shaved thin, and treated in the same way. The extract is now to be drawn off from the boiler, and filtered through a fine sieve or cloth, after which the water must be evaporated from it until the extract is reduced to the consistency of paste. It may now be cut into cakes of any convenient size, and dried in an oven of low temperature, and, when hard, may be



packed for sale, and used for any of the purposes in the arts to which gall-nuts have been heretofore applied. The quantity obtained from the above will be about eight or ten pounds. In using this substance, it is only necessary to pound or otherwise reduce it to powder, when it may be mixed with other ingredients, as pulverized gall-nuts. The same chemical properties belong to the sap of the chestnut-tree, which may be extracted by tapping the trunk, and when so obtained, employed for the same purpose as the gall-nuts. This invention seems less useful for its intrinsic merit, than for the hint it affords.

*M. Ferrer on the Comets of 1807-11-13.*—In the first part of the third volume of the *Transactions of the Astronomical Society*, which has just appeared, is recorded one of the most extraordinary circumstances in the annals of science. A Spanish gentleman, Don Joze de Ferrer, employing at first a reflecting circle, and subsequently a sextant of Ramsden, was enabled by a mean of some hundred observations, made at Havannah, in the island of Cuba, to cal-

culate the elements of the comets which appeared in the years 1807-11-13, with as much precision as was obtained from observations made at the finest observatories in Europe. Such, indeed, was the accuracy of the sextant (of seven inches radius), and the skill of the observer, that, from his own observations alone, he was enabled to detect an error of 14" in the places of Altair and  $\alpha$  Cygni, which pervades all the nautical almanacks, from 1802 to 1810. We have recorded this circumstance as a proof that large instruments are not indispensable even in the present advanced state of the science of astronomy, and in the hope of inciting those who might otherwise be discouraged, from the smallness of their apparatus, to prosecute observations of the celestial phenomena, with the assurance that *skill and assiduity*, applied to instruments of inferior size, will always furnish results which need not fear competition with any that can be obtained by Brinkley, Bessel, or Pond, aided by the mechanical genius of Ramsden, Reichenbach, or Troughton.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The Rev. H. Lendsay, A. M. is about to publish *Lectures on the Historical Books of the Old Testament*.

The Author of "*Hajji Baba*," announces a New Work, "*Hajji Baba in England*."

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Mr. H. G. Ward, late Chargé d'Affaires of His Britannic Majesty in Mexico, announces a Work, in 2 vols, 8vo., under the title of "*Mexico in 1827*."

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Miss Helen Maria Williams, pre-eminent amongst the violent female partisans of the French Revolution, is said to have been born about the year 1762; though, according to our apprehension, her life must have been of earlier date. She was, we believe, a native of the North of England; resided some years at Berwick, came to London at the age of eighteen, and was introduced to the world, as a writer, by the late Dr. Kippis.

An accurate, copious, and impartially-written memoir of this lady, could not fail of exhibiting much curious literary and political information. She was the avowed author of many works. Her first poem was "Edwin and Elfida," a legendary tale, in verse, published in 1782. She next produced, in 1783, "An Ode on Peace;" in 1784, "Peru," a poem; in 1786, in two volumes, "A Collection of Miscellaneous Poems;" and, in 1788, "Poems on the Slave Trade." About the last mentioned year, she visited France, where she formed many literary and political connexions. In 1790, in which year, the *Constitutionnel* informs us, she settled in Paris, she published "Julia, a Novel," in two volumes; also, "Letters Written in France, in the Summer of 1790;" and, in 1792, a second part of that work, in two volumes, having previously, in 1791, written "A Farewell for Two Years to England." The effects of these works were, to render the French Revolution popular amongst certain parties in England, and to recommend their author to the Brissotins at Paris. In the succeeding clash of factions, she was in great danger, and was actually confined in the Temple; but, on the fall of Robespierre, she was released. After her liberation, she resumed her literary labours, the first fruits of which were, "Letters, containing a Sketch of the Politics of France," in four volumes, in 1796. Her next publication was a "Translation of Paul and Virginia;" the exquisite simplicity of which she destroyed, by interlarding the narrative with some of her own Sonnets. In 1798, she produced "a Tour in Switzerland, with Comparative Sketches of the Present State of Paris:" in 1800, "Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic:" and, in 1803, a Translation of the "Political and Confidential Correspondence of Louis XVI., with observations," in three volumes, 8vo.

During the "hollow armed truce of Amiens," Miss Williams is understood to have had some intercourse with the English Government; and, during the subsequent war, she became an object of suspicion to the French police, by whom her papers were seized and examined. In 1814, she translated the first volume of "The Personal Travels of M. de Humboldt," which she completed in 1821. Her latest performances

are "A Narrative of Events in France," in 1815;—"On the late Persecution of the Protestants in the South of France," in 1816;—"Letters on the Events which have passed in France since the Restoration of 1815," in 1819; and, subsequently, a slight sketch, entitled "The Leper of the City of Aoste, from the French."

It should have been mentioned, that, for some years, Miss Williams wrote that portion of the *New Annual Register*, which related to the affairs of France. Lately, she has appeared only as the enemy of the revolution, and a friend of the Bourbons. Her circle of friends and acquaintances was extensive. She lived, for many years, and until the death of that gentleman, "under the protection," as the phrase is, of the quondam Reverend F. Stone, Rector of Norton, in the county of Essex.\* Miss Williams died lately in Paris.

## THE EARL OF NEWBURGH.

Francis Eyre, fifth Earl of Newburgh, Viscount Kinnaird, and Baron Livingston, of Flacra, was born on the 10th of February, 1762. He succeeded his cousin, Anthony James Radcliffe, the fourth earl, on the 29th of November, 1814. His mother was the only daughter and heiress of Anthony Kemp, of Slindon, in the county of Sussex, Esq. by Ann Brown, daughter of Henry, fifth Viscount Montagu. His Lordship married, in 1788, Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of John Gladwin, Esq., by whom he has had issue two sons and six daughters: of these, both the sons and three daughters are living. The Earl of Newburgh died at his Hotel, Rue de Monsieur, at Paris, on the 23d of October. Thomas, his eldest son and successor, the present earl, was born on the 21st of October, 1790; and he married, in 1817, the Lady Margaret Kennedy, third daughter of Archibald, Earl of Cassilis.

## LIEUT. COLONEL DE MONTMORENCY.

Lieutenant Colonel de Montmorency, H. P. Royal York Hussars, formerly of the 13th Light Dragoons, and afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of the 9th Lancers, was a nephew of the late Right Honourable Lord Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, of

\* In consequence of the Rev. F. Stone's having preached a visitation sermon in the church of Danbury, before the Archdeacon of the Diocese and the Clergy, in which he denied the Doctrines of the Church concerning the Holy Trinity, the Divinity of, and Atonement by Christ, proceedings were instituted against him in the Consistory Court, Doctors' Commons. The sermon was preached in July 1806; and, on the 20th of May, 1808, after repeated hearings, Mr. Stone having refused to renounce his heterodox opinions, and to declare his belief of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, the Bishop of London pronounced sentence of deprivation against him, according to the forms prescribed by law, depriving him of the benefice of Cold Norton, in Essex—a living said to be worth 500l. per annum. Mr. Stone died some years since.

Galmoye, in the county of Kilkenny, the branch of the ancient and illustrious house of De Montmorency, of France, which accompanied the renowned Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, to Ireland, in the years 1169 and 1172. Born in the year 1778, he entered the army at the early age of 15, and has served his country, as a cavalry officer, in every quarter of the globe where his services were required. He was an accomplished officer, both in theory and practice. In 1816, he presented to His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, a M.S. work on the exercise and manœuvre of the lance. It was received with much approbation; and subsequently, four regiments of British Lancers were formed.

Colonel de Montmorency died at Naples on the 4th of October. His death was caused by a fever, caught in the celebrated castle of Otranto, where it had become necessary for him to perform a sort of quarantine of nineteen days after his return from Greece. In private as well as in public, Colonel de Montmorency was, in every sense of the word, a most exemplary character. His eldest son was one of the commissioners, on the part of the East India Company, who lately ratified the treaty of peace between the Company and the King of Ava.

#### SIR JOHN MURRAY, BART.

General Sir John Murray, was a native and a baronet of Scotland. He entered the army in 1788; and, during the campaigns in the Netherlands, in 1793 or 1794, he was present in various engagements, and served as aid-de-camp, first to Marshal Freytag, and afterwards to the Duke of York. In May, 1794, he obtained a colonelcy. He was afterwards at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope; was at the head of a division of troops in the Red Sea, in 1799; and, in 1800, was promoted to be a colonel in the army, and appointed quartermaster-general to Sir David Baird's army, in the Red Sea and in Egypt. Subsequently he was employed in India, where he commanded the Bombay division at Poonah. He also commanded the British army during the war with Scindeah, and during a great part of the war with Holkar. In 1805, he rose to the rank of major-general, and, from that year till 1808, he was on the staff of the Eastern District in Great Britain. In 1808 and 1809, he commanded the King's German Legion, under Sir John Moore and Sir Arthur Wellesley, and participated in all the actions which led to the expulsion of Soult from Portugal. In May, 1809, he was made colonel of the Third West India regiment; from which he was removed in 1818 to the colonelcy of the 56th Foot, which he retained till his death. In 1811, he became a lieutenant-general; in 1813, he was employed on the staff under Lord William Bentinck; and, subse-

quently, he was appointed to be the general of the Anglo-Sicilian army in Catalonia. In that command, he found himself compelled to raise the siege of Tarragona, and to retreat with the loss of part of his artillery. He was, in consequence, tried by a court-martial, and found guilty of an error in judgment.

In 1819, Sir John Murray attained that rank of general in the army. He was a knight of the Red Eagle of Prussia, of St. Januarius and of the Guelphic Order of Hanover. Sir John died at Frankfort-on-the-Maine on the 15th of October.

#### THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

George Augustus Herbert, eleventh Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Cardiff, and Baron Herbert of Shurland, K.G. Governor of Guernsey, general in the army, colonel of the 6th regiment of Dragoons, lord lieutenant of the county of Wilts, high steward of Salisbury, and visitor of Jesus College, Oxford, was born on the 11th of September, 1759; and he succeeded his father, Henry, the tenth earl, on the 26th of January, 1794. His mother was the Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of Charles, second duke of Marlborough.

This nobleman was descended from a family of the highest antiquity. One of his ancestors, Sir William Herbert, first earl of Pembroke, was, in the year 1552, commissioned to view the fortifications of Berwick; and, on the 17th of February, 1552-3, "he rode into London to his mansion of Baynard Castle, with three hundred horse in his retinue, of which, one hundred of them were gentlemen in plain blue cloth, with chains of gold and badges of a dragon on their sleeves."

The nobleman to whom this sketch refers, was educated at Oxford; after which, he was sent on his travels, under the care of the Rev. William Coxe, who conducted him through Poland, Russia, and other parts of Europe. On his return, Mr. Coxe published a full account of his travels, dedicating them to his pupil. His lordship entered into the army when young. While Lord Herbert, he sat in Parliament for the borough of Wilton; and, in 1784, he was made vice-chamberlain of His Majesty's household. On the 8th of April, 1787, his lordship married his cousin Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the honourable Topham Beauclerk, son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk. By that Lady, who died in 1793, he had a son, George, who died a few months after his mother; a daughter, the present Countess of Normanton, and another son, Robert Henry, his successor.

In the year 1807, the Earl of Pembroke was sent as ambassador extraordinary to the court of Vienna, whence he returned in 1808. In the same year, he married Catharine, the daughter of Count Woronzow, many years ambassador from the Em-

peror of Russia to the court of Great Britain. By that lady he has left issue a son and four daughters.—His lordship died at his house in Privy Gardens, on the 16th of October.

Lord Pembroke's seat, at Wilton, has long been celebrated for containing a fine collection of pictures, and the finest collection of antique statues, &c. in the kingdom.

Robert Henry, the present earl, was born on the 19th of September, 1791. His lordship married, at Palermo, on the 17th of August, 1814, Cedavia Spinelli, Princess Dowager of Rubari, in Sicily. This marriage was contrary to the wishes of his father, who, on hearing of the connexion, posted to Sicily, in the hope of preventing the ceremony, but he arrived too late. The earl, however, had the address to effect a separation; and, on his return to London, he instituted proceedings in the ecclesiastical court, in the hope of obtaining a divorce. In this, however, he was unsuccessful; but the parties agreed to separate; and, after the earl had settled upon her a considerable annuity, she returned to Palermo, accompanied by her brother, a Sicilian duke. She is said to have resided there ever since, apart from her husband.

**MR. SALE.** John Sale, probably a descendant of Franciscus Sale, chapel master at Hales, in Tyrol, at the close of the sixteenth century, was born in London in the year 1758. In 1767, he was admitted as a chorister of the Royal Chapel, Windsor, and Eton College Chapel, under Mr. Webb. Ten years afterwards, he was appointed lay vicar of the choirs of Windsor and Eton; an office which he retained until the close of the year 1796. At that period he was a member of five choirs, viz. Windsor, Eton, His Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's. It was in 1778 that he succeeded Ladd, as gentleman of His Majesty's chapel royal; Soaper, as vicar-choral of St. Paul's, in 1794; and Hindle, as lay vicar of Westminster Abbey, in 1796. In the last-mentioned year, he resigned Windsor and Eton. In 1800 he succeeded Bellamy, senior, as almoner and master of the choristers of St. Paul's. These offices he resigned in the year 1812. In 1818, he became senior gentleman, or father of His Majesty's chapel royal; a sinecure office, relieving him from all duty and attendance.

Mr. Sale, honoured with the friendship of George the Third, as well as of his present Majesty, and of every member of the royal family—most of whom he had numbered amongst his pupils—was, for more than thirty years, a principal bass singer at the King's concert of ancient music; academy of ancient music; ladies' concert; vocal and other concerts; oratorios, &c. in London, and also Liverpool, Chester, Wor-

cester, Birmingham, Hull, Norwich, Nottingham, Halifax, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Winchester, &c. His voice was a genuine bass, of fine tone and expressive compass.

In private life, Mr. Sale's character and conduct were irreproachable, and he was greatly esteemed and respected. He was secretary to the Nobleman's and Gentleman's Catch Club, and conductor of the Glee Club. With the permission of the Wellesley family, he published some of the late Earl of Mornington's glees, amongst which was that great favourite, "Oh! Bird of Eve." Many excellent glees of his own were published.

Mr. Sale died at his house in Marsham-street, Westminster, on the 11th of November. Mr. Goulden has been appointed to succeed him in the chapel royal. He has left two sons distinguished in the musical world:—Mr. J. B. Sale, who has been selected to teach the piano, &c. to the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duchess of Kent; and Mr. G. C. Sale, the organist of St. George's, Hanover-square.

#### SIR ROBERT ABERCROMBY.

General Sir Robert Abercromby, descended from a very ancient and distinguished family, in Clackmananshire, North Britain, was the last surviving brother of the gallant lieutenant general who died of his wounds received at the battle of Alexandria, in Egypt, in March, 1801. Sir Robert was born in the year 1740; and he entered the military service of his country, as an ensign in the 44th regiment of the line, on the 21st of July, 1758. On the 19th of April, 1759, he obtained a lieutenantancy in the same corps; and, on the 12th of December, 1761, he was promoted to a captaincy. He was present at the battle of Ticonderoga, the siege of Niagara, and the reduction of Fort Levi and Montreal. In 1763, he was placed on half pay; on the 1st of January, 1769, he was put on full pay in the 44th foot; he was promoted on the 15th of May, 1772, to a majority in the 62d regiment of infantry; and he obtained, on the 30th of November, 1775, a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 37th regiment of foot. From that period, until the close of the war, he served in America. He was at the battles of Brooklyn, Brandywine, and Germantown, and the sieges of Charlestown and Yorktown. On the 15th of February, 1782, he became a colonel in the army. From September, 1788, till April, 1797, he served in India. He was raised, on the 28th of April, 1790, to the rank of major-general, and succeeded Sir William Meadows, as governor of Bombay, and commander-in-chief of the Bombay army. The presidency of Bombay derived signal benefit from his active zeal and approved skill. He accomplished the reduction of Cananore and the province of Malabar; and, in 1792, his judicious and successful march across a vast extent of country, to



effect a junction with the army of Lord Cornwallis, at Seringapatam, tended greatly to secure the East Indian possessions in the Carnatic, against that once restless and aspiring Prince Tippoo Sultaun.

In 1793, he succeeded Lord Cornwallis as commander-in-chief of His Majesty's and the East India Company's forces in Bengal. He was present at the battle of Batina, where the Rohillas were totally defeated.

On the 26th of January, 1797, this active and useful officer was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general; and, on the 29th of April, 1802, to that of general. He was appointed, on the 21st of August, 1806, governor of Edinburgh Castle.

Sir Robert Abercromby was one of the grand crosses of the Order of the Bath. At the period of his death, which occurred early in the month of November, at his seat, Airdrie, near Stirling, he was at the head of the list of generals. By his death the governorship of Edinburgh castle, and the colonelcy of the 75th regiment, became vacant.

#### WILLIAM BELSHAM, ESQ.

William Belsham, Esq., brother of Mr. Thomas Belsham, the well-known Unitarian minister, was born about the year 1782. As a whig historian—a political writer, energetically devoted to his party—Mr. Belsham had long been known in the

literary world. He commenced his career, as an author, in 1785; and his principal works may, we believe, be thus chronologically arranged:—*Essays, Philosophical, Historical, and Literary*, 2 vols, 8vo, 1785;—*Observations on the Test Laws*;—*Historical Memoir of the French Revolution*, 8vo, 1791;—*Examination of Mr. Burke's Appeal*, 1792;—*On the Necessity of a Parliamentary Reform*, 1793;—*Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*;—*Memoirs of the Kings of Great Britain of the House of Brunswick*;—*Remarks on the Administration of Mr. Hastings, in Bengal*;—*History of Great Britain, from the Revolution to the House of Hanover*, 1798;—*Continuation of the History of George III. to the Peace of Amiens*;—*Two Historical Dissertations on the Succession of 1717, and on the Treaty of Hanover*, 1725;—*Remarks on the History of the Politics of Great Britain and France*, 1801;—*Remarks on the Peace of Amiens*, 1802;—*Historical Dissertation on the Silesian War*;—*Historical Dissertation on the Character of Louis XVI.*—His *Historical Works* relating to England, are now, we believe, to be had complete, in twelve octavo volumes.

Mr. Belsham lived in great intimacy with the late Mr. Whitbread, and with other gentlemen of the Whig party. Formerly he resided at Bedford; but latterly at Hammersmith. He died there, in Portland Place, on the 17th of November.

### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE very long course of south-westerly winds received a check on or about the 6th instant, and was succeeded by gales from the east, north, and south-east, accompanied by showers of rain and hail, followed by frost and snow—which, however, continued but a few days, producing little or nothing of that seasonable benefit to the land expected from frost. Variable and mild weather succeeded, and the wind soon returned to its long-accustomed western quarter, and even for days together, blowing from the south, as in the summer solstice. Warmth and moisture seem still the governing qualities, and all hope of winter or lasting frost must now be dismissed. The general augury from such a winter is a sequel of easterly winds and rigid weather, during the spring and summer; but favourable exceptions to this ancient rule have occurred, of which we had a remarkable example about ten years since. The damage from excessive atmospheric moisture, and from floods and the rise of springs in the low lands, will be severely felt in the succeeding crops of all kinds; whilst on the sound and dry lands, great crops may be expected, if a judgment may be formed from their present luxuriant and healthy appearance, indicating a natural tendency and power to produce solid grain, equally with an exuberance of stalk and leaf. The best wheats are full thickly planted; every kernel sown seems to have been prolific; and few farmers are sparing with respect to the quantity of seed. Even before the frost, the turnips were advancing apace towards the flowering and seeding process; and, instead of benefit from the frost, its short duration accelerated their uselessness. In many parts, the tops have been mown for cattle, and greens for domestic use. Those yet remaining in the ground are probably rather a burden than a benefit, not only from their washy and inferior quality, but as standing in the way of spring culture. Wheat, in a few parts, has been put in upon the turnip lands. In short, it is most fortunate for the country that grass, and hay, and fodder have been, and still continue so abundant; since, had the crop of turnips been the chief resource for the season, the predicament would have been most distressing to stock farmers; many of whom, in the present case, are so superabundantly provided, as to find it necessary to make sale of their surplus of hay and fodder—by no means an ordinary occurrence at this season.

The following character of the turnip husbandry on wet lands, we have taken from a weekly newspaper, and it tallies exactly with what ourselves have witnessed in too many late instances:—"We fear that sheep have fared but indifferently, in consequence of the late rains. Their wool was constantly soaked to the bottom of the staple, their backs and bodies chilled, their limbs cramped, and their bellies clotted with mud. In this situation, they frequently remained shivering under the shelter of a hedge, rather than face the weather in search of food, however liberally supplied; and, when compelled by hunger to approach it, they found their turnips covered with mire, and their hay sopped and rendered unpalatable by continual washings. Under such circumstances, it was impossible the poor animals could thrive; and it is feared a foundation will thereby have been laid for the rot and other fatal diseases." Such management as this would be condemnable for its abominable inhumanity, even were it attended with profit; but what is to be said to it as productive of obvious and heavy loss? The difficulty of getting upon the land in this state, in order to cart the turnips, may be urged, and we agree to it on our own repeated experience; but still the thing, judiciously managed, is practicable, and, in the view of profit, infinitely the least of two evils. But our general winter system for sheep is greatly defective, and very justly ridiculed by nations far behind us in other rural concerns.

Tares are a famous crop; and the spring species, together with beans, peas, and oats, are, to a great extent, already in the ground. Other articles of spring culture are following in quick succession, and, on all moderate and good lands particularly, the operations of husbandry in England and Wales were never more forward; evincing, at any rate, a good spirit in our farmers, and not clearly to be understood, as unaccompanied with insufficient means. The lambing season, on good soils and under due care, is proceeding with great promise; and we have lately witnessed some considerable Southdown flocks particularly successful. Store cattle and sheep, in the best counties, continue to bear a good price. In the poor districts, the report is different. Pigs are universally scarce and dear, though they are the stock most speedily raised and multiplied: thence, surely, no complaint ought to exist of their import, which, however, of late does not appear to be so considerable from Ireland as formerly. Fat stock, varying occasionally, still bears a general large price. The usual common-place at this time of the year—"wheat-ricks getting thin"—must be understood to refer to the poor districts. The stock of barley and pulse is great—the latter getting gradually dry, and improving in sample. In the market reports may be observed a separate line for *black wheats*—a sufficient evidence of the fallibility of that policy of insurance, *steeping seed*, so universally practised. The potatoe crop, as usual, holds out well, and its importance in the economy of bread corn is immense and national. Wool as yet merits no report. Broad clover-seed is one of the worst crops of last year; whilst hop-clover yields well, at least in quality, but is scarce and dear. Sainfoin and grass-seeds prove well, and meet a ready sale and good price. Common turnip-seed is in plenty; but new Swedish scarce and in demand. This is the year for eggs and poultry; whilst, to our own plenty, we have an addition from France and the islands; as also of apples. But the metropolis affords a never-failing and almost insatiable consumption.

The land is overrun with preserves and game—the devourers and curse of the farmer's substance; and poaching is the only refuge of the destitute and starving, as well as of the idle and profligate labourer. Thence a heavy and deadly responsibility to the country lies on those whose antiquated and silly pride and prejudices uphold this load of infamy and crime. But does not the chief blame attach to the almost criminal apathy and forbearance of the nation at large? On the body of farmers the chief of the burden falls—the disgrace on the nation; yet the farmer dares not complain, but, according to appearance, is content to accept monopoly as a recompense for the above and other national grievances. Such is modern patriotism!

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 2d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 4d.—Veal, 6s. to 7s.—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.—Dairy, 7s.—Raw fat, 2s. 9d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 40s. to 65s.—Barley, 25s. to 35s.—Oats, 18s. to 32s.—Bread, 9d. the fine 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 120s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 31s. to 39s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, February 22, 1828.*

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### MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

*Sugars.*—Sugar was very heavy last week, till towards the close of the market, when the purchases of Muscovadoes became much more considerable, and at very firm prices,

except for the low description of Browns, which were very dull, at a decline of fully 1s. per cwt.; Ordinary Browns, Jamaica and Demerara, being sold at our lowest quotation. The Refined market was in a very depressed state last week, some few lumps being sold at 79s. 6d.; and yet, as a general quotation, the price was about 81s. Molasses were a shade higher.

*Coffee.*—The few parcels of British Plantation Coffee offered last week went off at full prices for the good clean descriptions: the ordinary and rank sold from 1s. to 2s. lower.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The expected declaration of a government contract for Rum has had the effect of rendering the prices firm, which were previously heavy and drooping. In Brandy and Geneva, there is no alteration.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The latter, from Petersburg, are from 25s. to 82s. per cwt. Little doing in Tallow. Hemp and Flax are quoted a shade higher.

*Indigo.*—The only purchases lately reported are inconsiderable.

*Hops.*—In Hops there is no alteration.

*Cotton.*—The purchases of Cottons for the week are few: the prices are without alteration.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 2½.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 11. 13.—Paris, 25. 56.—Frankfort on the Maine, 150.—Altona, 13. 11.—Cadiz, 35½.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35.—Madrid, 35. 20.—Malaga, 35½.—Leghorn, 48.—Gibraltar, 46. 3.—Lisbon, 45½.—Oporto, 46.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £2. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 14s. 9d.—New Dollars, 5s. 3d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 300l.—Coven-try, 1,200l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 112l.—Grand Junction, 306l.—Kennet and Avon, 29l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 392½l.—Oxford, —l.—Regent's, 25l.—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 820l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 265l.—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½l.—West India (Stock), 210l.—East London WATER WORKS, 124½l.—Grand Junction, —l.—West Middlesex, 67l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, ¼ dis.—Globe, 150l.—Guardian, 20¾l.—Hope Life, 5l.—Imperial Fire, 95l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 53l.—City, 167½l.—British, 14 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced between the 22d of January to the 21st of February 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Nias, B. M. Berner's-street, upholsterer  
Jones, W. Handsworth, Stafford, farmer  
Lever, B. Woolwich, linen-draper  
Lyon, M. St. James's-place, Aldgate, victualler

### BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 131.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Baines, W. F. Aldermanbury, dealer. [Wright, Bucklersbury]  
Barrett, G. J. Crawford-street, Montagu-square, cheesemonger. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]  
Bogg, J. Tattershall, Lincoln, scrivener. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Parker, Horncastle]  
Briggs, D. Hinckley, innholder. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn; Greenway and Buchanan, Nuneaton]  
Barber, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdsley, Liverpool]  
Brent, P. C. J. Kennington, Surrey, music-seller. [Wilks and Minithorpe, Finsbury-place]  
Brook, J. Choppard's-in-Wooldale, Kirkbriston, York, clothier. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephensons, Holmfirth, Huddersfield]  
Bristow, R. Lloyd's Coffee-house, underwriter. [Wadson, Austin-friars]

Bishop, W. Ripon, grocer. [Strangways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Gill, Knaresborough]  
Breton, E. B. Gloucester-street, Queen-square, wine-merchant. [King, Bedford-place]  
Bradstreet, L. Water-lane, Tower-street, dealer. [Selby and Bolton, St. John's-street-road]  
Brett, J. Mason-street, Southwark, horse-dealer. [Rush, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]  
Baynes, W. and J. Paternoster-row, booksellers. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]  
Brant, T. Hatton-garden, lamp-manufacturer. [Overton, New Bond-street]  
Biddle, J. and R. Cardiff, timber-merchants. [Bourdillon, Bread-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol]  
Battye, E. Burton Salmon, York, grocer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Wood, Pontefract]  
Board, S. Little Maddox-street, saddler. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street]  
Baker, J. Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, tanner. [Heming and Baxter, Gray's-inn; Stanley, Newport]  
Bannister, T. Keynsham, Somerset, grocer. [Henderson, Surrey-street; Goolden, Bristol]  
Brodie, W. and Cameron, H. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers. [Grace and Richmond, Birchin-lane]



- Burton, T. Newton-upon-Ouse, York, coal-merchant. [Lever, Gray's-inn; Russel and Co., York  
 Chaplin, H. Deptford, miller. [Lewis, Crutched-friars  
 Cooke, J. Liverpool, dealer. [Lewis, Crutched-friars  
 Chaulk, W. Cranbourn-street, jeweller. [Selby, Southampton-street, Strand  
 Cooke, W. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer. Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Hallen, Kidderminster  
 Constantine, A. Bolton-le-Moors, draper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Buckley, Manchester  
 Crutchley, T. Birmingham, victualler. [Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn  
 Cook, W. Bedwardine, Worcester, farrier. [Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester  
 Candler, S., and Collinson, T. W. Y., Prince's-street, Leicester-square, grocers. [Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street  
 Chambers, G. Blackburn, draper. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Haworth, Blackburn  
 Crossland, J. and W. Spencer, Sheffield, razor-manufacturers. [Rogers, Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate; Stanniforth, Sheffield  
 Croker, J. and A. Inglis, Wood-street, warehousemen. [Abbot, Roll's-yard  
 Cole, W. Nottingham, hatter. [Taylors, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn; Payne and Datt, Nottingham  
 Coser, T. Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, draper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Wood, Manchester  
 Delisser, A. Judd-street, apothecary. [Williams, Upper North-place, Gray's-inn-lane  
 Dean, B. Commercial-road, Lambeth, builder. [Phipps, Weavers'-hall  
 Dyer, W. Batheaston, victualler. [Jay and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Smith, Bath  
 Darby, I. York-terrace, Regent's-park, plumber. [Beaumont, Lincoln's-inn-Fields  
 Edwards, T. Swansea, merchant. [Michael, Red-lion-street; Jones, Swansea  
 Elsam, T. Oxford-street, cheesemonger. [Robinson, Orchard-street, Portman-square  
 Everall, S. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester  
 Freer, T. High-street, Shoreditch, cheesemonger. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street  
 Feldon, J. A. Kensington, schoolmaster. [Thwaites, Bread-street  
 Fisher, J. Witney, draper. [Umney, Chancery-lane; Lee, Ducklington, near Witney, Oxford  
 Flavel, W. Leamington-priors, ironmonger. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Paterson, Leamington-priors  
 Gibbeson, R. Lincoln, wine-merchant. [Hicks and Dean, Gray's inn; Brown and Son, Barton-upon-Humber  
 Gamble, W. Northampton-square, watch-maker. [Towers, Castle-street, Falcon-square  
 Gunn, R. Norwich, grocer. [Smith, Gray's-inn; Inby, Norwich  
 Goudge, A. Spital-square, pavior. [Church, Spital-square  
 Garforth, T. Cleckheaton, York, flour-dealer. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Archer and Greaves, Ossett, near Wakefield  
 Hewitt, H. Crutched-friars, merchant. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square  
 Hackett, J. Leicester, chemist. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester  
 Humphrey, T. Water-lane, flour-factor. [Steel, King-street, Cheapside  
 Hunt, J. Brighton, trunk-maker. [Sundys and Walker, Austin-friars  
 Hollis, J. Goswell-road, stone-mason. [Carter and Gregory, Lord Mayor's Court-office  
 Hull, J. Bradway, Derby, scythe-manufacturer. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn; Smith, Sheffield  
 Harris, G. Derby, woollen-draper. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Derby  
 Harris, J. King-street, Soho, linen-draper. [Turner, Basing-lane  
 Harrison, J. Liverpool, victualler. [Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool  
 Heynes, S. Cheltenham, wine-merchant. [Meredith and Reeves, Lincoln's-inn; Newman, Cheltenham  
 Hempenstall, W. Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, ship-owner. [Smith, Tokenhouse-yard  
 Hall, E. Stayley-bridge, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, corn-dealer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne  
 Hill, C. Rochdale, innkeeper. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane, Whitehead, Rochdale  
 Hunter, J. and J. and A. Morgan, and W. P. Paton, Sun-court, Corghill, merchants. [Kearsey, Lothbury  
 Hayes, J. and C. F. Atbury, Surrey, paper-makers. [Wigley, Essex-street  
 Hall, S. White's-row, Mile-end, tallow-chandler. [Thompson, George-street, Minorities  
 Heaton, T. Little-Bolton, Lancashire, stone-mason. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton  
 Ingram, J. Houndsditch, warehouseman. [Tilson and Son, Coleman-street  
 Jones, E. Edge-hill, Liverpool, cart-owner. [Jones, Pump-court, Temple; Jones, Liverpool  
 Jones, S. T. Hunter-street, wine-merchant. [Towne, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street  
 Jones, E. Liverpool, grocer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Lacon, Liverpool  
 Johnson, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. [Knowles, New-inn; Bunney and Cracknell, Hull  
 Jackson, G. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester  
 Jackson, R. junior, Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester  
 Kadwell, W. Keston, Kent, bricklayer. [Dobbins, Clement's-inn  
 Killick, W. junior, North Brixton, Surrey, veterinary-surgeon. [Haslam, Leadenhall-street  
 Kirby, J. Newton Burgaland, Leicester, corn-factor. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn  
 Lote, J. Manchester-street, tailor. [Binns, Clement's-inn  
 Leyerton, J. William-street, Regent's-park, painter. [Hill, Welbeck-street  
 Leigh, L. Canterbury, tea-dealer. [Batsford, Horslydown-lane, Southwark  
 Lewthwaite, J. and W. Lancaster, scribes. [Cuvellie, Staple-inn; Armistead, Lancaster  
 Milne, P. New York-street, Commercial-road, and Hathway, T. junior, Wade-street, Poplar, merchants. [Wrentmore and Ellis, St. Mildred's-court  
 Mence, N. Henwick, Worcester, porter-brewer. [Platt, New Boswell-court; James, Worcester  
 Molineaux, T. Manchester, victualler. [Kay, Manchester  
 Medhurst, T. Barbican, linen-draper. [Farrar, Temple-lane  
 Mead, J. Downton, grocer. [Luxmore, Red-lion-square; Coombs, Sarum  
 Morley, I. Sidmouth-street, tailor. [Platts, Crescent, Jewin-street  
 Marshall, R. H. Plymouth, draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street  
 Marsden, M. Manchester, upholster. [Lever, Gray's-inn; Ackers and Walker, Manchester  
 Noakes, W. Southend, Kent, miller. [Eicke, Old Broad-street  
 Nelson, J. Cobham-place, Finsbury square, dealer. [Blake, Essex-street, Strand  
 Newbould, T. junior, Sheffield, merchant. [Thompson and Co., King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street  
 Packwood, G. High-street, Southwark, shoe-manufacturer. [Clarke, Bishopsgate Church-yard  
 Parsons, T. Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchant. [Swain and Co., Frederick-place  
 Pyne, C. Borough-road, dyer. [Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury  
 Pearman, T. Nuneaton, cabinet-maker. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street; Oram, Kenilworth

- Pennington, S. Market-rasen, Lincoln, horse-dealer. [Wing, Gray's-inn; Dudding, Lincoln]
- Parish, G. Streatham, warehouseman. [Turner, Basing-lane]
- Price, R. Bradford, Wilts, victualler. [Berkley, Lincoln's-inn; Bush, Trowbridge]
- Rich, Sir Charles Henry, Beenham, Berks, dealer. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; Blandy and Co., Reading]
- Rickerby, M. Pittfield-street, Hoxton, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
- Rolle, W. Edgbaston, Warwick, grocer. [Clarke, and Co., Chancery-lane; Tyndall and Rawlins, Birmingham]
- Roberts, M. Penryn, Cornwall, mercer. [Coode, Guildford-street; Johns and Son, Penryn]
- Robinson, J. Warbrick-moor, Lancaster, victualler. [Statham and Leicester, Liverpool; Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Royle, J. A. Manchester, commission-agent. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Wood, Manchester]
- Salter, J. Pattingham, Stafford, farmer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Thurston, Newport]
- Sever, R. Paradise-row, Rotherhithe, master-mariner. [Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street]
- Snow, R. W. Leeds, innkeeper. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds]
- Scriven, H. Great Marlborough-street, surgeon. [Young, Poland-street]
- Sherwood, W., T. Gilbert, and W. Piper, Paternoster-row, booksellers. [Wilde and Co., College-hill]
- Squires, R. and Thompson, R. Liverpool, corn-dealers. [Adlington and Co, Bedford-row; Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool]
- Terry, J. Chapel-place, Bermondsey, bricklayer. [Haslam, Leadenhall-street]
- Thrower, R. junior, Ipswich, wire-worker. [Teague, Cannon-street]
- Thompson, J. junior, Swan-alley, Coleman-street, wine-merchant. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle]
- Twamley, S. and J. Thurmaston, Leicester, horse-dealers. [Moore and Lake, Lincoln's-inn; Burbidge, Leicester]
- Tyser, T. junior, Barking, Essex, fisherman. [Woodward and Stanley, New Broad-street, and Barking]
- Tattersall, T. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, butcher. [Clarke and Co., Chancery lane; Smith, Manchester]
- Underhill, G. Eaton Mascott, Shropshire, horse-dealer. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Burley and Co., Shrewsbury]
- Vertegans, E., H. J. Barker, and J. Harley, Cheapside, warehousemen. [Wilde and Co., College-hill]
- Wilks, T. Tring, Herts, innkeeper. [Faithful, Warwick-court, Holborn]
- Walker, T. Radford, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Greasley, Nottingham]
- Williams, W. New-court, Crutched-friars, merchant. [Spurr, Cophthall-buildings]
- Wilson, W. junior, Winslow, scrivener. [Tomes, Lincoln's-inn-Fields]
- Willoughby, T. Partney, Lincoln, cattle-drover. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Walker and Sons, Spilby]
- West, J. Golden-square, tailor. [Tomes, Lincoln's-inn-Fields]
- Washbourn, J. senior, and Washbourn, J. junior, Gloucester, stationers. [Hopkinson, Red-lion-square; Carter, Gloucester]
- Weston, T. Hirwain-wharf, Earle-street, Roman cement-manufacturer. [Wilde and Co., College-hill]
- Williams, F. Park-street, Grosvenor-street, plumber. [Tadhunter Bermondsey-street]
- Watson, J. Guisborough, York, maltster. [Dawson and Hawkins, New Boswell-court]
- Walking, E. A. Bath, draper. [Farrar, Godliman-street, Doctors'-commons]
- Young, J. Leeds, merchant. [Makinson and Sanders, Middle Temple; Foden, Leeds]

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. Bowen, to the Vicarage of Ewias Harold, Herefordshire.—Rev. W. Heath, to the Vicarage of Caln, Devon.—Rev. G. A. Paske, licensed to the Chapel of Needham Market, with the Chapel of Darmsden, Suffolk.—Rev. J. J. Hodson, to the Rectory of Yelvertoft, Northampton.—Rev. H. S. Cocks, to the Rectory of Leigh; with the Chapelry of Bransford annexed, Worcester.—Rev. W. B. Pole, to the Rectory of Upper Swell, Gloucester.—Rev. W. S. Robinson, to the Rectory of Dyrrham, Gloucester.—Rev. C.

Collyer, to the Rectory of Clea next the Sea, Norfolk.—Rev. W. M'Douall, to the Rectory of Luton, Berks.—Rev. G. Wood, to the Rectory of Dorchester Holy Trinity, with Frome Whitefield thereto annexed.—Rev. S. Lonsdale, to the Living of St. George's, Bloomsbury.—Rev. H. T. Coulson, to the Rectory of Landewednart, Cornwall.—Rev. J. R. Charleton, to the Vicarage of Elberton, Gloucester.—Rev. T. L. Hughes, to the Rectory of Penegoes, Montgomery.

### POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Lord G. C. H. Somerset, Earl Mountcharles, Lord Eliot, and E. A. M'Naghten, esq., to be Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer to the Exchequer.—H. Goulburn to be Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Exchequer.—Sir J. Bckett, bart., to be Advocate General.—Right Hon. J. C. Herries, to be Master of the Mint.—Right Hon. T. Wallace, to be Baron Wallace, of Knaresdale, Northumberland.—Earl of Aberdeen, to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—Earl Bathurst, to be President of the Privy Council; Lord Ellenborough keeper of the Privy Seal; Right Hon. R. Peel, to be one of the

Secretaries of State.—Viscount Beresford, to be Master of the Ordnance, and the Right Hon. C. Arbuthnot, W. D. Adams, and H. Dawkins, esqrs., Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, &c.—The Duke of Gordon, to be Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland.—Viscount Melville, Right Hon. R. Peel, Earl Dudley, Right Hon. W. Huskisson, Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Right Hon. T. B. Wallace, Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, Marquis Graham, and L. Pell, esq., to be Commissioners for the Affairs of India.—Sir W. J. Hope, Sir G. Cockburn, Sir G. Clerk, bart., and the Earl of Brecknock, to be of the Council of the Lord High Admiral.—Colonel

Sir H. Hardinge, to be Clerk of the Ordnance.—Christian Koch, esq., to be British Consul at Frankfort.—Mr. W. May, to be Consul-General in Great Britain for the King of the Netherlands; and Mr. W. S. Day, to be his Consul in the Isle of Wight.—Right Hon. John Lord Ponsonby, to be Envoy Extra. and Minister Plenipo. to the Emperor of Brazil.—G. W. Chad, esq., to be Envoy Extra. and Minister Plenipo. to Columbia.—E. M. Ward, esq., to be Minister Plenipo. to the King of Saxony.—H. S. Fox, esq., to be Secretary

to the Embassy of Vienna.—Hon. W. T. H. Fox Strangways, to be Secretary to the Legation at Naples.—Lord Albert Conyngham, to be Secretary to the Legation at Florence.—G. Jackson, esq., to be Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone.—H. U. Addington, esq., to be Minister Plenipo. to the Diet at Frankfort.—Duke of Montrose, to be Lord Chamberlain.—Sir C. Robinson, Judge of the Admiralty.—Dr. H. Jenner, to be Advocate General.—F. Freeling, esq., Dr. J. de Courcy Laffan, and P. Macgregor, esq., to be baronets.

### SHERIFFS APPOINTED FOR THE YEAR 1828.

Bedfordshire, G. Musgrave, of Shitlington, esq.; Berkshire, T. Bowles, of Milton-hill, esq.; Buckinghamshire, R. Harvey, of Langley-park, esq.; Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, J. P. Allix, of Swaffham-prior, esq.; Cheshire, R. Massey, of Moston, esq.; Cumberland, T. Parker, of Warwick-hall, esq.; Cornwall, J. W. Buller, of Shillingham, esq.; Derbyshire, Sir G. Sitwell, of Renishaw, bart.; Devonshire, W. Langmead, of Elford-leigh, esq.; Dorsetshire, W. G. Paxton, of Coombe-Almer, esq.; Essex, Sir C. J. Smith, of Suttons, bart.; Gloucestershire, F. Trotman, of Siston-court, esq.; Herefordshire, E. Higginson, of Saltmarsh, esq.; Hertfordshire, Sir C. Smith, of Bedwell-park, bart.; Kent, Sir T. M. Wilson, of Charlton, bart.; Leicestershire, G. Pochin, of Barkby, esq.; Lincolnshire, C. Winn, of Appleby, esq.; Monmouthshire, W. Morgan, of Panty Goytre, esq.; Norfolk, Sir W. J. H. B. Folkes, of

Hillington, bart.; Northamptonshire, H. H. H. Hungeford, of Maidwell, esq.; Northumberland, C. Bosanquet, of Rock, esq.; Nottinghamshire, J. E. Westcomb, of Thrumpton, esq.; Oxfordshire, C. C. Dormer, of Rousham, esq.; Rutlandshire, T. Walker, of Liddington, esq.; Shropshire, W. L. Childe, of Kinlet-hall, esq.; Somersetshire, J. H. S. Pigott, of Brockley, esq.; Staffordshire, J. Atkinson, of Maple Hayes, esq.; County of Southampton, W. S. Stanley, of Paultons, esq.; Suffolk, H. Logan, of Kentwell-hall, esq.; Surrey, T. Hope, of Deepdene, esq.; Sussex, R. Aldridge, of New-lodge, esq.; Warwickshire, Sir G. Chetwynd, of Grendon-hall, bart.; Wiltshire, G. W. Wroughton, of Wileot-house, esq.; Worcestershire, G. Meredith, of Berrington, esq.; Yorkshire, Sir T. Sykes, of Sledmere, bart.

### INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

January 29.—The Parliament opened by Commission, when His Majesty's speech was read to the Lords and Commons by the Lord Chancellor.

February 8.—The Rev. Robert Taylor, pursuant to the sentence delivered yesterday in the Court of King's Bench, removed to Oakham gaol, in Rutlandshire, for one year's imprisonment for blasphemy.

9.—Don Miguel embarked at Plymouth for Lisbon.

13.—The Twelve Judges summoned to Guildhall for not paying the poor rates for their apartments in Serjeant's-inn, when their solicitor attended and paid the amount claimed!!!

—A morning concert held at Guildhall, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Nobility, for the benefit of the Spanish and Italian Refugees.

21.—The Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

#### MARRIAGES.

At the Palace at Kensington, the Princess Feodore, daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first husband, to the Prince of Hohenlohe Langenbourg.—At Twickenham, B. Alexander, esq. to Sophia, third daughter of Sir B. Hobhouse, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. W. Scott,

esq., to Lucy, daughter of the Rev. Sir C. Jervoise, bart.—At Broom-hall, A. Dundas, esq., M.P., to Lady Mary Bruce, eldest daughter of the Earl of Elgin.—At St. James's Church, Major-General A. G. Wavell (of the Mexican army) to Anne, daughter of Sir W. Paxton.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. H. Calcraft, esq., M. P., to Lady Caroline Montague, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester.—At Marylebone, Captain Molesworth, brother of Lord Molesworth, to Miss Louisa Tomkyns; E. Coote, esq., to Eliza Rosetta, third daughter of H. M. Dawson, esq., M.P.—At St. George's, Hanover square, the Rev. R. L. Adams to the Hon. Eliza Atherton Powys, fourth daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

#### DEATHS.

At Ham, 90, General Gordon Forbes.—In Saville-row, Sir W. A. Cunynghame, of Millnraig, bart.—In Curzon-street, 70, H. Burgess, esq.—At Viscount Melbourne's, 43, Lady Caroline Lamb, only daughter of the Earl of Besborough.—At Chatham, 83, Mr. W. Purdon; he was the last survivor of the crew of the Swallow sloop, Capt. Cartwright, that sailed round the world in 1760.—At Turnham-green, G. E. Griffiths, esq., many years proprietor of the Monthly Review.—In Bryanstone-square, Admiral Sir Richard Strachan.—Lady Doyle, wife of Sir F. H. Doyle, bart.—At



the advanced age of 88, Mrs. Blomfield, mother of Lord Blomfield.—Henry Neele, esq., author of several distinguished works.—W. R. Bigg, esq., R.A.—At Ashley-park, Lady Fletcher, relict of Sir H. Fletcher, bart.—70, J. Tilstone, esq., of the West India Docks.—At Portland-place, 79, Lieut.-Gen. Burr.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, E. S. Gooch, esq., eldest son of Sir T. Gooch, bart., to Louisa, second daughter of Sir G. B. Prescott, bart.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. George's, Grenada, 88, Rev. F. M'Ma-

hon; the first clergyman who officiated according to the English Church in that colony, having arrived there in 1783, on its restoration to Great Britain.—At Naples, 88, the Margravine of Anspach, ci-devant Lady Craven.—At Nice, Lady Caroline Bentinck, second daughter of the Duke of Portland.—At Rome, Countess de Celles, lady of the Netherlands ambassador, and granddaughter of Mme. de Genlis.—At Vienna, in the arms of his brother Constantine, sunk under his sufferings, Prince Alexander Ypsilanti.—At Florence, J. D. Church, esq., brother of General Sir Richard Church, commander-in-chief of the Greek forces against the Turks.—At Freyburg, Mrs. Losack, wife of Admiral Losack.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

#### WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

##### NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The inhabitants of North Shields were thrown into great consternation on the night of the 18th of January, on account of most of the large fleet of ships in the port breaking adrift at ebb tide, occasioned by the sudden thaw. To attempt a description of the damage sustained in masts, bowsprits, spars, anchors, cables, &c. &c. is impossible, as few escaped, less or more, the general ruin. Two vessels sunk in the Narrows.

As some workmen of R. B. Sanderson, esq. were opening out an old coal shaft at the Minories, near Newcastle, on the 10th of January, they found at the bottom the entire body of a horse, which, on being exposed to the air, mouldered to dust. The colliery, it is supposed, had not been worked for 84 years.

On the 22d of January, in the night, two men, with women's hats on, and handkerchiefs tied under their chins, broke into Miss Town's house, at Throckley Fell, 5 miles from Newcastle, by breaking through the brick wall. They ransacked it completely, and carried off several articles of wearing apparel, and £20 in money. Before they went away, they had the hardihood to sit down to cold beef, and drink a bottle of wine.

The election for the city of Durham took place on the 5th of February, Sir Henry Hardinge having accepted the office of Clerk to the Ordnance. Sir Henry was opposed by a Mr. Robertson, who, if not a man of straw, was certainly invisible, for he never made his appearance. On Wednesday the former was declared duly elected. He polled 289 votes, his opponent 76.

A martin was caught at Bishop Auckland the second week in February; and about the same time a wasp was seen in the city of Durham.

The election of a member of Parliament for the county of Durham, to succeed Mr. Lambton, elevated to the peerage, took place on the 13th of February, when Wm. Russell, of Brancepeth-castle, Esq., was returned without opposition.

A grand fancy ball took place at Newcastle on the 7th instant, which was numerously attended.

A preacher belonging to the Southcotian sect, has lately taken up his residence at Sunderland, where he has gained a considerable number of followers, from amongst the poorest of the people. He

attended the funeral of one of his disciples on the 2d instant, attired as follows: a dirty white hat, red silk neckcloth, light blue coat with black buttons, white waistcoat, and trousers and black stockings. He wears his beard to such a length, that he might be taken for a Jewish rabbi.

*Married.* At Tynemouth, Mr. Graham to Miss Granger.—At Hexham, Mr. Woodmass to Miss Scott.—At Durham, Mrs. Stockton to Miss Lidster.—At Chester-le-Street Mr. Bell to Miss Murray.—At Rembury, H. Palliser, esq., to Miss Caroline Hardinge.

*Died.* At Ellison-place, Newcastle, Lt.-Col. Laye, commandant of the 5th battalion of the royal regiment of artillery.—At Newcastle, the Rev. J. Barnett.—At Durham, T. Salkeld, esq., M.D.—At Bishopwearmouth, 87, Mrs. Coats.—At Ushaw College, near Durham, 76, Dr. Gilliro, the president of that establishment.

##### WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.

*Died.* At White Syke, 91, Mrs. Margaret Tyson, relict of Mr. H. Tyson, by whom she had 14 children, the whole of whom attained their majority; and she had the gratification of witnessing 13 at one time surrounding her ingle, the youngest of whom was then 35 years of age. Ten survived their aged parent.—At Carlisle, General Sir P. E. Irving, bart.

##### YORKSHIRE.

The propositions about the vicarial tithes in Halifax not having been agreed to by the deputies, the vicar has addressed to each deputy the following:—"I do hereby require you to account with me for, and to pay the full value of the Tithes of Agistment, potatoes, turnips, seeds, eggs, milk, calves, gardens, pigs, foals, and bees, and also of all other vicarial or small tithes whatsoever (except lambs, wool, and goats) which hath arisen upon the farm and lands in the parish of Halifax, in your occupation, since April 6, 1827. And I do require you to set out for me the tithes of the above articles, which shall arise upon your farm and lands from and after the delivery of this notice, in kind. Dated this 1st Dec. 1827. Charles Musgrave, vicar of the parish of Halifax."

The port of Goole will open for foreign trade on the 6th of April next, and on the 9th a steam vessel from thence to Hamburg.

The teachers and scholars of the Sunday School at Mirfield, have presented a superb silver cup to the Rev. S. Watt, for his unparalleled exertions during a period of five years; the Sunday School having increased in that period from 40 to 500 scholars, and from 10 to 100 teachers!

In the beginning of last month there were very severe gales on the coast; several vessels were lost at Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, &c.

A mariners' church has been established at Hull.

The king has consented to patronize the next Yorkshire musical festival. The Guarantee Fund amounts to near £10,000. It will commence on the 23d of September.

On the night of Saturday the 19th of January, the bank of the river Ouse, about a mile from Booth Ferry, burst, and all the adjacent low lands were laid under water. Great damage was done at Howden, Knedlington, Anelley, and Barmley-on-the-Marsh.

The gentlemen of the law resident in York have agreed to establish a law library in that city.

About the last week in January, the workmen engaged in widening the road in Clegg's-lane, Huddersfield, found embedded in the earth, near the surface, a bayonet; and on the following day a quantity of human bones were dug up. A human skull was discovered in the year 1816 near the same place. It is conjectured that the person had been murdered with the weapon, and that both were buried.

A fine heifer lately died on a farm at Orgrave near Attercliffe, after lingering three months in a state of great exhaustion, the whole carcass scarcely containing any blood whatever. An adder was found in its head, which is supposed to have been taken into the stomach, and worked its way to the extremity, drawing from the heart all that was intended for its nourishment.

A young gentleman at Leeds (Mr. J. Osburn) has deciphered the hieroglyphics upon a mummy lately given to the Literary and Philosophical Society in that town. They are the royal legend of Remesses V., the Amenophis-Memophis of the Greek writers, the father of the great Sesostris, and the last monarch of Manetho's eighteenth dynasty of the kings of Egypt. He ascended the throne of the Pharaohs, in the year 1493 B.C.

At the end of six months, the Bradford New Banking Company have declared a dividend of 5 per cent. on the capital subscribed, 2½ per cent. as a bonus, and 2½ per cent. to be reserved as a back-set, to reach any future bad debts or other contingencies.

In the beginning of February, the workmen employed in a new street erecting out of Mickellgate-bar, York, whilst sinking a drain, found a stone coffin, of large dimensions, and which contained a skeleton, apparently that of a female. The next day, the bones of a man were found, who must have been an individual of extraordinary stature. They were about one-third larger than the bones of a full-sized man. The jaw bone was an enormous one, and the teeth were in a good state of preservation. Two Roman coins were found in turning up the earth, a little distance from where the stone coffin and bones were found.

Sir R. H. Inglis has been elected one of the

representatives for Ripon, vice Sir L. Shadwell, now vice-chancellor.

Sir James Scarlett does not intend to come the northern circuit any more, now that he has resigned the office of attorney-general.

Swallows were seen in the plantations of Colonel Croft, at Stillington, near York, on the 31st of January.

*Married.*] At Sheffield, the Rev. T. Tattershall to Miss Ann M. Tattershall; J. F. Wright, esq., to Miss Whittenbury.—At High Hoyland, J. Shearwood, esq., to Miss Norton.—At Beverley, J. Harrison, esq., to Miss Lambert.—At York, M. Richardson, esq., to Miss Hick; J. Garlick, esq., to Miss Grainger.—At Leeds, M. H. Wood, to Miss Bower.—At Bridlington, W. Newmarsh, esq., to Mrs. Kingston.—At Hull, J. Richards, esq., to Miss Collings.—At Wakefield, Mr. W. Ridsdale, to Miss Ellen Teale.—At Northallerton, Captain Clayhills to Miss Beckett.

*Died.*] At York, Mrs. Barton.—At Sheffield, P. Brownell, esq.—At Sewerby, Miss Rhoda Hall.—At Lotherton-hall, Mrs. Norcliffe.—At Mount St. John's, near Thirsk, Colonel Elsley.—At South Otterington, the Rev. J. Sampson.—At Hull, Mrs. Carriek.—At Hollins, near Halifax, Ellen Eliza and Caroline Ann, the two daughters of Colonel Deasden.—At Dromanley-hall, Mrs. Cleveland.—At Chapel-town, M. Chambers, esq.—At Leeds, T. Wade, esq.; Mrs. Fawcett.—At Fulford, J. Hotham, esq.—At Bridlington, Miss Mather.—At Heath, Miss Henrietta Hardy.—At Helmsley, the Rev. T. Lamb.

#### SALOP AND STAFFORD.

*Died.*] At Perry-hall, Stafford, 82, J. Gough, esq.—At the Grove, Market Drayton, 96, Lady Markham, widow of Sir J. J. Markham, bart., and sister of the late Robert Lord Clive.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE.

The custom duties of the port of Boston last year exceeded those of the preceding year by £8,190; and the expenditure of the department was £1,458 less.

*Died.*] At Stamford, 96, Mrs. Barbara Henrietta King.

#### LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The annual income of the Corporation of Liverpool was, on an average of 10 years, from 1721 to 1730 inclusive, £1,603. 6s. 2d; from 1739 to 1748 it amounted to £2,126. 19s. 6½d.; and last year, 1827, the income was £131,202. 11s. 2d.!!!

Messrs. Johnson and Son, of the Congleton bank, who, during the 1826 panic, were compelled to stop payment, have announced their intention of liquidating all claims upon them, by paying an additional 5s. per pound, 15s. having already been paid.

A musical festival in the ensuing autumn will take place at Manchester, and the guarantee fund of £10,000, which it has been thought necessary to provide, in order to avoid all risk of the receipts, is very nearly, if not quite, filled up.

An unexpected claim has been made on the part of the Duchy of Lancaster for the Crown, of all the unenclosed strand of the river Mersey generally. In pursuance of which, the solicitor to the Duchy has served a notice on the trustees of the docks, not to pay to the Earl of Sefton, or the corporation, any sum on account of the purchases to the southward, the subjects of adjudication in 1826 and 1827.—*Liverpool Tuesday's Advertiser.*

*Died.*] Dr. Davis, of Macclefield. This respectable gentleman may be considered a third

the advanced age of 88, Mrs. Blomfield, mother of Lord Blomfield.—Henry Neele, esq., author of several distinguished works.—W. R. Bigg, esq., R.A.—At Ashley-park, Lady Fletcher, relict of Sir H. Fletcher, bart.—70, J. Tiltone, esq., of the West India Docks.—At Portland-place, 79, Lieut.-Gen. Burr.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, E. S. Gooch, esq., eldest son of Sir T. Gooch, bart., to Louisa, second daughter of Sir G. B. Prescott, bart.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. George's, Grenada, 88, Rev. F. M'Ma-

hon; the first clergyman who officiated according to the English Church in that colony, having arrived there in 1783, on its restoration to Great Britain.—At Naples, 88, the Margravine of Anspach, ci-devant Lady Craven.—At Nice, Lady Caroline Bentinck, second daughter of the Duke of Portland.—At Rome, Countess de Celles, lady of the Netherlands ambassador, and granddaughter of Mme. de Genlis.—At Vienna, in the arms of his brother Constantine, sunk under his sufferings, Prince Alexander Ypsilanti.—At Florence, J. D. Church, esq., brother of General Sir Richard Church, commander-in-chief of the Greek forces against the Turks.—At Freyburg, Mrs. Losack, wife of Admiral Losack.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

#### WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

##### NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The inhabitants of North Shields were thrown into great consternation on the night of the 18th of January, on account of most of the large fleet of ships in the port breaking adrift at ebb tide, occasioned by the sudden thaw. To attempt a description of the damage sustained in masts, bowsprits, spars, anchors, cables, &c. &c. is impossible, as few escaped, less or more, the general ruin. Two vessels sunk in the Narrows.

As some workmen of R. B. Sanderson, esq. were opening out an old coal shaft at the Minories, near Newcastle, on the 10th of January, they found at the bottom the entire body of a horse, which, on being exposed to the air, mouldered to dust. The colliery, it is supposed, had not been worked for 84 years.

On the 22d of January, in the night, two men, with women's hats on, and handkerchiefs tied under their chins, broke into Miss Town's house, at Throckley Fell, 5 miles from Newcastle, by breaking through the brick wall. They ransacked it completely, and carried off several articles of wearing apparel, and £20 in money. Before they went away, they had the hardihood to sit down to cold beef, and drink a bottle of wine.

The election for the city of Durham took place on the 5th of February, Sir Henry Hardinge having accepted the office of Clerk to the Ordnance. Sir Henry was opposed by a Mr. Robertson, who, if not a man of straw, was certainly invisible, for he never made his appearance. On Wednesday the former was declared duly elected. He polled 288 votes, his opponent 76.

A martin was caught at Bishop Auckland the second week in February; and about the same time a wasp was seen in the city of Durham.

The election of a member of Parliament for the county of Durham, to succeed Mr. Lambton, elevated to the peerage, took place on the 13th of February, when Wm. Russell, of Brancepeth-castle, Esq., was returned without opposition.

A grand fancy ball took place at Newcastle on the 7th instant, which was numerously attended.

A preacher belonging to the Southcotian sect, has lately taken up his residence at Sunderland, where he has gained a considerable number of followers, from amongst the poorest of the people. He

attended the funeral of one of his disciples on the 2d instant, attired as follows: a dirty white hat, red silk neckcloth, light blue coat with black buttons, white waistcoat, and trowsers and black stockings. He wears his beard to such a length, that he might be taken for a Jewish rabbi.

*Married.*] At Tynemouth, Mr. Graham to Miss Granger.—At Hexham, Mr. Woodmass to Miss Scott.—At Durham, Mrs. Stockton to Miss Lidster.—At Chester-le-Street Mr. Bell to Miss Murray.—At Rembury, H. Palliser, esq., to Miss Caroline Hardinge.

*Died.*] At Ellison-place, Newcastle, Lt.-Col. Laye, commandant of the 5th battalion of the royal regiment of artillery.—At Newcastle, the Rev. J. Barnett.—At Durham, T. Salkeld, esq., M.D.—At Bishopwearmouth, 87, Mrs. Coats.—At Ushaw College, near Durham, 76, Dr. Gilliro, the president of that establishment.

##### WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.

*Died.*] At White Syke, 91, Mrs. Margaret Tyson, relict of Mr. H. Tyson, by whom she had 14 children, the whole of whom attained their majority; and she had the gratification of witnessing 13 at one time surrounding her ingle, the youngest of whom was then 35 years of age. Ten survived their aged parent.—At Carlisle, General Sir P. E. Irving, bart.

##### YORKSHIRE.

The propositions about the vicarial tithes in Halifax not having been agreed to by the deputies, the vicar has addressed to each deputy the following:—"I do hereby require you to account with me for, and to pay the full value of the Tithes of Agistment, potatoes, turnips, seeds, eggs, milk, calves, gardens, pigs, foals, and bees, and also of all other vicarial or small tithes whatsoever (except lambs, wool, and goats) which hath arisen upon the farm and lands in the parish of Halifax, in your occupation, since April 6, 1827. And I do require you to set out for me the tithes of the above articles, which shall arise upon your farm and lands from and after the delivery of this notice, in kind. Dated this 1st Dec. 1827. Charles Musgrave, vicar of the parish of Halifax."

The port of Goole will open for foreign trade on the 6th of April next, and on the 9th a steam vessel from thence to Hamburg.



The teachers and scholars of the Sunday School at Mirfield, have presented a superb silver cup to the Rev. S. Watt, for his unparalleled exertions during a period of five years; the Sunday School having increased in that period from 40 to 500 scholars, and from 10 to 100 teachers!

In the beginning of last month there were very severe gales on the coast; several vessels were lost at Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, &c.

A mariners' church has been established at Hull.

The king has consented to patronize the next Yorkshire musical festival. The Guarantee Fund amounts to near £10,000. It will commence on the 23d of September.

On the night of Saturday the 19th of January, the bank of the river Ouse, about a mile from Booth Ferry, burst, and all the adjacent low lands were laid under water. Great damage was done at Howden, Knedlington, Anelley, and Barmley-on-the-Marsh.

The gentlemen of the law resident in York have agreed to establish a law library in that city.

About the last week in January, the workmen engaged in widening the road in Clegg's-lane, Huddersfield, found embedded in the earth, near the surface, a bayonet; and on the following day a quantity of human bones were dug up. A human skull was discovered in the year 1816 near the same place. It is conjectured that the person had been murdered with the weapon, and that both were buried.

A fine heifer lately died on a farm at Orgrave near Attercliffe, after lingering three months in a state of great exhaustion, the whole carcass scarcely containing any blood whatever. An adder was found in its head, which is supposed to have been taken into the stomach, and worked its way to the extremity, drawing from the heart all that was intended for its nourishment.

A young gentleman at Leeds (Mr. J. Osburn) has deciphered the hieroglyphics upon a mummy lately given to the Literary and Philosophical Society in that town. They are the royal legend of Remesses V., the Amenophis-Memophis of the Greek writers, the father of the great Sesostris, and the last monarch of Manetho's eighteenth dynasty of the kings of Egypt. He ascended the throne of the Pharaohs, in the year 1493 B.C.

At the end of six months, the Bradford New Banking Company have declared a dividend of 5 per cent. on the capital subscribed, 2½ per cent. as a bonus, and 2½ per cent. to be reserved as a back-set, to reach any future bad debts or other contingencies.

In the beginning of February, the workmen employed in a new street erecting out of Mickellgate-bar, York, whilst sinking a drain, found a stone coffin, of large dimensions, and which contained a skeleton, apparently that of a female. The next day, the bones of a man were found, who must have been an individual of extraordinary stature. They were about one-third larger than the bones of a full-sized man. The jaw bone was an enormous one, and the teeth were in a good state of preservation. Two Roman coins were found in turning up the earth, a little distance from where the stone coffin and bones were found.

Sir R. H. Inglis has been elected one of the

representatives for Ripon, vice Sir L. Shadwell, now vice-chancellor.

Sir James Scarlett does not intend to come the northern circuit any more, now that he has resigned the office of attorney-general.

Swallows were seen in the plantations of Colonel Croft, at Stillington, near York, on the 31st of January.

*Married.*] At Sheffield, the Rev. T. Tattershall to Miss Ann M. Tattershall; J. F. Wright, esq., to Miss Whittenbury.—At High Hoyland, J. Shearwood, esq., to Miss Norton.—At Beverley, J. Harrison, esq., to Miss Lambert.—At York, M. Richardson, esq., to Miss Hick; J. Garlick, esq., to Miss Grainger.—At Leeds, M. H. Wood, to Miss Bower.—At Bridlington, W. Newmarsh, esq., to Mrs. Kingston.—At Hull, J. Richards, esq., to Miss Collings.—At Wakefield, Mr. W. Ridsdale, to Miss Ellen Teale.—At Northallerton, Captain Clayhills to Miss Beckitt.

*Died.*] At York, Mrs. Barton.—At Sheffield, P. Brownell, esq.—At Sewerby, Miss Rhoda Hall.—At Lotherton-hall, Mrs. Norcliffe.—At Mount St. John's, near Thirsk, Colonel Easley.—At South Otterington, the Rev. J. Sampson.—At Hull, Mrs. Carrick.—At Hollins, near Halifax, Ellen Eliza and Caroline Ann, the two daughters of Colonel Deasden.—At Dormanley-hall, Mrs. Cleveland.—At Chapel-town, M. Chambers, esq.—At Leeds, T. Wade, esq.; Mrs. Fawcett.—At Fulford, J. Hotham, esq.—At Bridlington, Miss Mather.—At Heath, Miss Henrietta Hardy.—At Helmsley, the Rev. T. Lamb.

#### SALOP AND STAFFORD.

*Died.*] At Perry-hall, Stafford, 82, J. Gough, esq.—At the Grove, Market Drayton, 96, Lady Markham, widow of Sir J. J. Markham, bart., and sister of the late Robert Lord Clive.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE.

The custom duties of the port of Boston last year exceeded those of the preceding year by £8,190; and the expenditure of the department was £1,458 less.

*Died.*] At Stamford, 96, Mrs. Barbara Henrietta King.

#### LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The annual income of the Corporation of Liverpool was, on an average of 10 years, from 1721 to 1730 inclusive, £1,603. 6s. 2d; from 1739 to 1748 it amounted to £2,126. 19s. 6½d.; and last year, 1827, the income was £131,202, 11s. 2d.!!!

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*Died.*] Dr. Davis, of Macclesfield. This respectable gentleman may be considered a third

victim to the conduct of the notorious Wakefields. Their grandfather's heart was broken by it; the wife of William, now in Lancaster gaol, died of grief; and Dr. Davis is now added to the list of sufferers. The payment of the fine, in consequence of Gilbert's non-appearance to the indictment (for which the Reverend Doctor was bail,) together with the loss of his school—nearly every boy being removed from the establishment—preyed on his mind, and he eventually sank under the influence of contending feelings—he died of a broken heart!—*London Paper.*

#### NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

The course of lectures lately given at the Crumford Mechanics' Institution, have excited such an interest throughout the surrounding neighbourhood, that they have been attended by multitudes.

#### LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The inhabitants of Leicester assembled at their Town-hall, have resolved upon establishing Infant Schools for children of 2 to 6 years; the committee for the management of which is to be composed of gentlemen who are, and those who are not, members of the Church of England. They observe, "that the very early age at which children are now introduced into manufactories, and the very general employment of females, in the various branches of trade in this place, the former being precluded from receiving the usual instruction at the ordinary daily schools, and the latter being in a great measure withdrawn from attending to their domestic duties, are reasons which render such institutions peculiarly important."

The earnings of the poor employed in the stocking manufactures at Leicester and county, do not exceed 7s. per week: nor have they in the most prosperous times for the last 11 years exceeded 11s. per week; how then is a father of a family thus circumstanced enabled to save any thing for educating his children? It is computed that there are 40,000 persons employed in the stocking trade of this county.

#### WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

*Married.*] At Farnborough, W. Markham, esq., to Miss Lucy Anne Holbeck.—E. B. King, esq., of Umberslade, to Georgiana, daughter of R. Knight, esq., M.P.

*Died.*] 78. John Green, who for upwards of 64 years worked as a labourer upon the Heathcote farm, near Warwick; having been more than 30 years of that time in the employ of the present occupier, Mr. Sedgley; he was a very sober and industrious man, and followed his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death.—At Stoke Bruern, 78. W. Stalman.—At West Bromwich, 82, Rev. W. Moody.

#### WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The inhabitants of Ledbury were gratified by the inspection of a very handsome wrought iron bridge, built by Mr. Sealy, and designed by Mr. T. Holland. It is 25 feet long in the span of the arch, and was completely finished, and put up with palisading, &c., fixed on four wheels, it proceeded through Ledbury to Eastnor, the seat of Earl Somers, where it is now fixed across the foot of the waterfall. The road to the fall, three miles in length, is very rugged and difficult, but, notwithstanding, the bridge arrived safe, and, Feb. 8, it was removed on its wheels across the platform, where it was lowered down upon the

stone abutment prepared for it, in the presence of the noble Earl. The whole of the bridge does not exceed 30 cwt. in weight.

*Married.*] At Bromyard, the Rev. G. Woodhouse to Anne Sophia, daughter of Sir J. D. Colt, bart.

*Died.*] At Abberley, 79, the Rev. F. Severne; he had been 47 years rector of that parish, and 51 of Kyre.—At Welland, 44, J. Ireland, esq.—At Worcester, 56, Rev. Dr. Hook, dean of Worcester, archdeacon of Huntingdon, master of St. Oswald's Hospital, and holder of the livings of Bromsgrove and Stone.

#### GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The total amount received from 1871 depositors in the Cheltenham Savings' Bank was, the 30th of January last, £73,388. 6s. 9d., out of which £39,406. 13s. 6d. have been paid back to depositors, and there now remains in government security the sum of £33,981. 13s. 3d.

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce lately held at Bristol, it was unanimously resolved to form a committee, which was accordingly appointed, to inquire into the capabilities which Bristol and its neighbourhood afford for the establishment of such manufactories as do not at present exist, and likewise into the causes of the decay in some branches of manufacture which are now in operation around them.

*Died.*] At Tortworth, 107, Mr. F. Walker; his youngest son, 26 years of age, and upwards of 6 feet high, attended his funeral.—At Clifton, 77, Mrs. Newcome, relict of Dr. Newcome, late primate of Ireland.

#### SOMERSET AND DEVON.

"The grand jury," at the late sessions at Exeter, "observed with surprise, that at present the business of the county, with regard to the expenditure of the Rates, is transacted in a room with closed doors, from which the public are excluded, which appears to be perfectly unconstitutional; and they therefore recommend that all business connected with expenditure be transacted in open court." The jury appear to have had in view (what we trust other county grand juries will have), to use the words of Burke, "an anxious care of public money, and an openness approaching to facility to publish complaint."

It appears by the accounts of the county of Somerset, from Dec. 31, 1826, to Dec. 31, 1827, that no less than £19,964. 12s. 0½d. were paid for its expenses; and that under the article for Prisons, and Prisoners, &c., there is a charge of £10,653. 18s. 8d.—besides more than £6,000 for prosecutions of felons, &c.!!!

The Report of the Bath Branch of the Royal Naval Annuitant Society has been made, and exhibits a most gratifying improvement in the state of its funds, which amount to £29,600, being an increase of £8,600 in the last year.

At the last annual meeting of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank, the trustees stated that the total receipts up to Nov. 20, 1827, amounted to £1,031,178. 6s. 8d. from the various depositors, and that although nearly £400,000 has been returned, with interest, there still remains in the care of government as much as £649,044. 0s. 2d.

*Married.*] At Puriton, Jervis Cooke, esq., son of Rear-Admiral Cooke, to Miss Harriot Bignel.

*Died.*] At Exeter, Anne Maria, wife of Vice-Admiral Robert Barton.—At Bath, Miss Marga-

ret Hay, daughter of the late Hon. E. Hay, governor of Barbadoes; 99, Dr. Robert Hope, senior physician of the navy.

#### DORSET AND WILTS.

The Wareham and Purbeck Savings' Bank had, Nov. 20, 1827, the sum of £24,843. 12s. 3d. in the hands of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; the number of depositors amounted to 404.

*Died.*] At Longford-castle, 78, the Earl of Radnor.—At Steeple-Ashton, 88, Rev. S. Hey.—At Wells, 88, Mrs. Tudway, relict of C. Tudway, esq., many years representative for that city.

#### HANTS AND SUSSEX.

From the opening of the Brighton Savings' Bank, Jan. 1818, to Nov. 20, 1827, there has been received £155,901. 15s. 11d., out of which has been withdrawn £95,821. 15s. 8d.—having upwards of £60,000 in the hands of the trustees.

The new church at Brighton was consecrated Jan. 24; and the next day it was opened with a grand musical festival, the produce of which, after deducting all expenses, amounted to £240, which is to be applied to the benefit of the County Hospital and the National Schools.

The Horsham Savings' Bank Report states that up to November 20, 1827, it had received £12,335. 0s. 7d. from 730 depositors.

*Died.*] At Southampton, the Hon. Caroline Lady Gore Booth.—At Brighton, the Hon. W. Wyndham, youngest brother of the Earl of Egremont.

#### OXFORD AND BERKS.

At the last General Meeting of the Oxford Savings' Bank, it appeared that the sums received up to November 20, 1827, amounted to £67,417. 3s. 8d.; and that the number of depositors were 2,285.

*Died.*] At Witney, 74, J. Clinch, esq.—Rev. Dr. Marlow, President of St. John's-college.

#### NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

By the published accounts of the treasurer of the borough of Thetford, from Michaelmas, 1825, to Michaelmas, 1826, it appears that the expenses amounted to £290. 15s. 8d., out of which was paid £103. 10s. for a set of imperial weights and measures, Exchequer fees, and new beams and scales; and the sum of £120 for gaol, assizes, sessions, &c.

#### CORNWALL.

Fifty pounds have been remitted by the Society for the Relief of Distressed Foreigners, to the 350 unfortunate Germans, of both sexes, who were shipwrecked, and brought into Falmouth by the Plover; the President of the Society (Lord de Dunstanville) added £25 to the gift; and measures are taking to send these poor strangers home.

The copper ores from the parish of Gwennap alone, during the last 7 years, sold for £1,920,000, and last year the amount was upwards of £3,007,000, besides £50,000 received for tin, floor-spar, &c.

#### WALES.

By the report of the committee appointed to investigate the expenditure of the directors of the

Montgomery and Pool House of Industry, it appears from a comparative statement of a half year's expenditure, taken from an average of the quotas of the last eight years and a half of the old system, with the second half year of the new system, that the former amounts to £3,878, and the latter to £279—leaving a half yearly balance in favour of the new system of £1,087, or an annual saving of £2,174; and the committee recommend all the parishes to keep a strict annual account of their payments to the poor.

*Sheriffs appointed for 1828.*—Anglesey, J. Panton, of Llanddtyddan, esq.; Carnarvonshire, R. W. Price, of Bronygader, esq.; Merionethshire, T. Casson, of Blaenyddol, esq.; Montgomeryshire, J. J. Turner, of Pentrebellin, esq.; Denbighshire, L. H. B. Hesketh, of Gwrych-castle, esq.; Flintshire, G. W. Kenrick, of Mer-tyn, esq.; Carmarthenshire, W. Chambers, of Llanelly, esq.; Pembrokeshire, T. Meyrick, of Bush, esq.; Cardiganshire, J. Griffiths, of Llwyn-durries, esq.; Glamorganshire, R. F. Jenner, Wenvoe-castle, esq.; Breconshire, F. Price, of Tyn-y-coed, esq.; Radnorshire, D. Thomas, of Wellfield-house.

As the principality of Wales has been generally noted to be as free from crime as any portion of His Majesty's dominions, our readers will be somewhat surprised to hear of a gang of Welsh robbers dwelling in a cave. The most inaccessible and rugged rock of Penmaen Mawr, rearing its lofty head beyond the clouds, and overhanging the sea, was the place fixed upon by these midnight depredators. Near this stupendous rock, in a crevice near the cave, is a small hut, built in such a manner, and of such materials, as to appear a part of the rock, where, for years back, an old woman and her three sons resided. One night two of the eldest sons took their boat and sailed for Bangor, where, after robbing a baker's shop and another, they returned in the boat, and deposited their plunder in this cloud-capt habitation. The neighbours, lower down the mountain, for some time past, were surprised how the men obtained a livelihood, as they seldom attended to their occupation of fishermen; and a suspicion at length reached the ears of the Bangor constables, who immediately repaired to their habitation. The constables found the old woman and her three hopeful sons at home, and on the table a pretty good quantity of flour, raisins, and currants for a good plum-pudding. In a peat-stack, close by, was found the baker's bread, with his mark upon it. These worthies lived well, for they killed their own mountain mutton (or rather that of others,) their house was filled with dried legs and shoulders, and they appeared to live as happy as Robin Hood and his merry men. But the next day the constables took two of the ingenious aerial inhabitants (the elder sons) into custody, and lodged them safely in Carnarvon gaol.

*Married.*] At Bangor, A. J. Creighton, esq., to Miss Jane Matilda Conyngham.

*Died.*] At Black-hall, Glamorgan, 99, Mrs. A. Davies.—Mr. E. Harries, master of the Free Grammar School at Bala, North Wales.—At Cowbridge, 76, W. Nicholl, esq., mayor and recorder of Cardiff, and many years chairman of the Glamorgan Quarter Sessions.



## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of January to the 25th of February 1828.

Jan.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.,
26	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19½	249½	91 92p	60 61p	85½
27	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19½	249½	91 92p	60 61p	85½
28	209½ 10½	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 9-16	—	91 93p	60 61p	85½
29	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19½	—	—	—	—
30	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19½	—	91 93p	61 62p	85½
31	209½	86½	15½	93½	93½	101½	19½	—	91 93p	61 62p	85½
Feb.	208½ 9½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19½ 9-16	249	93p	61 62p	85½
1	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19½	—	—	—	—
2	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19½	—	—	—	—
3	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19½	—	—	—	—
4	208½ 9½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 7-16	—	91 93p	61 63p	85½
5	208½ 9½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 7-16	—	93 94p	61 64p	85½
6	207½ 8½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 9-16	249	94 95p	63 64p	85½
7	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 9-16	249	94p	61 63p	85½
8	207½ 8½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 9-16 11-16	—	92 93p	61 62p	85½
9	208½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 11-16 13-16	249½	—	60 63p	85½
10	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 15-16	250	93p	60 62p	85½
11	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	249½ 50	93 94p	60 62p	85½
12	208½ 9	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 13-16	—	93 94p	61 62p	85½
13	208½ 9	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	250	93 94p	61 63p	85½
14	208½ 9	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	—	93 94p	60 62p	85½
15	208½	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	—	93 94p	60 63p	85½
16	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	—	93p	60 63p	85½
17	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	—	93p	60 63p	85½
18	208½ 9	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	—	93p	60 63p	85½
19	208½ 9	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	—	94 95p	60 63p	85½
20	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	—	—	—	—
21	208½ 9	86½	85½	93½	93½	101½	19 13-16	249	94 95p	60 62p	85½
22	208½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 11-16 13-16	—	92p	59 61p	85½
23	208½	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 13-16	—	—	59 61p	85½
24	—	86½	85½	93½	93½	100½	19 11-16	—	85p	56 59p	82½ 83½
25	207	83½ 4½	82½ 7½	—	91½ 92½	100½ 3½	19½ 11-16	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From January 20th, to February 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

January.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			51	53	43	30	13	87	90	W	SW	Fair	Fine	Fair
21			47	50	45	30	13	94	96	WSW	SW	—	—	—
22			45	46	40	30	00	96	96	WSW	WNW	—	—	—
23			48	52	44	30	18	97	98	W	NW	—	—	—
24			50	52	48	30	23	97	98	WSW	WSW	Clo.	—	—
25			53	54	42	30	20	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	—
26			45	51	47	30	15	96	96	W	W	—	Fair	—
27			49	53	37	30	24	94	96	W	W	—	—	—
28			42	47	42	30	31	95	96	WSW	WSW	—	—	Clo.
29			45	50	40	30	08	96	98	SW	W	—	—	Fair
30			43	47	40	29	98	96	98	W	SW	—	Fine	—
31			43	49	43	29	90	98	98	W	SW	—	—	Rain
Feb.														
1	8	○	50	54	47	29	95	98	98	W	W	Rain	—	Fine
2			50	51	39	30	01	96	90	WNW	NW	Fair	—	—
3			45	49	39	30	34	96	97	WNW	W	—	—	—
4			45	52	39	30	24	94	98	NW	W	—	—	Clo.
5			46	53	48	30	15	93	98	W	NW	Clo.	Fair	—
6	10		50	54	45	29	93	98	98	W	NW	Rain	—	—
7	12		51	54	41	29	84	94	99	NW	W	Fair	—	Rain
8			44	47	39	29	76	99	99	NE	NE	—	—	Clo.
9		☾	43	46	34	29	63	90	98	NE	NE	—	Rain	—
10			35	36	30	29	71	95	98	ESE	SE	Clo.	Clo.	—
11			32	33	28	29	35	95	90	ESE	SE	Snow	Snow	Fair
12			29	33	28	29	83	93	94	N	N	—	Fair	—
13			30	32	32	30	01	92	93	NE	SE	Fair	—	—
14			33	35	32	29	45	96	98	S	W	Snow	—	Clo.
15			34	38	31	29	62	98	98	NW	WNW	Fair	—	—
16		●	32	36	31	29	76	94	92	WNW	SW	—	—	—
17			34	38	32	29	61	90	94	SW	SSK	Fine	Fine	Fine
18	14		36	41	36	29	29	97	98	SE	W	Clo.	Rain	Rain
19			38	47	37	29	26	99	98	WNW	WSW	—	Fine	Fine